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THE ANGLO-AMERICAN LOVE AFFAIR

BY HAMILTON BUTLER

THE ostentation with which John Bull is again making love to this country is ominous.

As history only too eloquently records, John never discovers an "affectionate relationship" to Americans unless he is shaking in his boots. At other times he indulges his "customary luxury of insulting us." We can go to the Devil for all he cares. Anglo-American love-feasts always portend, with seismographic certainty, upheavals in which England hopes to be able to put America to work for it.

As early as 1798, when he was waging one of his periodic wars with his present ally across the Channel, John gallantly offered us ordnance stores if we would furnish fodder for the French cannon. As recently as 1898, when he cut the dykes of flattery and swamped us into the Anglo-American alliance, entente, understanding or what have we, which dragged us into the World War on his side, he was suffering from a still more acute attack of jitters. A hundred years had not changed his nature. They had merely affected his technique. American flies had become so numerous that he found it necessary to bait them with molasses instead of vine-

gar. A new hogshead was tapped by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald when he visited us in April.

The three-pronged dilemma on which John is now impaled might well make an even harder boiled old buccaneer than he a bit nervous. The Continental prong is warming up in the fire kindled at Versailles and he may have to ask Americans to burn their fingers for him again, as they did in the late European conflagration. At the same time he has to watch his step in the Far East, lest his pretense of sympathy with American policy tumble him into the hornets' nest stirred up by Colonel Stimson's pusillanimous pugnacity. And, finally, a way must be found to default on his debt to this country that will leave American taxpayers under the impression that it hurts him more than it does them to shift a burden of \$200,000,000 a year from his shoulders to theirs, already excoriated by the economic consequences of the World War.

Adept as he has shown himself to be in acrobatic diplomacy, John Bull has no illusions about his ability to perform any such triple somersault and land on his feet without coöperation from within the

United States. So the tomtoms are sounding again on both sides of the water. "The British government has acted for some time," wrote William Pinkney in 1809, "upon an opinion that its partisans in America were too numerous and strong to admit of our persevering in any system of repulsion to British injustice." The British government acted upon the same opinion from 1914 to 1917, when its depredations on our shipping so exasperated even Woodrow Wilson that he wished to build "a navy larger than theirs and do what we please." The British government is acting upon no other opinion today. So long as our international bankers are wedded to the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street, so long as American dowagers return like Scriptural dogs to the titles and coronets vomited out of this country in 1776, so long as the descendants of the Tories who were run "to hell or Halifax" out of it can wield tongue or pen, John will not despair of accomplishing the otherwise impossible.

The ease with which he can still bring the Anglo-American hyphenates to heel was shown by their reaction to his flourish over last December's instalment of his debt to the United States. Although he only kicked through, in the end, after having tried desperately to evade payment, with a vow that he would never pay another farthing unless we wrote off still more of what he owes us, Anglophile editors in this country are still thanking God that Europe has one honest government and we, a dependable friend. John knew they would. That is why the punctilious pauper earmarked gold—which he proceeded immediately to recover—when he might have saved upwards of \$3,500,000 by tendering United States securities. The advertising he got out of a crude theatrical trick was worth more to him than the

cost of staging it. The adulation that greeted Mr. MacDonald on his recent Greek visit to this country proves it.

II

The Anglo-American rapprochement is unique.

A century and a half ago George III taxed the American colonists to finance his European wars. They threw his tea into Boston harbor and ran his minions out of the country.

A decade and a half ago George V saw the descendants of those same colonists vote themselves into another of John Bull's Continental wars and voluntarily tax themselves more than \$40,000,000,000 for the privilege of wearing a yoke their ancestors had discarded.

The story of international relationships may be searched until it loses itself in prehistoric mists without discovering a parallel spectacle to this return of a great and juridically independent nation, after more than a century of injury and abuse unrelieved by a single generous and disinterested act, to lick the heel that tried to crush it when it was weak. The recapture of American sentiment would have been a less remarkable achievement if those who had so long spurned American good will could have pointed to a decade between 1775 and 1895 when Great Britain was not either at war with the United States or threatening to attack it.

The chronicles of those twelve decades provide a monotonous catalogue of subversive intrigues, threats and aggressions by John against the country to which he so suddenly reasserted a paternal relationship when he needed its help. When the "Colonies" did not come back and ask his forgiveness, after tasting the sweets of independence, he tried to strangle them at

sea. When that failed he sought to confine their expansion by intriguing in Mexico and attempting to set up in California a protectorate that would bar them from the Pacific. When that did not succeed he did his best to smash the Union. Gladstone exulted that Jefferson Davis had created a new nation, which Palmerston and Lord John Russell promptly played wet-nurse to. "The courtesies of neutrality" that they extended to the Confederacy—and which Sir Edward Grey asked us to extend to Great Britain in 1914—were responsible for the prolongation of the struggle between the States two years after it otherwise would have ended.

As if such injury were not enough, while we were sending a long line of gentlemen and scholars to the Court of St. James, we were insulted by having dumped on Washington the dregs of Downing Street. "Of all the underbred Englishmen of moderate capacity whom the rulers of Great Britain have first and last sent to Washington," writes Channing, "Anthony Merry was the least well-bred and among the stupidest." Jefferson had to teach him manners. Already one British envoy had been recalled for insulting the President and Cabinet. Another was driven out of the country for calling President Madison a liar. A third was expelled for outrageous violation of our neutrality during the Crimean War. A fourth was booted out by Cleveland for meddling in domestic politics. But they were all good enough for what the wife of one of them called "savage democrats."

All through these decades an unflagging campaign of defamation and misrepresentation of America and Americans was kept up by the English press and pulpit. The Church denounced us, with patriotic Cromwellian piety, as "an anarchic, Godless and brutal crew" which

emigrants would do well to shun so long as open spaces under the Union Jack were available to them. After the belated manumission of his own slaves, John Bull became obtrusively righteous and not as other men. The British Anti-Slavery Society stuck its nose into our affairs with an impertinent familiarity almost suggesting that we were no longer regarded as aliens. Yet, when it came to his cotton-lined pocketbook, John Bull did not let moral scruples stand in the way of his espousing the cause of slavery in the South. An English historian recalls that the Emancipation Proclamation received in London "anything but a flattering press" and was denounced in the Commons as "one of the most devilish acts of fiendish malignity which the wickedness of man could ever have conceived."

Whereupon Charles Francis Adams reached for his diary and wrote:

Thus it is that the utter hollowness of the former indignation against America for upholding slavery is completely exposed. The motives of that censure, as for the present emotion, are jealousy, fear and hatred.

III

The Monroe Doctrine has always stuck in John Bull's crop. Avarice and pique have both been behind his determination not to admit the clear implications of a fiat that so cramps his acquisitive style. Canning's object in inviting the United States to join him in a declaration respecting South America was to make John Bull the big shot in the Western Hemisphere. John Quincy Adams so framed his chief's pronouncement that it included Great Britain in the European system, where it belonged. John Bull has never forgotten that, or forgiven us for it, or

overlooked an opportunity to challenge what Clarendon declared to be merely "the dictum of its distinguished author."

As a result we have had to defend the Monroe Doctrine against Great Britain more vigilantly and more vigorously than against all the rest of the world. A good many of our difficulties with Mexico have been due to John Bull's machinations below the Rio Grande. Scarcely had the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty blocked his chiseling in Nicaragua before he sent a fleet to Cuba to sustain there the same Spanish authority which he later sided with us in dislodging. The controversy over Venezuela had been going on for half a century when Cleveland brought it to a head by his message to Congress of December 17, 1895, which virtually invited Great Britain to arbitrate or fight. John Bull at once rolled up his sleeves. Salisbury took up his quill to tell Cleveland and Olney what the Monroe Doctrine really meant. The *Times* thundered: "We must hold ourselves prepared to defend our rights in any quarter where they may be threatened."

At that moment war between the United States and Great Britain was closer to actuality than it had been since the *Trent* affair. Anyone who had predicted, on December 18, 1895, that within six weeks John Bull would be eating out of Uncle Sam's hand would have been a reckless prophet: yet he was, abjectly and voraciously. The new note in Anglo-American relations was struck by the Colonial Secretary, Joseph Chamberlain, at Birmingham on January 25, 1896:

War between the two nations—England and the United States—would be an absurdity, as well as a crime. While I should look with horror upon anything in the nature of a fratricidal strife, I should look forward with pleasure to the possibility

of the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack floating together in defense of a common cause sanctioned by humanity and justice.

A few days later a full-dress debate was staged in the Commons. The Leader of the Opposition agreed, warmly, that "we ought all to endeavour to remove any matter which tends to ruffle feelings between England and the United States." The Prime Minister, Salisbury, who but a few days before had sworn he would never consent to arbitration in Venezuela except on his own terms, consented in these words:

Considering the position of Venezuela in the Caribbean it is no more unnatural that the United States should take an interest in it than that we should feel an interest in Holland and Belgium.

Finally, the crumbling Gladstone took a foot out of the grave long enough to apologize for the encouragement he had given to the enemies of the Union thirty-five years before.

It was a scrap of paper that produced this grotesque back-somersault, which landed John Bull in the ironical posture of courting the very nation he had been on the point of strafing. The German Emperor's wire congratulating Oom Paul Kruger on the capture of the Jameson raiders was the birth-certificate of Anglo-American amity.

The effect of this goodwill message, which reached the public on January 3, 1896, was revolutionary and instantaneous. Venezuela was forgotten. War with the United States suddenly became unthinkable—and with Germany inevitable. Alarmed, John Bull ordered out a flying-squadron to patrol his coasts, while the Foreign Office nearly broke its back digging up for the American Venezuelan Commission material with which to con-

trovert the very position it had, a short time before, asserted with such insolent finality. As Henry Adams put it: "The sudden appearance of Germany as the grizzly-bear terror frightened England into America's arms."

An expert at the noble game of beggar-my-neighbor, John Bull did not mistake the import of the Kaiser's telegram. An attempt to seize the gold and diamond mines of the Transvaal, already on his agenda, would find Continental sympathy solidly on the side of a handful of Boers fighting on and for their own soil. Uncle Sam would look well holding John's coat, while John cleaned up on the under-dog. Also the day was plainly coming when he would have to destroy the German navy, as he had destroyed successively the navies of Spain, Holland and France. The performance of that painful duty would involve considerable risk if he could not depend upon the United States to accord him "the courtesies of neutrality"—and to plunge into the sea of blood when he and his other allies got beyond their depth.

But American receptivity had to be created. Anglo-American relations prior to 1896 affording no ground for an appeal to American gratitude, America would have to be impregnated with the terror of Germany in which John Bull, with excellent reason, was trembling in his shoes. With this end in view, John and his partisans in America set out deliberately to poison public opinion in the United States against the one consistent friend we had in Europe from the day Frederick the Great levied a cattle-tax on the Hessians driven across his territory to fight for the King of England to the day Congress surrendered to Anglo-American intrigue and voted us into war.

The success that attended this adventure in duplicity is now a matter of not very

credible history. George III spent \$15,000,000 for 22,000 Hessians. George V got 4,000,000 Americans for nothing. The Colonies lost through English Whigs in 1783 were restored by American Tories in 1917. "God Save the King" again shivered the timbers of Faneuil Hall.

IV

The generality of our early representatives at the Court of St. James were rugged Americans, whose pride in their country made them quick to resent insults to it, whether in drawing-room or chancellery. An ardent patriotism immunized them to diplomatic cajolery. George Mifflin Dallas wrote back to Secretary Marcy: "The truth is that such terms as 'mother,' 'daughter,' 'cousin,' etc., are their own familiar ones. I have resolutely and from principle eschewed any phrase of the sort."

Consequently it was as ironical as it was tragic that, at the critical juncture when John Bull was starting his drive for the recovery of American allegiance, a new type of American envoy should have made its appearance in London, whose apologetic attitude toward this country played directly into the hands of its enemies. Ambassador Bayard encouraged the English to set their cap for American favor by pouring upon them what Secretary Olney called "a constant stream of taffy." The effect of this sycophancy was to create the impression that Americans "were pining for British friendship and affection." Joe Chamberlain was so far misled by it that he hurried to the United States in premature pursuit of an alliance. Ambassador Bayard appears to have been the first American envoy to England to receive, although not the last to deserve, a rebuke by Congress for remarks abroad derogatory of his own country.

The outbreak of the Spanish-American War found us represented at St. James by another affable and even more guileless man, John Hay, whose congenital adoration of everything English made him an easy prey of unscrupulous British diplomacy. At the very moment when the British government was spinning its web of anti-German propaganda about this country, Hay took for his cicerone in European politics Sir Cecil Spring-Rice—"who knows Germany as few men do and keeps me wonderfully *au courant* of facts and opinions there." Spring-Rice was one of the cleverest diplomatic agents of his time. Although a search of the German archives has failed to reveal any "German conspiracy" against the United States and although he himself was told by the British Ambassador in Berlin that "the German government will take no practical steps which would bring them into serious disagreement" with us, Ambassador Hay permitted himself to be so completely convinced that, after it had humbled England, Germany would wipe the United States off the map, that every shiver which coursed up John Bull's spine produced a sympathetic chill in his own.

When he was translated to the State Department in the Autumn of 1898, he gave to American foreign policy the Oxford accent which still distinguishes it. The retention of the Philippines had already been determined upon in accordance with the expressed wish of "our English friends." Secretary Hay adopted Salisbury's Open Door policy in China as his policy, and put it over with a recklessness of American interests unsurpassed even by that revealed in the first Canal treaty he concocted with Sir Julian Pauncefote, which gave the United States the right to dig and pay for a ditch across Central America, without the right to

fortify it or close it to enemy vessels in time of war. When the public condemned this treaty, Secretary Hay sent in his resignation and, with tears in his eyes, cursed the Senate for killing a measure that would have strengthened the British navy against our own. The gentle, untutored McKinley patted him on the back and kept him on the job.

The dangerous lengths to which the Secretary of State was going to "win" the good will that England was doing its best to thrust upon us did not pass unnoticed by Theodore Roosevelt—and when the latter entered the White House he put on the brakes. Hay died lamenting that an out-and-out alliance between Great Britain and the United States was in his day "an unobtainable dream." Yet he lived long enough to assure London that "as long as I stay here in Washington no action shall be taken contrary to my conviction that the one indispensable feature of our foreign policy should be a friendly understanding with England"—and to see England wake from a nightmare during the Russo-Japanese War and scream for a part of the American navy to be sent to its coasts.

A more extensive experience in such things had taught John Bull that alliances between governments are less desirable than meetings of the minds of nations. John was not unaware of our traditional antipathy to alliances and he also knew that formal engagements are worthless if they fail of public support in times of emergency, whereas a democratic people, saturated with the moral conviction that whatever is English is right, would always be able to force its government to go to his aid when he had winded himself. As Mr. MacDonald declared, while he held the cup of flattery to the lips of the Pilgrim Society in New York last April:

Alliances—I do not want them nor do you. An alliance is a bargain. Of what use is a bargain, except for hampering purposes, when hearts are beating in harmony, when minds are looking to the same goal and when the determination of the best is guiding feet toward that goal?

All that remained for John Hay's successors in London to do was to build upon the foundation he had so adequately laid. Ambassador Choate trimmed the lamp in John Bull's window by ridiculing the American government for not forcing its representatives into monkey clothes at a court whose own representatives had refused to make themselves contemptible by kowtowing to the Emperor of China. Whitelaw Reid, who followed Choate, was another Anglomaniac, who died at his post and was ennobled by Asquith with the title of "a kinsman."

But the honor of capping the Anglo-American "understanding" and baptizing it in American blood shed on European soil in a European brawl fell to Walter Hines Page.

Page introduced himself to England by declaring that "the United States is yet English-led and English-ruled." The effect of such an assurance from the American Ambassador was decisive: for, if it had not been able to depend upon its partisans in this country, Great Britain would not have backed its allies in Europe to force the Central Powers into war over the incident at Sarajevo. As soon as the World War was under way, Page addressed himself to the task of involving the United States in it. Sir Edward Grey had no more indefatigable or ingenious adviser in how far his government could safely go in the "illegal and indefensible" abrogation of American rights.

When Secretary Lansing made bold to protest against England's repudiation of

the Declaration of London, Page flew into a rage and threatened to resign. When King George wept over Woodrow Wilson's obtuseness in not recognizing "the vast moral superiority" of English violation of neutral rights to German violation of them, Page cried with him. Wilson's warning to be less unneutral arrived too late. The United States was in the World War two years before it knew it.

Walter H. Page got his memorial in Westminster Abbey—and so did Benedict Arnold's accomplice, John André.

V

The price we are paying for thus disregarding Washington's warning against "a passionate attachment" for *any* foreign country is worth considering.

The first fruits of the Anglo-American entente were the Philippines and the Open Door in China, which led us into woods which we are by no means out of yet. Great Britain urged us to keep the Philippines because it was afraid Spain might sell them to Germany, and also because it wished to get us into the Far East, where it could use us as occasion demanded. Australia would rest easier with the United States for a neighbor. With the same noble motive that moves a woman of the street to drag a sister into the gutter with her, John Bull foresaw that after we had enthralled a few million natives eight thousand miles from our shores, we would be unable to point a scornful and unblushing finger at his egregious imperialism: tarred by the same brush, we should be more sympathetic and therefore all the more dependable allies. We fell—and the Philippines remain a political, economic and strategic liability, which makes us a pawn in John Bull's favorite game of playing off one "friend"

against another, as he is doing today with Japan and the United States.

Similarly in China. Alarmed by the threatened break-up of the Chinese Empire, John Bull induced Secretary Hay to get the interested Powers to promise not to do anything that would endanger British commercial primacy in that extensive country. John gave his own promise, as usual, with his tongue in his cheek. Three months after Curzon had declared in the Commons that the British government was "opposed to the alienation of any portion of Chinese territory" Great Britain forced out of China a 99-year lease of Kowloon, which increased the area of the Crown colony of Hongkong, seized in 1842, fourteen times. A few weeks later it obtained a lease of Weihaiwei "for as long as Russia remained in Port Arthur." But when Russia quit, John Bull did not budge. Since then he has alienated from China a half million square miles in Tibet. Administrative integrity in China is a joke in England.

Sponsorship of the Open Door made the United States a sort of politico-economic protector of China and, as things have turned out, an upholder of chaos in that bedevilled country—which has brought us into conflict with Japan, as John Bull could foresee it would, while he is free to pursue his customary policy of double-crossing us. As two-faced as it was in 1904, when Downing Street was preaching peace and its representative in Tokyo, Sir Claude MacDonald, was using all his prestige as the diplomatic agent of Japan's ally to provoke the Japanese to attack Russia, Great Britain has of late been singing one song in Geneva and another in the Far East. The suspicion in the Senate that it was behind the administration's demand that Congress empower the Executive to provoke war

by laying an embargo on arms shipments was not out of line with the evident facts. Anything that embitters America against Japan or Japan against America is grist for the British mill.

Confident of being able to hold its commercial preëminence in South China, with Hongkong as a base, Great Britain is now out to cut a wider swath in North China, which heretofore has been the most promising field for American enterprise. Consequently, it will do nothing to irritate the Japanese so long as they are in the ascendancy there. The Anglo-Japanese alliance lives today in an even more dependable "understanding" founded on community of interests. A government that is still gnawing away at China's Western dominions can hardly be expected to slap the wrist of another government, also insular and imperialistic, when it reaches out for a slice of China's Eastern provinces.

Our decisive intervention in the World War was even bigger with evil progeny. After having unduly prolonged that struggle by our unneutral neutrality, we finally threw in our manpower and brought it to an unnatural and therefore necessarily impermanent end. "A little band of wilful men" in the Senate saved us from the ignominy of ratifying the greatest act of administrative disintegration in modern history; but not even they could save us from the effects of the Balkanization of Europe, which, thanks to John Bull and his partisans in this country, we have yet to endure. The war that was to make the world safe for democracy uncorked Communism and Fascism.

This disorganization of Europe, although it has had unpleasant repercussions in the United States, was among the least malign of the results of rushing in to underwrite the British Empire, when

it began to crack, which will dog our steps for generations to come. We made ourselves a party to every enmity and feud John Bull had accumulated in three centuries of meddling in other people's business. We thus forfeited any chance we may have had to pass as an impartial friend to all nations. We are still wrestling with some of the adverse consequences of the false orientation our unholy alliance with England gave to our economic life. We have yet to discover the full effects of rewriting the history of the United States to prove George Washington an ingrate and his contemporaries a pack of demagogues for rebelling against so devoted a parent country.

The repression of personal liberty and the suppression of freedom of thought and speech which accompanied the reign of terror and persecution attendant upon our entry into Great Britain's war to crush Germany were not exorcised with the return of peace. The hatreds with which a large section of the American public was infused still rankle and make it possible to put over on those who harbor them the most transparent canards about our former foes in arms and the most grotesque exaggerations of the virtues of our temporary allies. As a corollary to our reunion with navalistic England, we had to abandon the rights of neutrals for which we had fought ever since we were a nation. We thus exalted the doctrine that might makes right and made it well nigh impossible for us to keep out of any first-class war in the future, wherever it may occur. We have become more and more deeply involved in the old Concert of Europe under the new name it bears in Geneva, at the same time weakening the Monroe Doctrine by permitting and even coöperating with the League of Nations' activities in South America, a region here-

tofore regarded as reserved for our own exclusive fiat.

A great part of our articulate "pacifism" and nine-tenths of our "internationalism" can be set down as nothing more than camouflaged Anglo-Americanism. Americans pacifists? The United States was born of war, was aggrandized by war, was preserved through war, and, finally, was plunged into a European war three thousand miles from its shores, where it had no business to be. John Bull through with fighting? An English historian has recorded that scarcely a sun rose during the long reign of the peace-loving Victoria which did not look down upon the upturned face of some young Englishman killed in battle. Great Britain and the United States have fought more wars and spilled more blood in the last hundred and fifty years than any other two countries in Christendom. John Bull may be ready to retire and live upon the pillage of centuries. Other peoples have other ideas. The spirit abroad in Europe and Asia today shows how weak a peg the *pax Anglo-Americana* would be upon which to hang hopes of world peace and therefore how perilous to our own interests is the false security into which we are being lured by peace treaties and the flapdoodle over disarmament. The last map of the world has not been drawn yet.

The most vicious condition to which the Anglo-American delusion has reduced this country is that of perpetual naval inferiority to Great Britain. The Washington and London naval agreements, advertised by the propagandists as giving the United States naval parity with England, are two of the most mendacious shams ever foisted upon an unreflecting people. So long as Great Britain has naval bases in every part of the globe—at our very doors in Canada and the West Indies—so long as it has a

convertible merchant marine far outnumbering ours, so long as it has an understanding with Japan and a secret alliance or two up its sleeve in Europe, a fleet merely equal to the British fleet would still leave us incomparably inferior to it in sea power. The moment the United States attempts to overcome that disparity, if it ever does, John Bull will send its navy to the bottom of the sea, if he can, as he has in turn sent the fleets of Spain, Holland, France and Germany.

The modest efforts of the American delegation to Geneva in 1927 to obtain something approaching effective parity threw such a bombshell into Anglo-American relations that Mr. Hoover could not wait to be inaugurated before sending a newspaper man to England to tell his friends over there that it was all a mistake. As soon as he entered the White House he cut out our building programme, with the result that today our naval establishment is inferior even to Japan's. So long as Americans are willing to spend upwards of \$300,000,000 a year for a navy auxiliary to his, John Bull will flatter them along. But when he becomes engaged in another good-sized war he will treat them as he did in the Napoleonic and World Wars—abrogate their rights, seize their ships and mails and blacklist their exporters—and insolently ask them what they are going to do about it.

VI

As if such laborers in his behalf were not worthy of their hire, John has from the beginning behaved very badly over the repayment of what they lent him for his last trial at arms.

The substance of the famous Balfour note of 1922 was that Great Britain would

not exact from its European debtors a shilling more than it had to pay its American creditor. The effect of the note was to link reparations with debts and put the United States in the middle, as Uncle Shylock, while John Bull posed as the generous broker. An "educational" campaign was then launched to teach the English that they were not morally obligated to repay us and to convince Americans that economically it would be disastrous for them to receive back even a fraction of what they had lent abroad. At the same time every fiscal expedient that occurred to John Bull's experienced ingenuity was employed in undermining the economic position in which the World War left us.

The note struck by Balfour gave the tone to Continental resistance to payment, with which our ears have become so familiar. The agreement reached at Lausanne in 1932 was merely an echo of the declaration of 1922. Again Uncle Sam was given the choice of forgiving John Bull and his allies their debts or continuing to be pilloried throughout Europe as a miser. When he returned to London in 1923 with only a 30% default in his portfolio, Stanley Baldwin was about as popular as John Jay was when he returned from London in 1794 with a treaty that was publicly burned in New York.

John Bull has shown himself, as always, a surly, sullen, selfish and evasive debtor. Three hundred years ago Cowley wrote of him:

'T is now the cheap and frugal fashion
Rather to hide than pay an obligation.

Nay, 't is much worse than so:

It now an artifice doth grow

Wrongs and outrages to do,
Lest men should think we owe.

We had to wait forty-four years for him to pay for the slaves carried away by his

army in the War of Independence—and then had to accept less than half that was due us. The two years his malignant neutrality added to the Civil War cost us more than \$2,000,000,000. All we got out of England at Geneva—where we couldn't have got England at all if unrest in Europe had not scared it into repairing its fences in America—was \$15,500,000. The balance, at 6% interest compounded for seventy years, amounts today to a huge sum.

The hundreds of millions of dollars owed us for damage to our commerce in the early months of the World War will never be collected. They disappeared in an exchange of notes in 1927, whereby Great Britain set aside from what was due it for war materials supplied to our troops in Europe about one and a half million dollars, with which to satisfy American claims that had been approved by British prize-courts obligated to uphold British decrees that were protested by the State Department, at the time, as “illegal and indefensible.”

Wise men affirm it is the English way
Never to grumble till they come to pay.

Amicable relations with England upon a basis equally honorable to both countries have always been desired in the United States. All through the years when John Bull was taking advantage of their weakness to wrong them, Americans held out the olive branch. As Secretary Marcy wrote in 1856: “We are willing—more—anxious to be on friendly terms with ‘our trans-Atlantic cousins’—but they must recollect that we do not believe in primogeniture. The younger branch of the family has equal rights with the older.”

A relationship based on the principle of the British tail wagging the English-speaking dog will never be acceptable to self-respecting Americans. If Americans,

who outnumber the white population of the British Empire two to one, are to be subject to call in defense of any Anglo-American or English-speaking system, they are entitled to a voice in its counsels commensurate with their contribution of men and money. There would have been no World War if they had had that in 1914. Americans who regard their country as something more than an English colony are irked by the fanatical insistence of the Anglo-American faction upon nothing less than an exclusive and servile connection with England, which would make a great cosmopolitan nation an enemy of other parental countries that have treated it far better—and would leave one Englishman equal to two Americans.

All the editorial blurring that can be done before Americans are again conscripted to die abroad that Englishmen may live cannot indoctrinate those Americans who have travelled in England or who can read between the lines of its statesmen's carefully groomed utterances with the idea that John Bull entertains for the United States any other sentiment than a hateful jealousy or any other desire than to see it humbled. Your “true-born Englishmen” were so long the cocks of the walk that wormwood is sweeter to their lips than their present necessity of pocketing their pride and soliciting the protection of a nation that has steadily outgrown their ability to destroy it. The bitterest price they pay for that protection is to have to expose their vitals, Spartan-like, to be gnawed at by their real opinion of Americans, which they dare not utter aloud.

Alliances, ententes, understandings and “friendships” are to John Bull just so many stage properties. George Bernard Shaw wrote during the late war: “From the foundation of British diplomacy by

Henry VII, England was engaged for centuries in a shrewd game of beggar-my-neighbor with the three great powers of the Continent—France, Spain and the Empire, taking a partner now on one side, then on the other, and always for a prize." With Prussia against France at Waterloo: with France against Prussia on the Marne! With Russia against the first Napoleon in 1812: with Napoleon the Third against Russia in the Crimea, where that relic of the Peninsula, Lord Raglan, continued to refer to the enemy as "the French"! The Continent has long known as *perfid Albion* the race of which De-foe wrote:

Friendship, th' abstracted union of the
 mind,
 Which all men seek but very few can
 find:
 Of all the nations in the universe,
 None talk on 't more or understand it
 less,
 For if it does their property annoy,
 Their property their friendship will de-
 stroy.

A people numerically as insignificant as the English did not bring a quarter of the

globe under their dominion without looking out for themselves first, last and always. That is what John Bull is doing today. One admires him for it, as one does a banker who gets away with a million. The contemptible thing is the flagitious treachery of his partisans in this country, who persist in representing to their fellow-countrymen that they have a true friend in a nation notorious for betraying its benefactors, and in arguing that it would stick by the United States after jockeying it into a jam with some other puissant country—say, Japan or the Soviet Union.

American and British interests the world over are too conflicting to permit any such roseate dream to take form. They are no more identical today than they were in 1826, when George Canning sent his secret instruction to the British Legation in Washington:

The general maxim that our interests and those of the United States are essentially the same, etc., etc., is one that cannot be too readily admitted, when put forward by the United States—but *we must not be dupes of this conventional language of courtesy.*

DANCE-HALL LADY

BY LOU WYLIE

A TIP from an Associated Press man that additional jobs had been made for women in dance-halls by the return of beer sent me scurrying over to Manhattan in spite of the rain.

I picked the biggest hall I knew of to apply for my job as hostess. The A. P. man had said they were weeding out the old types and wanted college women. I didn't know it as I clambered up the red velvet carpeted stairs, but this was just one more phony rumor. It was like the story another A. P. man told me last Summer about out-of-work newspaper men sleeping on the floor at the Press Club, and picking up cats off people's doorsteps and peddling them around the chain stores at fifty cents each for money to buy doughnuts and coffee.

Looking backward, I could see across the wet pavement the reflection of the coruscant lights blinking along Broadway. Ahead of me two youths were buying tickets. I fumbled with my bag, but the clasp was mashed and did not open quickly.

Before I had time to protest one of them had paid my admission and handed me the string of tickets the chopper passed to him. They ascended the rest of the stairs ahead of me, and turned aside to check their coats.

I was bent on asking for a job and so walked straight into the foyer, which was gray with tobacco smoke. Through it paunchy men in unpressed clothes, and sallow, shiny-haired youths in double-

breasted coats could be seen galloping up and down the dance floor with women in evening dress, or standing aloof and self-consciously watching the dancers. Here and there I saw a woman clad in street clothes.

Suddenly, for no conscious reason the words of a song I had heard many years before at a Holy Roller meeting began to run through my mind.

Dance-hall lady, you gotta die, you gotta die,

It may not be today and it may not be tomorrow

But you gotta die, you gotta die.

I could almost smell the odor of the bloom on the locust trees outside the pine meeting-house. It had been April then, and with all the superiority born of my freshman year at college, and all of the snobbishness of a faith that had long ago weeded such crudities of expression from its litany, I had stood within the meeting-house door.

Coatless, barefooted men shifted wads of tobacco in their mouths to shout the words with more power. Mousey-haired, flat-footed women thick around the middle shrieked them with delight. Now for the first time since that night they danced in my mind again.

The boy who had bought my tickets advanced toward me. I noticed the shuffling way his feet in their square-toed shoes slid in and out in the wide cuffs of his trousers. I did not like him, but I could not de-

cently refuse to dance with him when he asked me.

I attempted to slide my rain-soaked shoes across the polished floor in stride with the many unusual steps which he made. The music seemed to have no bearing on the case at all. One moment my knee was grasped firmly between his; then I was spun around, and his cheek was against mine, and his hand at the small of my back. In this latter pose, with his torso rigid, he would gallop off across the floor, disregarding the music entirely.

The dance was finally over and I made my excuses and retired to the ladies' room. If I were going to ask for a job it behooved me to look my best. The rain and the close proximity of my partner's cheek had done no good to a nose always inclined to shine. I felt self-conscious about my hair, too. It had not been marcelled since the bank holiday.

As a newspaper reporter I have interviewed judges and millionaires, and even talked to the mother of a President, but I never felt so self-conscious about my appearance before in my life. Perhaps that was because, with only thirty cents in my purse, a job never meant so much to me before.

II

In the ladies' room I was assailed with the odor of talcum powder, sweat and tobacco smoke. I sank on a red-lacquered settee upholstered in bright blue imitation leather, and from it looked about me.

From a row of seats ranged before a mirror a number of hostesses were making up. They eyed me with evident hostility—the professional jealousy which the dance-hall hostess always feels and shows toward the amateur who crashes the hall in street clothes.

Street clothes make a woman something different from a hostess. She is plainly not a hireling. She may be the wife of a well-to-do speak-easy man, or a stenographer, or a Swedish housemaid out for a night of adventure. Or she may be, as I was, an out-of-work newspaper woman wishing someone would buy her a beefsteak sandwich.

The hostesses returned to their makeup and their conversation. A platinum blonde in a poppy red taffeta sat directly in front of me. She was speaking to a fat woman with henna in her hair. Her dress was black velvet, cut high in the front and with no back. The rouge she was using was an obnoxious orange yellow.

"Get a slice of this, wontcher!" the platinum blonde said.

I could see Henna Hair getting a slice of it by regarding me intently in the mirror. I fumbled in my purse and found a cigarette to light and hide my nervousness. I was sure they knew that my room rent was unpaid, that I had made only six dollars during the past week at the office. They certainly could tell that my shoes were worn thin and that I needed new gloves.

They regarded me for a few moments longer and returned to a more intimate discussion.

"Ed ain't brought nothing home for three weeks," Henna Hair said to Platinum Blonde, as she expertly arched an eyebrow with a finger-tip dampened in her mouth.

"Whatcher goin' do? Put him out?"

"Naw, I guess he can hang round another week or so. There ain't anybody else. Nobody's got money these days. Only thing is, when he *did* have money I never seen him more'n twice a week. As 'tis, I can't do nothin', knowing I would find him home if I asked anyone in."

"Men are like that, ain't they?" Platinum Blonde replied, brushing the powder from her shoulders and the bosom of her dress.

They trailed out of the room, watching the undulations of their hips as reflected from the mirrors until they reached the door.

I ground out my cigarette in the ornate red ash tray, and with a futile dab at my face with my powder puff followed after them, conscious of the inhospitable stare of four pairs of eyes still making up before the mirror.

Outside the orchestra was grinding away. Women in all sorts and colors of cheap and tawdry evening gowns squirmed and galloped about the dance floor, or chatted in groups by the ropes, their eyes restlessly imploring the stag line for a dance.

In my gray unpressed tailored suit, seedy from its long waiting on benches outside editorial rooms and clammy from the rain, I felt in anything but a gay mood. All of my job-seeking ardor was gone. There seemed to be no one to apply to, and the effort of finding the office and getting to the manager suddenly appeared as a stupendous task.

I was making my way toward the door when I was accosted by a bespectacled man in a tweed suit, who wanted to dance. I attempted to explain about my rain-soaked shoes, and that I was not there for the purpose of dancing after all. Then I saw the floor manager, a tall, pimply-faced blond man in a shiny Tuxedo. He was looking at me in a way that really frightened me.

Without more attempt at explanation I danced with the man in the tweed suit. As we moved about the floor I noticed several other girls in street clothes. One of them, a small person with black bobbed hair and a Greta Garbo hat, gave me a

knowing smile as I galloped by in the embrace of the man in the tweed suit.

When the dance was over, and it was not a long one, I left my panting partner and found myself a seat in a straight chair in a secluded part of the room. The girl with the bobbed hair soon found me.

"New?" she asked with a cynical smile, as if knowing the answer beforehand.

"Well, yes," I replied, somewhat at a loss for an answer.

I could see that the black crêpe the girl was wearing was greenish from age. A crisp white organdy collar and bow took the curse away from it to some extent, but its cut followed the fashion predating the big sleeve and wide shoulder period.

She opened her cigarette case with a polished thumb nail, saw it was empty and snapped it shut again. I opened my bag and fished out the crumpled package which still contained two cigarettes.

She took one, snapped it into shape against the arm of the chair adjoining mine, and seated herself beside me.

"Out of a job?" she asked pleasantly.

"Yes. I was on a Brooklyn paper until November: then they cut the staff. I have been on assignments and they have about run out. Nothing doing until next Fall, and I have to eat."

It all came out in a burst, and then I was ready to laugh at myself. For two years I had been writing that same sort of drivel, trying to boost collections for the Emergency Relief. Now, in a maudlin mood, I was spilling it to a stranger who couldn't do anything to help me, unless encouraging me to cry would be of benefit to me.

"Sure, I know. I was on the *Graphic* when it folded. Now I am playing the dance-halls." She shook her head bitterly.

"I came here to apply for a job," I hazarded, willing to cash in on her experiences.

"Don't do it. Look at 'em, just so much beef on the hoof," and she waved to a bunch of hostesses trailing their draggled silks past us.

"Free lance, Pal, if you are going in for this racket, and let me give you a tip."

She bent over to whisper it to me as a man approached with the evident intention of asking her to dance.

"Keep away from the young ones. There's nothing to them. They're either petty gangsters or underpaid office boys. If there is any hoarding around here it's in the pockets of the older men."

She walked briskly away with her customer, a fat man, slightly bald, and in her stead I found a girl in a blue suit and a plaid silk blouse.

"If you want a partner you mustn't sit around," she warned me. "Let's walk. It's the same here as anywhere. Nobody ever dances with the wall flowers."

I stood up hastily.

"New?" she asked me.

I told her that I was.

"Well, you'll find it a hell of a racket, but what isn't these days?" She offered me a cigarette.

The youth who had paid my admission was advancing toward me.

"Steer clear of him," she warned me under her breath. "He took one of the hostesses out from here, and when she wouldn't do what he wanted he broke her jaw and knocked out two of her teeth."

I felt a touch on my elbow. It was the man in tweeds, asking to dance again. He had no tickets and I bethought myself of the string I had in my bag. I brought it out, only to have it snatched from my hand.

"I guess I get something out of bringing you in here," a voice said, and I recognized it as belonging to my host at the ticket box. "You are too good to dance

with me, but you can at least give me the tickets I bought."

My elderly partner blinked at the youth for a minute and I was glad to see that he did not feel called upon to make an issue of it.

"I guess the floor manager still has tickets," he said mildly and purchased a dollar's worth, as if to show how little he cared.

On our non-stop flight about the floor I got glances here and there of people on the sidelines waiting, and of those dancing, and I saw that while many of the hostesses stood idly along the ropes or danced with the men professionals about the place, all of the women in street clothes had dance partners.

The woman with henna in her hair was twisting and untwisting the skirt of her black velvet evening dress into unbelievable bundles about her legs as she contorted about the floor with a boy in a sailor's uniform. With chins uptilted, cheeks together and eyes shut, they raced as one body round the floor. Sometimes they paused and squirmed about in one spot for several seconds, and then they went into a series of whirls that sent the wide black skirt whipping and flapping. After that they would settle down to a mad racing around again.

"Galloping dominoes," my partner whispered in my ear when he saw me regarding them, although considering his avoirdupois he had not been moving slowly himself.

When the dance was over I remembered the wall flowers and did not return to my chair, although my legs ached and my back was tired. I stood awkwardly in the middle of the floor, feeling more out of place in my street clothes amongst these women in their pitiful evening finery than I had ever felt when, as a reporter, I had

gone to grand affairs at the Biltmore or the Hotel New Yorker, and was the only woman not in evening dress.

The girl who claimed to be a former *Graphic* reporter came to my rescue.

"Let's powder our noses," she suggested.

Back in the atmosphere of talcum and cigarettes we sank exhaustedly upon the red and blue settee.

"I got some cigarettes now," she exclaimed exultantly, breaking open a new, cellophane-wrapped package.

"Not what I smoke but you take what you can get in this racket," she continued philosophically.

Somehow I felt differently about the butterfly row before the mirrors now. I noticed there were sweat stains about the armholes of the light colored silks, and the acrid odor of cheap rayon was in my nostrils.

"Back home," I was telling myself, "people bought the best in evening clothes that money could buy. When they wore out one stayed at home until there was money to replace them with something equally good." This was somehow comforting to remember. I had a very good evening dress at home, but no shoes to go with it.

My reverie was broken by a query from my newly found friend.

"Did you date your dancing partner?"

I admitted that I had not.

"You better land him before some of these professionals get hold of him. He looks like he'd be good for a supper and taxi fare home—if you don't want to go any farther with him."

"Taxi fare home?" I asked.

My companion explained that often an out-of-town man would pay a dance partner's taxi fare home if he had enjoyed dancing with her. When this happened, she explained, it was a good idea to give some address in the Bronx or Brooklyn,

and when the cab got around the corner pay off the driver and dive into the subway. That often left one three or four dollars in change, almost enough to eat for two weeks, if spent with care.

"I went to dinner with a man last night, and found out he was a truck driver," my companion was confiding. "I don't know why, but when he told me what his job was I was so sick and disgusted that I could have gone home and turned on the gas. Then I seemed to see them setting the story up in type, and it seemed even more cheap and screwy than what was happening to me, so I ordered beefsteak and mushrooms instead."

"That comes from working on a newspaper," I told her, and we both laughed.

But she was right. I have had the same experience several times. Once, when I wasn't used to being dunned for the rent, I went out on Brooklyn Bridge determined to jump off, but when I got to thinking of who would get the story, and that it would run about three sticks, and all that, it so disgusted me that I turned around and came back, although I had to tiptoe through the hall when I reached home.

"I guess we better be getting back so you can date Elmira," the girl beside me was saying.

"Elmira?"

"Sure, don't he look like Elmira to you? A Kiwanian and a member of the Lions Club, and I bet he drives a sedan that has golf sticks in the back, and a little red worsted monkey that jumps up and down in the back window of the car."

We slipped back into the dance room, which was so charged with heat and an inescapable mob something that it said "Congo" as plainly as the throbbing of drums in a jungle.

Elmira was evidently waiting for me, for he came toward me immediately. De-

spite his age, which I guessed was around fifty, there was an exhilaration and a glow of health about him that were absent from the younger men in the room. His smile seemed sincere and sweet, even when he held me too tightly as we danced.

I felt that when he went back home he would be a little wiser and more tolerant of his home town people because he nourished the secret that he was a gay dog himself.

We danced a few more numbers, and although I was conscious that he was making advances over my shoulder at different women on the floor, in my sudden understanding of him I felt that he was as securely mine, if I wanted him for the night, as he was the woman's back in Elmira who wore his ring, and pretended to believe the story of his business trips to New York.

When at last we left it was still raining, but the chill wet air had a sweet smell and I breathed it deeply.

We went to a little restaurant and had scrambled eggs and bacon, and bottled beer, and talked quite a lot about the wickedness of the city. Our knees touched under the table, and all of the things which seemed so possible up in the dance-hall, as I talked in the dressing-room, faded out of the realm of possibility as the sleepy-eyed waiter served us on a soiled tablecloth.

I suddenly invented an old maid sister who kept such a close watch over my morals that even now she was sitting at the door waiting to see me come home. I could

not stay at a hotel all night because she thought I was at work and would call the office if I didn't show up. That immediately tabulated me as one having a job and automatically put me out of the class of women that a man might like to help, even in a platonic way, because of the Depression.

The result was that I found myself going down the stairs to the Brooklyn trains, tearing up a card with an address and telephone number on it in case I should change my mind, for he was to be in town for a week.

"Dance-hall Lady, you got to die, got to die," the train rattled and clacked at me. I could see myself back in the Holy Roller meeting-house, and I damned myself for ever having gone there, blaming the song for what I had done.

I had only thirty cents in my purse, and I knew I could have had more. I was not wise, neither was I good. I had wanted food and shelter and shoes at any price and I had been cheated out of them because once, on an April evening when locusts were in bloom, I had gone to a Holy Roller meeting. I had laughed to see the faithful squirm about on the floor. Ugly, common mountain people I had thought them, with their snuff sticks and bare feet, and because of them I would be hungry tomorrow, hoarding my nickels to help me answer advertisements for jobs that never turned up.

I looked at the worn toe of my shoe, and sat crying in the subway train.

FRAGILE: HANDLE WITH CARE

BY DOROTHY THOMAS

WHEN I take a baby up and hold it, no matter how nice a baby it is, and good, it's just a weight in my arms, when I think back on what I went through with my boy Wendell. It wasn't that he was a bad boy or hard to get on with. There never was a better boy than Wendell. But he gave me an awful lot of trouble from the time he was able to walk, and it was all on account of something he couldn't help. Wendell was one of those brittle-boned children and he'd break some place, sure, every time he'd fall down. I used to say to him when he'd go out to play or to school in the morning, "Wendell, promise Mamma you won't climb up on anything or jump off of anything today!"

One of the worst hurts he ever got was when Bill Dorn talked him into going skating. Why, he wasn't more than eight, I think it was, and he'd just got over falling off Judge Norman's tombstone and breaking his collar bone when the boys were all up there in the cemetery playing one evening. Bill came teasing him to go out and play and I never thought of their going down to Cartright's pond, but go they did. Someone loaned Wendell his skates to try out and I guess he did real well for a little ways with Bill steadying him, but then Bill let go of him and he took just a stroke or two and his feet shot right out from under him and down he came—and the boys brought him home on a sled and his leg broken. By the time

he was twelve he'd broke a good third of the bones in his body.

Why, once he clumb on the schoolhouse to get his bat that a boy, I think it was Bill Dorn, had slung up there. It was a good seventy-five cent bat his father had got him and we couldn't blame him that he didn't want to leave it lay up there and rot, where it was stuck in the caves-trough. And that trough give way under him and let him fall sheer off that roof, and he lit on the cement walk that goes round to the primary room, and the superintendent said when he picked that boy up he felt sure there wasn't a whole bone left in his body.

I was washing when they brung him home and when I heard them come up on the porch I felt my heart catch and I said to Mr. Christie, that was still in the house and hadn't gone down to the shop yet, "It's Wendell!" And I run out to the front door with my hands all over suds. They brought him in and laid him on the bed and I just dropped down on my knees and stayed there by the side the bed praying until the doctor got there. He had several breaks that time, but the worst was in his arm. I sensed it was the worst from the start and after Doctor Grimes had set it I said to him: "Doctor, is that all the attention that arm is going to get?" and Doctor Grimes said, "It'll be all right, Mrs. Christie, don't you worry," and went out and got in his car and drove off.

Wendell's shoulder and his other arm and his rib knitted up real fast, but that

arm kept botherin' him and botherin' him, and when I'd come in in the night to see if he was restin' good and covered, and I'd maybe touch his arm a little, pullin' the quilt up over him, he'd flinch in his sleep, it was so tender. It hurt him day and night and he fretted around with it and one day he come out in the kitchen where I was and said, "Mamma, look at my arm!" And there if it wasn't all festered up! I took him right down to Doctor Grimes and if he didn't have to operate and cut open that arm and scrape the bone. And that wasn't the end of it.

He didn't get better and Doctor Grimes called in that new young doctor to consult over Wendell and they had to operate again and took out a little sliver of bone and for days I set there by that boy's side and washed his arm every five minutes with water with carbolic acid and something else in it. I can see that bowl yet, granite ware, blue on the outside and white in. You couldn't ask for a cleaner, prettier lookin' bowl to have in a sick room. I got it offen the Gem Tea Company for premium. When the doctor said I could cut the washin' down to every ten minutes instead of every five I felt like I'd took on new life. I hadn't realized how wore out and anxious I'd been. Of course, Mr. Christie was anxious, too, but he's no hand to take care of sick folks at all. My, but it was angry and bad, that arm! And Wendell was so pale! I'd look at him lyin' there and wonder, "Am I washin' a dead corpse or a living boy?"

When he was well at last the Doctor put his arm around me and the other around Wendell and says, "Wendell Christie, don't you ever let a cross word pass your lips to your mother. She's saved your life. That's what she has." Mr. Christie was standing there, and lookin' on so troubled. He never seemed to get used to

havin' a boy that was brittle-boned like that and was kinda embarrassed and fussed when he was around the boy.

Wendell done real well in school and he never missed a grade, as many times as he had to stay out with broken bones. The teachers liked him real well. The other children liked him, too. I think there never was but once that any of them ever did anything to call attention to his affliction. I guess you might as well call havin' bones like that an affliction.

II

When he was in the tenth grade they voted him president of the class and he went up to the front of the assembly-room one morning to announce something. He was pretty fussed, I guess. He never told me about it but the Harpsy girls, next door, here, come over and told me. When he got up to walk up to the front of the room everyone begun to snicker and he didn't know whatever was the matter and said his say, whatever it was, and when he went back to his seat, why, there he felt something on his back and took it off and it was one of those labels, FRAGILE: HANDLE WITH CARE. He didn't know for sure, of course, who done it, but the Harpsy girls thought likely it was Bill Dorn. Who else would be so likely to have a label like that as someone whose brother worked in the express-office?

That was just funny to the Harpsy girls and to the rest of them, I guess, but it wasn't to Wendell. It hurt him. And first thing I knew, if he didn't drop out of school the week he was sixteen and get himself a job in Thompson's Grocery. He done just real well, too. Mr. Thompson liked him and give him a raise after he'd been there only two months and Mr. Christie and I both thought that was

pretty fine, a young boy like that. He was there a whole year and nothing happened at all, I mean he didn't fall or hurt himself in any way or anything.

And then one evening Dr. Grimes' girl 'phoned me I wasn't to get excited or anything, but they'd had to take Wendell to the hospital. He'd fell and broke something. I 'phoned Mr. Christie and he came right up for me and we went out there. It wasn't anything but an arm that time.

When I found out how it happened I was just mad. I couldn't help it! It was Bill Dorn's fault. A bunch of boys had come in the store and was foolin' with some brooms. Takin' hold about two-thirds the way up the broom-handle and then kinda kneelin' and goin' in under their arm, if you know what I mean, a kind of stunt and several of the boys tried it and then Bill said, "Let's see you do it, Wendell." So he tried it. The floor was kinda wet and slick there from folks trackin' in and he slipped, and down he come and broke his arm.

Mr. Thompson give Bill Dorn his job.

Wendell's father and me tried to cheer him up but it just seemed like that boy had stood all he could and his spirit was broke too, and after he was all right and using his arm again, he just didn't seem to get his spirits back at all and he said to me one day out in the kitchen, "It don't make any difference what I do, Mamma." And he meant it, too. He'd always been a good boy and never give us any real trouble but for his bones, and there if he didn't take to runnin' around and playin' pool and not comin' in till late at night! That worried his father as much as it did me but he didn't like to show it. He'd say, "Come on to bed, Mamma. He'll be all right."

A boy like that who has given you only the one kind of trouble, you just don't

know what to think when something else crops up. He was so sulky around the house and would just read one paper and throw it down and pick up another, and when I'd speak to him he'd be kinda short, not like he meant to be mean but just that he didn't want to talk to any one, the way he felt.

When he'd be out at night Mr. Christie would just ignore it. One night some boys came and Bill Dorn was along, and they went to town. Wendell didn't come home and he didn't come home. I got so pent up at last I couldn't stand it, and I got up without waking Mr. Christie and put on my things and went out. It was mistin'. I couldn't see but a little way ahead. I went down near the corner and waited there. And by and by I saw somebody come under the street lamp and, dim as it was, I seen it was Wendell and I just stood still and he come on to where I was and how he did start when he saw it was me! He said, "Why, Mamma, what you doin' out here in the wet, this time of night?" And I says, "Son, you're all I got. I've laid my hope on you. I've took care of you all your life like you was something precious, and here, when you've come a man, what do you do but start fritterin' your way down to Hell, fast as you can, in that old pool-hall and I don't know wheres else?"

He just says, "Why, Mama!" and he put his arm around me and told me that I wasn't to cry and took me home, and that touched me so, his being like that, I went right off to sleep and in the morning if that boy wasn't gone! There was two whole weeks before I knowed where he was. I just prayed and prayed and one morning there was a letter from Dallas, Texas. He'd got a job and had a pay day and sent me two dollars. I kept that two dollars but I took a ten-dollar bill and put it in the answer I sent.

III

After that he wrote pretty often. And it seemed like every time he wrote something good had happened for him. The man he worked for put so much trust in him, seemed like anything extra come up, he'd lay it on Wendell's shoulders to see to, and of course he got raises, too. He learned so fast and done so well that when the year was up he had a desk of his own.

He wrote good, but he didn't come home. He didn't seem to want any vacation. At least he never asked for one, not until he'd been there three years and was nearly twenty-one. He wrote that, just after Christmas, he was havin' a three weeks vacation and was comin' home. I saw by the look in Mr. Christie's eye that he thought maybe the boy had gone and broke a bone, but I read the letter through again and there wasn't a word that would lead you to think that. His father's gettin' that idea kinda unsettled me, though.

I took the letter and went over to Mrs. Harpsy's. Only one of her girls was home. Usually both of them was away teaching but one of them couldn't get a school that year and so she was home. They're nice girls but not the kind I felt I had any need to fear Wendell would ever get interested in.

Mrs. Harpsy is the kind of woman that if you tell her anything you're going to do or have, she will just about die if she can't come back with something they are going to have that's just as good or better. Me, I don't care. It don't interest me so much what other people do. It's putting all my thought on Wendell has made me that way, I guess. Well, I hadn't hardly got it told that my boy was coming home, than she said, "That's nice. We're goin' to have some company, too! My brother's girl is coming out from Chicago to visit

the girls. She's just younger than our girls, and awfully pretty from her pictures." She laid down her sewing and went and got the girl's picture and brought it in to show it to me, and she was a real pretty girl.

I looked at that picture and I couldn't have told what it was, but a sort'a pre-nition of something to happen come over me. I went home and told Mr. Christie that as much as I wanted to see our boy, I had half a notion to send a telegram to Wendell and ask him not to come, but to stay where he was and we'd come on down there and see him and the three of us take a little trip and go down to Houston, or one of those towns like that, down south, and see the ocean. I said to Mr. Christie, "Wendell's got on so well down there, none of his old bone trouble, or any trouble at all of any kind, and it just seems like it isn't meant that he should be here in this town and that something is sure to happen to him." Mr. Christie thought I was just excited from doin' so much, fixin' up Wendell's room and cookin', and everything, and laughed at me.

We went down to the train to meet him and when he got off and I saw for sure he didn't have a sling or a crutch about him I just cried. That's how relieved I was. He looked grand. He'd shot up a couple of inches since we'd seen him last and he was as slim as ever, but he looked so well and he was just handsome! I could see Mr. Christie was just as proud and pleased as I was.

We had the best time at dinner, and after dinner, when Mr. Christie took his hat and coat to go back down to the shop, he asked Wendell if he'd like to go down with him and that just pleased me so, much as I wanted to visit with him, to have his father ask to have him along and seem perfectly easy with him! Wendell

told him he'd be down pretty soon and set down in a chair and told me to leave the dishes be awhile and some talk with him. We just talked away and had the best visit and he told me all about the place where he stayed and the office and everybody, so I could see all the folks like they were in the room and I was so happy! Then he said he guessed he'd get his hat and go on down to the shop like he'd told his father he would and he started upstairs and then stopped, on the first step, and looked out the window of the front door and just stood there hanging on to the newel post and starin' and then he said, "Who's that going by with Bill Dorn?"

And I said, "I don't know, Son," and went to the window and looked. "It's nobody I know," I said. "It must be that girl that's come to visit the Harpsy's." And Wendell run on upstairs and got his hat.

That evening when we got through with supper Wendell said he guessed he'd go over and see the Harpseys a minute. His father didn't seem to think anything about his doing that and just set down with his paper, but it chilled me cold. It just did. All the time we lived side by side I don't think he was ever inside that house more than two or three times and that was when I sent him over with something. He'd never taken any notice of the Harpsy girls one way or another.

About twelve o'clock he come in and was goin' up to his room and I called and he come in and stood at the foot of the bed and I asked him what kind of a time he'd had and he said "Fine." And then his face clouded up a little and he asked me if Bill Dorn had been payin' attention to the Harpsy girl.

I said no, not that I knew of, though I had seen his car there the last day or two.

The first day he was home was the best. After that—well, you know how it is

to have someone in the house thinking about something else, who is wishin' he was somewhere else and trying to be nice about it. He was over to Harpsy's almost as much as he was at home and Bill Dorn was there, too. The Harpsy girl had a party for her cousin and then other people had parties for her and they had parties for Wendell, too, and everyone seemed to like him so well and everywhere I'd go I'd hear nice things about him, at church and in the stores and everywhere.

When he hadn't been home but a little more'n a week he come out in the kitchen where I was and begun to talk about that girl. Audrey, her name was, Audrey Davies. He was in love with her. He said he didn't know whether she liked him better than Bill Dorn or not, that she was about as nice to one as to the other, that she was just so sweet and gay-hearted she couldn't help being nice to everybody. I didn't know what to say. I hadn't met the girl and I really didn't know anything about her, except what he told me.

Then that afternoon Mrs. Harpsy come over and was all full of talk about the young folks and what they'd been doing at all the parties they'd given for her niece and Wendell. Then she said that Audrey Davies was an awfully pretty little thing but a born flirt, and that she was havin' more fun playin' with Bill and Wendell, playing the one of them against the other! She said she thought Bill would be rather interested in her girl Agnes if Audrey would give him time to notice any one else. After she went home I felt so troubled! I tried to think she was just jealous on her girl's account and didn't know what she was talking about.

I questioned Wendell a little about the girl that night, after supper, but it wasn't any time to. She'd promised to go to a party with him and he was feelin' so good

that when I hinted at what Mrs. Harpsy had said, he just laughed and picked me up and swung me around and I said, "Wendell be careful! You'll hurt yourself." And he said, "My, that sounds funny! I haven't heard anybody say that since I left home." And I said, "Wendell, don't anybody down south know about your bones?" And he said, "Not a soul."

He looked so nice when he went off to the party! I couldn't get to sleep. Then about two o'clock he come in and I called to him and he come in my room and I asked him what kind of a time he'd had and he said "Great!" so loud his father woke up and half turned over and said, "What say?" And Wendell gave him a slap between his shoulders and said, "I said 'great,' Old Man! Great!" and went on up to bed singing a song. But I didn't feel great. How could I with that smudge of red on Wendell's collar?

IV

Well, the next night Wendell stayed home and was cross as two sticks. I didn't know what could be the matter until I saw Bill Dorn's car out in front of the Harpsy's. Him and Audrey went away somewhere, and Wendell wouldn't go up to bed until after they were back and a light up in Audrey's room. You can't see the Harpsy house from Wendell's bedroom.

He slept late in the morning and the mail come before he got up. There was a letter to him from that girl, a little square one. I took it up to him and he read it and first he looked tickled to pieces and then he looked kinda worried and I kept from asking him what it was about and went back downstairs.

When he came down he told me it was an invitation to a party, Audrey's birthday

party, and that was all he told me. The party was for the next day.

He went downtown and was gone all afternoon and when he come home he had a box, like a shoe-box, only a little bigger, and he didn't show me what he'd got, but was kind of secret about it and I just thought, "It must be something for that girl!"

At supper Mr. Christie said he thought it was going to warm up. It had been real cold weather. Wendell looked up, brighter than he'd looked all day, and said, "Do you think so, Dad?"

But Mr. Christie was wrong. It stayed real cold and clear. Wendell was awfully restless all morning. He'd been over to Harpsy's awhile and it didn't seem, from the way he spoke of being over there, that anything had happened to upset him there. But he walked up and down the rooms jingling something in his pocket, whistling sort of under his breath, and acting so nervous! He couldn't seem to settle down at all.

Dinner he didn't have any appetite for and supper wasn't any better. He went up to his room to dress for the party he had been asked to. I'd ironed that day and I took a couple of shirts off of chairs where I'd hung 'em, and took them up for him to take his pick of to wear. His door was partly open and so I didn't knock but just walked in. And what did I see! Wendell had on his blue sweater, and some new blue socks pulled up over his trousers, and in his hands he was holding a pair of skate-shoes with the skates on them. When I saw him like that I just couldn't believe it. He looked back at me, scared and yet stubborn, and I said: "Son, are you crazy? You ain't going to try to go skating, are you?"

He said: "Yes, Mama. Yes, I am," and his jaw was just as set. I argued with

him, and I just plead, I did, 'til I cried. I even reminded him of that time he was sick so long and at death's door, with even the doctors despairing of his ever getting up again.

The sweat began to come out all over his forehead, but he didn't give an inch. He just fairly yelled at me, "Mama, will you leave me be?" and then he was ashamed of himself, and took me by the arms and set me down on the bed, and said, "Now, listen. I got to go, Mama. It's Audrey's birthday and she's having this party and she's asked me especially." And I said, "But Honey, you can't skate! You don't know how! You'll fall!" And he just said, "I can't help it. I got to go," and I couldn't go no farther with him. His father had taken the car and gone back down to the shop and Wendell made me promise not to 'phone and tell him.

He come downstairs wearing his other shoes and carryin' his skate-shoes and laid them on the library-table. I just wanted to snatch 'em up and run out with 'em and hide 'em. I'd begged until I give up.

Pretty soon there came a creakin', grindin', squeally noise along the street and I said, "Whatever's that?" and Wendell told me it was a hay-wagon they'd hired to take them down to Cartright's pond. Audrey had wanted a bob-sled but there wasn't snow enough, hardly, so they'd got a hay-wagon. Then, he said like it would choke him, "They been skatin' down there, Mama, all yesterday afternoon." And I says, "Who has?" And he said, "Audrey and Bill and all of them."

The hay-wagon stopped over in front of Harpsy's and I took hold of Wendell's arm and said for the last time, "Son, don't go! Please don't!" but I seen it wasn't any use, and I let go him and he run out.

I went into the dining-room where it was dark and they couldn't see me look-

ing out, and watched 'em all gettin' into the wagon. Bill'd run in before Wendell got there and come out with that girl and Agnes. Both Bill and Wendell helped Audrey Davies into the wagon, and then Wendell remembered to help Agnes when she was all but in. There was a half-moon. Those iron wheels on the snow made the coldest, awfulest grinding sound. It was like the sign of an omen. Just chilled me through.

I went back out in the kitchen to finish up the ironing but I couldn't see what I was about or keep my mind on it, and I pulled out the iron cord and went back to the living-room and set there, still, in the rocker, and prayed and cried. I wanted so to go to the 'phone and call Mr. Christie, but Wendell had made me promise I wouldn't and I kept from it.

I set there the longest time, and I felt if anything was goin' to happen to Wendell it had happened, and when I heard a car stop out front and I run to the door, and saw Dr. Grimes comin' up the walk and his arm around Wendell and Wendell leaning on him, it was just like I'd seen it in a dream. When I seen Wendell was alive and walking I said, "Thank God!" They come on in and Doctor Grimes said I wasn't to be upset, that it was just his hand and his wrist this time. Sure enough, his hand was all bandaged up and his forearm was in splints and a sling. The doctor eased him down into a chair and said his hand wasn't bad and his wrist was a good clean break, it felt like, and he'd be all right.

As soon as Doctor Grimes had gone Wendell got up and started for the stairs, and I went up with him, my arm around him, I was so scared he'd get dizzy and fall. He was just as white as a sheet, but when he got in his room, instead of lying down, he went over to the closet and

brought out his traveling bag, and asked me if I'd help him pack his things, 'cause he wanted to take the two o'clock train and go back down south to Dallas. Oh, but that made me feel awful! That he'd come home after that long a time, so well and happy, and let a girl we'd never any of us seen before drive him into puttin' on skates and riskin' his life and limbs—and make him feel so ashamed over something he couldn't help and wasn't in any way to blame for, that he'd go off and leave home before his vacation time was up! I saw he didn't feel he could bear to talk about it, so I said, "All right, Son, if that's what you want to do."

I went back downstairs and turned on the iron and ironed the few pieces left that was his, just three or four handkerchiefs and his pajamas, I think it was, and when I went back upstairs he'd got out of those skatin' clothes and into his dark suit, and was waiting for me to tie his tie for him. I reached up to tie it, and I just begun to cry, and his chin kinda dented up too, like he was ready to cry himself. He shut his eyes and says, "Don't, Mama, please!"

I'd just got his bag packed and the doorbell rang. I went down and if it wasn't that Davies girl in her skatin' clothes, asking to see Wendell. I asked her to come in, though I felt a whole lot more like shuttin' the door in her face, and went up and told Wendell it was her. When I told him his face lit up so for a second and he started for the door, and then he stopped short, and said, no he couldn't see her, I was to tell her that.

I went down and told her and she said I was to tell him that she was awfully, awfully sorry, and to please come over to see her first thing in the morning.

I went back up and told him what she said, and I couldn't tell by the look on his

face how he felt about it. I guess his hand and wrist was hurting him pretty bad.

When I heard Mr. Christie turnin' in, I said, "What shall I tell your father, Wendell?" And he said, "Tell him I broke my wrist, and not to put the car away."

They wanted me to stay in out of the cold, but I got into my things and went along when it come time to take him to the train. When we went out to the car he give a quick look up toward Audrey's window, but he didn't say a word about her, or the skatin' party, or how he hurt his wrist, to either Mr. Christie or me. He looked so helpless, fumblin' with his billfold for his round-trip ticket, I couldn't hardly bear to have him go off alone like that and wanted Mr. Christie to get on the train and go with him, but Wendell wouldn't hear to it. My, he looked bad!

Mr. Christie isn't any hand to talk and he didn't ask me any questions and I kept still about that Audrey Davies and them skates. We just went home and went to bed.

V

When I was doing up the breakfast dishes in the morning, Mrs. Harpsy come over. I could see by her face she was all full of talk and excited. My feelin's were pretty tender, that morning, and it seemed to me she had her nerve, coming over at all. Last thing I thought she'd do, though, outspoken and heedless as she is, would be to mention Wendell and what happened down at the pond. But right away she said, "Well, how's the strong man this morning?"

That made me pretty tired, and I said, "What strong man?" and said it plenty cool.

And she said, "Why, didn't Wendell tell you what he done?"

And I said, "No, he didn't."

And she said, "Well, it served Bill Dorn right, and I'm glad he done it. Not that I got anything against Bill. Agnes likes him, and I guess he's all right, but he carried a joke too far."

I said, "What joke, Mrs. Harpsy?"

And she was so tickled to learn I didn't know, and lit in to tell me. She said she guessed that Agnes was the only one who knew how it really was, all of it. She said that when they got down to Cartright's pond, Bill, he lifted Audrey down out of the hay-wagon, and before he let her go he kissed her, and Agnes said she couldn't blame him, with Audrey hangin' on to him like she was—and what boy wouldn't? But it made Agnes so tired, to have Audrey flirting around like that, with first Wendell, then Bill, and never givin' Bill a chance to say a word to any other girl, that it made her mad and she went over to where Wendell was startin' to put on his skate-shoes (she didn't know whether he'd seen the kissin' or not) and told him what Audrey and Bill had fixed up. She said that Bill had told Audrey how Wendell used to get his bones broken all the

time, so that the boys used to call him "Fragile", and Audrey said she thought he was just making it up about Wendell, because he was jealous. And then she asked Agnes if it was so, about Wendell, breakin' like that whenever he'd fall, and Agnes told her it was, and she said she thought they were all just teasin' her, and she didn't believe them, and that she'd have that skating party and if it was so, why, Wendell wouldn't come.

Mrs. Harpsy said that when Agnes told Wendell that, he went over to where Bill was helpin' Audrey on with her skates, and told him to stand up, and said somethin' to him that Agnes didn't get, and then hit him in the jaw and knocked him clear cold, that's what she said, knocked him clear cold; senseless. She said it sounded like the jaw was broken, but she guessed it wasn't. Then Wendell clumb up the bank and took the road for town.

I left Mrs. Harpsy standin' there by the sink and went in the other room and called up Mr. Christie and told him to leave the man mind the shop and come on up to the house, quick, I'd got something to tell him.

MORMON POLYGAMY: THE LAST PHASE

BY LOUIS W. LARSEN

THE thrill-hunter in Salt Lake City who finds himself a passenger in a sight-seeing motor-bus is shown, besides yawning canyons and trim avenues—which many another Western town can boast—at least two unique things. First, the vehicle pauses for a moment on Capitol Hill, while the spieler drools:

I invite your attention, folks, to that gray tower yonder, across the hollow. That was built by a man named Anderson, back in the days of Brigham Young. It was Anderson's idea to have visitors in our town go up there and use it as a lookout across the Great Salt Lake Valley. He intended to charge a toll for the privilege and thus be among the earliest to exploit our scenic wonders. But the first prospective customers to come along discovered they could see across the valley just as well from the foot of the tower.

Then the wayfarer is whisked up City Creek Canyon and taken around the high-line loop. On the way back through the heart of town, the bus pauses once more, this time in front of a modest hotel. The spieler is megaphoning again:

The building over there isn't much for looks, friends, but there's a funny little story connected with it. Back in the eighteen-nineties, after the United States government had put its foot down on polygamy and told the plural wives they'd have to quit living with their men—well, some sympathizing Gentiles built that place as a refuge for the homeless women. It was expected they would flock to it by the hundreds, but only two came. Only two!

Two monuments to the stupidity of man! The builder of the one reckoned without his customers, and those of the other without their guests. The hotel stands as a symbol of the foggy understanding that has always characterized the Gentile notion of Mormon polygamy. Even the agitators who professed to be specialists in it, and as such fanned American resentment against it to the flaming point, could thus waste their mercy on the poor enslaved women. The ingrates didn't want their freedom after all!

This raconteur of the motor-bus has a further significance. He is the only person in Utah who will volunteer the stranger any word about polygamy. The thing is an obsolete topic in Zion, as dead as the wives of Solomon. Of course, if one has curiosity, one may saunter down to the Temple Block and heckle the suave guide and lecturer there with a question or two, but not much will come out of him.

"My good friend," he will answer, "I am glad you brought that up. Yes, it is true that the Mormons did once practice polygamy. But we are believers in obedience to earthly law, and after Congress had passed prohibitive legislation we declared our Manifesto. The Latter-day Saints have not practiced polygamy since 1900. Is there any other question?"

There are still land-marks, of course, reminiscent of polygamy; but they are being pushed back steadily toward the

fringes of oblivion. Of Brigham's capacious homes, only two are left—the Lion House and the Bee-Hive. The once-famous Amelia Palace, the luxurious home of the prophet's favorite woman, is now no more. On the site where it stood there is now a solemn financial structure, one of the links in the chain of Federal Reserve Banks. Then there is the monument of Brigham Young himself, pointing in the pose he struck when he gave the Salt Lake Chamber of Commerce its slogan, "This is the place!"

One wonders if the hardy old pioneer would still be of that optimistic view if he came back now to survey his Zion. A lot of water has run under the bridge since his time. The Mormon Church today is up-and-coming, modernized in its methods and synchronized with the spirit and practice of Big Business. Its leaders are men of divers mundane affairs, alternating their prayer-meetings with meetings of the directorates of great financial and utility corporations. They sit in on the deliberations of men who control the railway systems. They go to Congress, if they have a mind to, where they help to fix the tariffs on such home products as beet sugar. They even play golf and go for an occasional sunning to the Pacific Coast.

To defend, either by word or intimation, a thing so anti-American as polygamy would put in jeopardy all this prestige and hard-won amity with the Gentiles. So the Mormon Church has done the politic thing: it has banned plural marriage. True, it was required by Federal statute to repudiate the principle; but it should be remembered that it might have gone on with the practice through the devious channels of the underground. Its authorities finally had the good sense to supplement the legal prohibition with a church decree.

II

Yet it is a fact—if desecrating hands brush away a layer or two of silt—that a considerable remnant of polygamy is still a part of the under strata of Mormonism. Stern law can quiet the voice of sedition, but only time can erase the last vestige of the daring experiment. Hundreds of men and women who made their plural vows before the Manifesto are today a part of the church population. They belong, of course, to the second generation of polygamists. The original and charter members of the plural order have gone to their celestial rewards.

These survivors are living out, together, the solemn pacts they once made. Their marital fidelity gives the lie to the vain theorists who imagined that polygamy was merely a sexual aberration that would pass away like other follies and excesses of youth. The Mormons have proved at last that their system of marriage was basically a religion. The men have clung to their wives a full generation beyond the heyday; and the women, in turn, have stuck loyally to their men. In every village and city of Utah, there is a sprinkling of these aged ones living together to the last. It is no secret. When they have passed on, polygamy will be history at last.

It must not be imagined that the entire church membership yielded docilely to the Federal law or even to the pronouncement of its own leaders. Not by a long shot. There was plenty of defiance and opposition. Symbolic of the old guard is an aged, bearded man who may be seen daily on the streets of Salt Lake City doing the errands of a menial. A few years ago he was a power in the church—a member of the Council of Apostles. His voice was heard booming through the corridors of Zion. But when he took the brave stand,

long after the Manifesto, that a divine decree should weigh more heavily with the Chosen People than a fiat of man-made government he paid the price in utter demotion for his foolhardy consistency.

Every so often, even in this day, the church must suffer the embarrassment of some zealot's running amuck and becoming involved in plural marriage. Enough of his kind to serve as scare-crows are excommunicated and the decrees given front-page notice in the *Deseret News*. It usually appears that the violator of the Manifesto has talked some woman into a bigamous frame of mind by telling her that he has had a direct revelation from God and that she was the person indicated. Since the church forbids, there must be some higher sanction.

In one case, a schismatic cult sprang up around the person of an aged patriarch. He claimed to have had authority from Jehovah, and a considerable group of fanatics believed him. A number of polygamous marriages were solemnized under his ægis. But the church destroyed the love-nest with a prompt and devastating bull of excommunication. So the good old principle dies hard. The crater is inactive, but little spurts of flame now and then erupt.

Another plural marriage cult recently sprang up, with beautiful daring, right in the shadow of the Temple. The founder of this had won himself international fame as an inventor and was shrewd enough to become vastly rich. It was hinted that his scientific divining was a matter of heavenly inspiration. When he launched his new social order, with polygamy as the embellishing central pillar, a lot of the faithful fancied that he must have been inspired again. They flocked to his banner and the movement got quite a start. Then the law began to grind its

teeth and the church mill of excommunication was again set in motion.

The question is often asked: Has the Mormon church really repudiated the principle of polygamy? The answer is an emphatic No! Plural marriage is still a highly esteemed doctrine. What would happen if the legal ban were lifted is open to speculation; but it is not foolish to suppose that so many men would demand their right to live for the highest glory that an amendment nullifying the Manifesto of 1900 would be voted into the church constitution. And there is a reason back of this that transcends any concession to sex indulgence.

The principle of polygamy is alleged to affect vitally the destiny of every devout saint, as well as his endless progeny. The theory harks back somehow to the imperial gusto of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. There is nothing so desirable, by the Mormon philosophy, as fecundity. To be the father of a posterity as numberless as the sands of the seashore is the highest glory. A polygamist who died not so long ago came, in his nonage, to one of his sons and with sadness in his shaky voice and watery eyes, he said: "My boy, I am growing old and it grieves my heart that my young wife Elizabeth can bear me no more children. But we must not blame Elizabeth—it is my fault—mine!"

This same man had forty-three children, many of whom are still living, some of them also polygamists. His children's children number several hundred. It was the old patriarch's proud boast that in one year fifteen grandchildren were added to his fold. Yet in his dotage he could weep over the somber fact that his productive days were at an end. Whatever the original inspiration that started the polygamic system or whatever the secret views of the men in power today—it remains true that

the rank and file of Mormons of the old school, who missed their chance, lament its passing and would hail its return.

This allegiance comes of the fact, as aforesaid, that the central idea of polygamy relates to another world, to a life eternal in which virility will be renewed. Every faithful Mormon has a destiny beyond the skies, where a glorious reunion with his kin will mark the real beginning of life. He is to be a power in the heavens, to rule over principalities and kingdoms, eventually to become a very god. The groundwork for this sovereignty must be laid in the crumbling soil of earth life. Here he must make the preliminary contacts and become inseparably yoked with several good women, women who will hereafter be the mothers of his spiritual progeny, just as here below they bear him children in the flesh.

It is deemed a considerable calamity for a man to depart this life without a spouse who either has gone before or will follow after. It is relatively unfortunate to be limited merely to one. Not a few of the brethren have made a technical evasion of the Manifesto and at the same time thumbed their noses at the anti-polygamy law by having plural wives "sealed" to them, selecting these women from the records of the dead and departed. That the helpless wraiths might have their scruples about assent doesn't seem to matter. It can only be hoped, for their sake, that annulment will be admissible in Heaven.

Exemplifying this frenzy for women, and yet more women, is the old codger who a few months ago came to a Utah artist and furtively drew from his pocket a faded and tattered photograph. The picture was a family group and one of them, a sorrowful crone of fifty, was marked with an X. "That is my dear dead wife," he said, "and I'd like her portrait. Do you

think it can be done?" The artist told him it was a tough assignment but that he would try. To get on the track of lifelikeness, he asked the simpering fellow one or two questions. What color were her eyes? And was she blonde or dark?

"Well, that I don't know," he admitted confusedly. "You'd better make her hair blonde and her eyes blue."

"You mean to say you don't remember these details about your own wife!" the artist exclaimed.

"No, I don't," he confessed. "You see, I've never met her. But I have had her sealed to me only today."

Another instance was the posthumous marriage of a young girl to an aged man who had left behind an ample fold of survivors. This departed one and the father of the deceased girl had been bosom companions in their church labors. It was deemed a tragedy that the young woman, of marriageable age, should be consigned to eternal spinsterhood. To avert the disaster, the vicarious nuptials were fittingly performed.

III

These timorous and covert ventures into polygamy are a far cry from the robust practice of the old days. Then men went into it without let or hindrance, and the women they married were real flesh-and-blood creatures. A husband had to learn the wisdom of the serpent and acquire the harmlessness of the dove. He was at the vortex of human passions, facing nature in the raw. His substance was divided and his days were allotted. He was scorched between the fires of prior rights and counterfeit claims. The law bade him desist; his religion admonished him to hang on. His man's share of domestic strife was multiplied by two or three or four.

Many, perhaps thousands, of the men and women who came through this fire still reside in Zion. They live quietly in their several communities, having little to say. Though vivid are the memories of the buffetings they have known, they speak no word against polygamy. If some upstart of the newer generation makes a jibe at it, the only reply they will give is something to the effect that if you are not in sympathy with the principle, it is because you do not understand it. They are not advocating the practice; these who have had their fling seem content to close the record with their own biographies.

In scores of cases, several wives are the survivors of a polygamous man. They live usually as friends and neighbors, visiting often at each other's homes. They like to sit and reminisce about the old days, speaking with charity of the man they once shared, quite agreed that a glorious destiny awaits them in the great beyond. If there is any discordant emotion, it is in the heart of the "first woman," where it remains forever locked. She will listen to the others and nod assent, but she is perhaps musing bitterly over the days of her youth.

The first wife, after all, is the enigma of polygamy. It is not hard to understand why a man would go into it, whether his venture be viewed in the charitable light of response to duty or in the more critical light of a rationalized sex attraction. And a second or third wife's motive may be explained, likewise, on either of the two grounds. The man and she were the participants in an affair of courtship and love-making. Given the sanction of religion, no other explanation is needed for either of them. But what about the first wife? Her normal human reaction must have been one of violent jealousy and inhibited aversion to the entire proceeding.

Yet she subscribed to the system and involved herself equally with the others. In most instances she gave her consent. The winning of it must have been secured by an unconscious means more brutal than force and more subtle than moral suasion. Perhaps it was fear that drove her to submission, a terror of some dread and nameless consequence that would be meted out for insubordination.

Anyway, it is legendary with the Mormons that a certain high authority was once threatened with destruction, by an angel with a drawn sword, when he declined plural marriage because his first wife was hedging up the way. Since it was the Lord who had sponsored the system, the Devil would surely get all who opposed it. If the rewards were rich and eternal, the penalties were dark and dire. The bulwarks surrounding Christian monogamy are mere *papier mâché* in comparison with the protecting wall that was thrown up about Mormon polygamy.

However, good old human obstinacy was not without its laurels. Not every aspirant to polygamy succeeded in attaining the coveted caste. Many a first wife put her foot down on the project in the nick of time, blasting romance in the bud. Some of the women were rebellious enough to definitely hold up the proceedings. Others made the obvious and reasonable objection that a man who could not support one wife comfortably should by no means be allowed to burden himself with a second. So they all didn't get away with it—these men of the new freedom of the frontier.

Nor did all of them wish to assume the burdens of plural marriage. There were many instances of flat refusal to follow the suggestion of a superior respecting the new order. It was never the intent, of course, that all Mormon males should be plurally married. That would imply a

feminine predominance contrary to all the laws of the census. Only the worthy could hope to have this blessing conferred upon them; and worthiness was gauged by obedience to the laws of the church. Even so, there were not a few eligibles who staunchly declined the honor.

It was inevitable that some goats would become mixed up with the sheep. A number got permits during the years of the open season who, in the light of their subsequent conduct, should never have been permitted to enter into polygamy. There is old Josiah Nichols, for example, who still lives on his rocky acres in a certain village of Zion. This pretender never was seen inside the church door after he had acquired his second wife. The presence of a buxom girl under his own roof was the inciting cause in his case. He had married a widow, and when this stepdaughter came of age, he conceived the idea of keeping the household intact. A few pious gestures in the way of love for his church won him the permission. The first wife is now long dead. Josiah is an old man and his second-wife-and-stepdaughter is still robust enough to give him excellent care.

There is much speculation about the impulses that motivated polygamy. Most of it is either partisan attack or perfervid defense. Hostile critics, who do not know their Mormonism, have skipped blithely to the conclusion that plural marriage was a matter of sheer lust and indulgence. That explanation is no compliment to the civilized nations, for the Mormon populace were, and are, just average citizenry, recruited from a thousand communities in America and Anglo-Saxon Europe.

On the other hand, some of the learned apologists for the system have been equally fatuous in defending it. It has been the claim of several of these gentry of the higher learning that plural marriage was

an economic necessity, a spontaneous device that speeded up population. But such reasoning implies a plurality of the female sex, and the fact is that if each Mormon male had taken unto himself just *one* wife there would have been scarcely enough women to go around. Had economic necessity really dictated plural marriage in early Utah, Uncle Sam would have found himself trying to stamp out a perverse system of polyandry. Making a go of it with a single family, in the distant days of Deseret, was more than one man's job. Sometimes serious ruction came of the problem of multiple providing.

The households of Peter Johnson offer a case in point. Peter and his first and second wives have passed on, but his third and run-away wife is still alive to tell her story. She is an old lady with a sense of humor and she speaks of herself as a Cinderella of polygamy. It seems that Johnson had a hard time supporting his three women and their children. To eke out his substance, he made the cellar of wife number one the commissariat for all of them. Every time the second or third wife prepared a meal she had to trek across the fields to get her pittance for the table. This practice became at length so irksome that the third and youngest woman took leave in the night and started to walk to Salt Lake City.

She had warned Johnson that she would do that very thing, but he had laughed at the preposterous idea. To be sure of her return, however—in case she should make the fool attempt—he had kept one of her children always with him, night and day. But she somehow arrived in Salt Lake City, foot-sore and weary after three days of lugging two infants and subsisting on boiled beans. There this Cinderella of Polygamy was granted a church divorce and was given all of her three children.

IV

But our story must pipe down. For today a hush hovers over Zion with respect to polygamy. It is not considered good form to speak of it, even in a vein of reminiscence. To refer to it from the pulpit is positively forbidden. Though a number of the men highest in authority have rich polygamous backgrounds, they never drop a hint that has any bearing on the past. The skeleton is locked in the closet and the faithful have been admonished to refrain from rattling its bones. Not that they admit that they ever stood in error; their censorship is simply a matter of hauling in the too provocative red flag.

To divert attention from the past and give the church a look of being in the forward march, some shrewd devices have been laid hold of. One of them is the elevation to apostleship of men adorned with Ph.D.'s. Four such celebrities now grace the high Council of Twelve. In every case the councillor is an educator taken from the faculty of the University of Utah. Two of them have served as president of that institution; one is the son of a celebrated polygamist; and the fourth is the scion of a long line of apostles. It is a notable fact that they are all of the science faculty. Thus young Zion witnesses the impressive spectacle of men who can go to the bottom of science, rocketing to the pinnacle of theological truth.

It is rumored there are several others of these degreed eligibles, on the campus and off, who have their canny eyes on future ascensions to apostleship. They are now doing pulpit setting-up exercises to get their spiritual wind. A place in the Council of Twelve is a good berth, with pay and honors continuing right up to the mortal end. A modern apostle is alleged to have precisely the same status as an ancient

one, except that they were a bit old fashioned back in the First Century in their methods of picking their men.

The quorum of twelve of the Mormon Church is a strange agglomerate of evangelists and academicians, big business men and politicians. It seldom happens any more that a poor fisherman is called from his nets. In this modern era a man has got to have won his spurs before the powers will recognize him. Take the case of J. Reuben Clark, who was recently made second counselor in the first presidency of the church. The vacancy had been left open for more than a year while Clark finished out his term as Ambassador to Mexico, ending with the reign of Hoover. If any one doubts the importance of church leadership—well, there are Brother Clark and Brother Smoot, both of them lately big shots in national affairs!

This elevation of the great and the learned is meant, for one thing, to impress the young men and women of Zion. How to prevent or salvage the spiritual wreckage of its educated youth is a vexing problem with the Mormon Church. Its espousal of the higher learning is coming home to roost. Not a few of the enlightened ones talk freely—in the right company—about their defection. Others justify their allegiance to the church only on the ground that it is a great socializing agency. And yet others inhibit their skepticism, closing their eyes and clinging on. The voices of doubt are seldom raised above a whisper, for any display of intellectual independence is dubbed apostasy—and that is the ultimate Mormon sin.

The attitude of most of this young generation of Mormons toward polygamy is one with the American scorn of the Noble Experiment or Rugged Individualism. If they speak of it at all, it is merely in the vein of ironic lament over their having

been cheated of its opportunities. How their forebears could have become enmeshed in such a web of marital woe is beyond their understanding. If in a moment of caprice, the Congress should make polygamy mandatory, the young Mormons—knowing what they know—would scurry to a new kind of underground to dodge its responsibilities.

There is, however, one considerable group of young Latter-day Saints, the missionaries, upon whom it is obligatory to offer a word of defense. In the day's work of "tracting," the question of polygamy is sure to come up. Their usual answer is that since the Bible seems to condone plural marriage it is inconsistent for the Christian world to condemn it. If, at the close of the interview, there is still a note of mocking contempt, the young ambassador will hurl the stock witticism that the only difference between the Mormon polygamist and the Gentile polygamist is that the one drives them abreast and the other tandem.

At the other extreme of attitude is the occasional renegade who will openly flout his polygamous strain. The story is told of a roué who was one day accosted on the street by his aged polygamous father. The young chap, a married man, was consort-

ing with a flashy strange woman. "Dad," he said, with amazing impudence, "this little girl is your niece." The old man, dumb with disgust, turned and went his way. When it was opportune to take the boy to task, he demanded to know: "What did you mean, sir, introducing that woman to me as my niece?" "Well, father, I'll tell you," he explained, "it was merely a little joke on my part. But for some fool reason, just at the time we met, I remembered a good many years ago how you introduced me to a woman I had never seen and you told me she was my aunt. Of course, I know, it was your second wife, but . . ."

It may happen that some young Mormon, three generations removed from any polygamous ancestor, will do a thesis for his doctorate in defense of plural marriage. With what gloating will he point out that monogamy is dying of an inner corruption while polygamy came to its untimely end only because of external pressure. He will damn the one with statistics on divorce and praise the other for its unique exhibition of conjugal devotion. "Isn't it strange," he will write, "that this country of ours would chuck one fellow in jail for dodging alimony and put another chap in a cell alongside him for wanting to support a couple of wives?"

AMERICANA

ARIZONA

BLAST of defiance to the town boosters in the public prints of Tombstone:

NOTICE

To the business discriminating people of Tombstone: we pay cash and reserve the right to trade where we p-l-e-a-s-e—Bisbee, Douglas, Tucson, Los Angeles, Kokomo or Hoboken.

And if you don't like that, you can all purchase a one-way ticket plumb straight to H—I. Train on Track 13.

This for your information.

COCHISE SANDWICH SHOP

6th & Fremont

TOMBSTONE, ARIZONA

Al Amison, Prop.

CALIFORNIA

THE NEA correspondent at Los Angeles reports another great advance in Christian Living there:

Because it was built expressly to house the world's largest Bible, the Temple of Truth here, although but a few weeks old, lays claim to being one of the country's most interesting churches.

The huge book and the church in which it occupies a regal place were constructed by Louis Waynai, a Hungarian cabinet maker. For lack of funds with which to employ a minister, Waynai has assumed the pastorate.

Printed with hand-stamping rubber type, the Bible has 8048 pages and weighs 1094 pounds, a little more than a half ton. Opened, it measures 82 inches from rim to rim. Each page is 43½ inches from top to bottom, and, closed, the book is 34 inches thick.

Waynai, who spent \$500 and two years' time making the book, values it at \$10,000. He estimates that he made 10,000,000 im-

pressions with his hand-stamping equipment, and says he used ten gallons of ink and wore out three sets of type before the Bible's completion.

The church was erected by Waynai after he discovered that his home wasn't large enough for proper exhibition of the big Bible. Now he has a congregation of 170 persons, and permits tourists to see the book without charge.

PUBLIC notice in the *Riverside Daily Press*:

NOTICE

To the unmitigated reprobate who maliciously absconded with part of a sign at 4063 Main last night I offer malevolent wishes for a discordant career culminated by prolonged habitation in the proverbial hot place.

THE RIVERSIDE LOCK SHOP.

ILLINOIS

ADVERTISEMENT in the *Detroit Free Press*:

A SENSATION WITHOUT EQUAL

Are you a friend of Nature and earnest enough to consider Nature's secrets? If so, would you like to know what men, animals, the earth and the universe represent and how all this was created? The book, "The Mystery of All Life," will tell you all about it. This book of 110 pages, size 7½x5 inches, is not written by any scientist, but by an ordinary laborer. Price \$2.50. Address: LOUIS JURAK, Box 860, Chicago, Illinois.

INDIANA

THE REV. FORMAN LINCICOME in the *World-Wide Temple Evangelist* of Fort Wayne:

I would rather be an idiot than an infidel. If I were an infidel I would know I made myself such but if an idiot I would know

that someone else would be responsible for it. There are a lot of little fellows running over the country with Henry Clay heads on them with the Henry left off, who are professing to be infidels but have not brains enough to be infidels. I know some who have brains so small that if they were dynamited and were to explode they would not even blow their nose.

MICHIGAN

MRS. FLORENCE SELL TIMBERMAN of Waldron gives thanks for a miracle in a letter to Pastor DeWitt Johnston, editor of the *World-Wide Temple Evangelist*:

I wrote you last week for prayer and the anointing of a handkerchief for little Betty Lou. From the time the letter was sent you there was improvement. The Lord's own presence seemed to surround us as your letter was opened. Prayerfully I placed the handkerchief about her neck, where the seat of her trouble lay, and not so long after I noticed one of her ears had broken. That meant relief from severe pain and burning fever. Praise the Lord! Now she sleeps fine and her appetite is better. She is very happy and sings and says it was Jesus who did this for her. Although not quite two and one-half years, she says she loves Jesus and many times thanks Him for making her better. Her hearing is not very good but I trust the Lord will bring it back to normal.

MISSOURI

HANDBILL distributed among movie fans in the Christian town of Moberly:

FOX GRAND

The Brightest, Happiest Spot in Town.

Shows 2:15—7:15—9:00

Matinee 25c, Kiddies 10c

Nite-Sunday Matinee:

Balcony 25c, Lower Floor 35c

3 Days Starts SUNDAY

No Man Could Manage This

UNTAMED HERCULES OF THE JUNGLE

Yet he was all tenderness and love in the arms of this pretty American Girl

Reared by Lions . . . Untamed . . . Uncivilized! His Was the Law of the Jungle! To Seize and to Fight for His Mate . . . And in Her He Found a New Love . . . A Joyful Ecstasy He Had Never Known Was Kindled in His Breast As He Held Her in His Arms.

GIRLS! TRUE LOVE

Girls . . . How would you like to find the perfect lover? Handsome yet all man, unspoiled by the taint of civilization . . . This girl found such a man all for her very own. Enjoy the happiness with her.

This is the picture everyone has read so much about!

KING OF THE JUNGLE

Beasts of the Jungle Rage Through the Streets of a Helpless City! Lions, Tigers, Apes, Elephants . . . Wrecking . . . Destroying . . . Striking Fear Into the Hearts of the Populace. A Spectacle Such as Never Seen Before.

A NEW messiah comes to save the colored brethren of St. Louis:

NEGROES! HEAR THIS PROPHET!

In the name of the most high God
A Teacher and Apostle of a New Negro Culture and Religion

Introducing Ancestor Worship among Negroes for the first time in the history of the world. We Must Be Saved! We need a new Outlook and Philosophy.

Paul J. Achmadin, the Prophet Fahame: Your Fellow Citizen of America, Founder of the Ethiopian Temples of Islam; 1919 bases his creed on Divine Inspiration and upon the History and Culture and Faith of our Noble Ancestors. Producing Documentary and Revealed proofs of our Most Ancient and Holy, Spiritual and Material greatness. Unveiling Hidden Truths, and Reciting Revealed History dating back to fifty thousand years ago.

Know the exact Geographical location of the Garden of Eden and the Lands of Nod. Know the name of Cain's wife, Monogamy is the Moral rule in Islam.

Ninety-six Negro Virgins, Saints and prophets, together with Nineteen Dynasties of Kings and Queens who ruled the world

before Adam. We have a Divine Creed, Language and Culture of our own. The only road to self-respect.

Address: ETHIOPIAN TEMPLES OF ISLAM
St. Louis, Mo.

2622 Franklin Ave. 8117 Dale Ave.

NEW YORK

FORMER JUDGE CHARLES J. McDERMOTT of Brooklyn, as reported by the New York *American*:

The trouble with George Bernard Shaw is that he was never a Boy Scout.

OHIO

THE forward-looking Freemasons of Cincinnati refuse to be depressed by the Depression:

The first activity of Syrian Temple's dance committee will be the festival of fun next Saturday night, starting at 8 o'clock. The activities will take place in the Scottish Rite ball room and cafeteria and are open to nobles of the Mystic Shrine and their ladies on presentation of the 1933 dues card.

A novel feature is to be the Weight Dance in which the nobles are to be admitted free while their ladies must pay at the rate of ten pounds for one cent. For this penny they will receive a certified weight card and their fortune.

As an additional feature, there will be long tables for jigsaw puzzle enthusiasts. The puzzle then will be sent to the Shriners' Hospital for Crippled Children.

OKLAHOMA

FROM the celebrated *Times* of Oklahoma City:

The following was written by an Oklahoma City professional man who never has used tobacco in any form, upon learning that his attractive young daughter had acquired the cigarette habit:

The gentle breeze of this Spring morning lifts and spreads apart your beautiful flowing hair. Its freshness, full of vigor, casts a sheen like the golden glow in Summer sunset. Let not the stifling stale and stagnant smoke of a half-lit spittle-soaked cigarette streak it down in mottled ropes full of foul fragments of frivolous folly.

The gentle touch of your baby-soft hand fondles my tired face with soothing effectiveness like balm to the biblical nomad. Let not the burning embers of parching nicotine cook and color your dainty fingers until they lose their softness of velvet and become hard, calsomined, clumsy and cultivated only to tip and tap collected ashes from a smoldering sedative.

The sparkling brilliance of your perfect teeth gleam in your smile like ledges of pearl. Let not the stain from burning tobacco tarnish this beauty by oxidation.

The rose red reflection in your perfect cupid's bow softened by the vigor of flaming youth is likened only in comparison to the blush and bloom of budding flowers. Let not the parching heat of poisoned paper pale the purity of your lovely lips into dry and hardened bits of flesh calculated to hold cooking kilns of nicotine.

PENNSYLVANIA

ADVERTISEMENT in the *Buffalo News*:

We Will Give An Artistic Jigsaw Puzzle
ABSOLUTELY FREE

to the first thousand grown-ups
who call at our office
No. 5 Walden avenue

ERNEST WEDEKINDT

Buffalo's Leading Undertaker

TENNESSEE

FROM the *Warren County Times*:

MAD STONE

We have a mad stone guaranteed to give general satisfaction for mad dog bites and all poisonous bites. Has been applied to hundreds of bites and never lost a case. Reasonable price.

REV. R. J. TUCKER,
Summitville, Tenn.

EFFECTS of the resurrection of beer on the genial printer of the eminent Nashville *Tennessean*:

The tax upon beer would be \$1.20 per 31-gallon barrel with additional privilege taxes upon dealers, manufacturers, and distributors.

Further changes for the restricting and regulating the sale of the brew are to be made before the bill finally comes to a vote in the Senate.

From the flashes of lightning and the

flares set off by the salt water I could see men swimming and wreckage floating around.

We floated for about an hour and 40 minutes. Then the German tanker came up. It threw us a buoy. I put my arm through it and passed out.

THE celebrated Chattanooga *Times* on the hearty rustic sports of the he-men along the Georgia-Tennessee frontier:

Bob McCamy could not attend court at Chatsworth, Ga., yesterday, the court was advised. Judge Pittman wanted to know why and detailed Dr. H. V. Russell to go to McCamy's home and find out. Dr. Russell made an investigation and told the court the story he received from McCamy.

McCamy and several friends made a week-end trip to Polk county, Tennessee, and while on that trip McCamy's friends turned dentists, barbers and surgeons and he was the subject of all their operations.

The dentist friend, with a pair of rusty auto pliers, extracted all of McCamy's teeth. The barber friend cut off all his hair except a scalp lock on top, and this he treated with molasses to make it stand up. The surgeon friend then made an incision on the arm and stitched it up with purple tufting thread. Having trimmed McCamy up in the most approved style, they all returned home, but McCamy was indisposed to offer himself to the public gaze after having been the subject of the skill of his friends.

When the report was made to Judge Pittman in court the jurist had to rap for order.

TEXAS

THE correspondent of the United Press at Temple sends out a swell piece of Americana:

A petition urging President Roosevelt to appoint his would-be assassin, Giuseppe Zangara, to a Cabinet post, bore the signatures of 400 Temple residents today. A reporter circulated the petition as an experiment. His managing editor signed it. Few read beyond the opening paragraph

urging Mr. Roosevelt to cut government expenses.

UTAH

MEDICAL news from the Pope of the Mormons, as reported by the Salt Lake *Telegram*:

President Grant said he believes there are many first-class physicians who will not attend maternity cases if the mother is known to be a smoker, because the mortality rate is too great for the doctor to risk his reputation.

ADVERTISEMENT of two immortal works in the *Tribune* of the same town:

GREAT EARTHQUAKE TO SHAKE THE WHOLE EARTH

* * *

Banks of All Nations to Fail Except in
England and Utah.

* * *

Revolution and New World War.

* * *

Gold and Silver Abandoned.

* * *

Thousands to Flock to Utah and Idaho
for Peace and Safety.

* * *

Read These and Many Other Prophecies
in the Book,
"THE LAST DAYS," 75c.

TO BEAT THE DEPRESSION AND AVOID APPROACHING DISASTERS

Read the New Book

"KNOCK AND IT SHALL BE OPENED"

\$1.00—Or Both Books, \$1.60

At All Book Stores or Postpaid by
Pyramid Specialties Corp.,
609 So. 2nd East, Salt Lake City.

WEST VIRGINIA

INCIDENT of the Christian life at Charleston, as reported by the correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune*:

James Tilley, forty-seven, today was charged with slaying Marshall Ferguson, twenty-four, at Montgomery, near here, in a Sunday argument over the Second Coming of Christ. According to Corporal F. C.

Bennett of the State police, the men returned from church arguing over the context of the sermon. A third man was called in to refer to a Bible and settle the dispute. As the man was looking up a reference, the corporal said, Ferguson got a gun and fired at Tilley, hitting him in the hand. Then Tilley drew his own gun and shot Ferguson through the heart.

WISCONSIN

A LEARNED reader of the *Milwaukee Journal* says a kind word for the late Calvin Coolidge:

Although Calvin Coolidge, since his death, has been lauded by nearly all writers and speakers, a small percentage have found fault with his non-appreciation of music and art.

This adverse criticism, in my opinion, is favorable to our departed former President, who has been considered a calm, thinking and brainy man. The more brainy a man, the less he cares for music. Music, after all, appeals to the ear and the emotions only. That's why musicians are seldom men of brains. This applies also to civilized nations. Musical nations are not intellectual. The more they care for music, the less brainy they are.

Consequently, the adverse criticism of Calvin Coolidge is only another encomium to a quiet, thinking and brainy man.

Milwaukee.

ADAGIO.

HAWAII

THE Los Angeles culture spreads to the paradise of the Pacific:

HOUSE BILL No. 309

AN ACT

TO AUTHORIZE ALEXANDER KAOHIAI
KAONOHI TO PRACTICE SUGGESTIVE
THERAPEUTICS.

Be it enacted by the Legislature of the Territory of Hawaii:

Section 1. That Alexander Kaohiai Kaonoahi is hereby authorized to practice Suggestive Therapeutics in the Territory of Hawaii, and he is hereby also authorized to use the title of Suggestive Therapist.

Section 2. The term Suggestive Thera-

peutics, as used in this Act, shall mean and include magnetic healing, mental healing, autosuggestion, suggestive therapeutics, psycho-therapeutics, hypno-therapeutics, electro-therapeutics, hygiene and dietetics, massage, and the use of cell salts or tissue remedies and Hawaiian herbs.

Section 3. This Act shall take effect from and after the date of its approval.

Introduced by:

GEORGE H. HOLT, JR.
Representative, Fifth District.

CANADA

THE spread of Communism to Montreal as revealed by an advertisement in the Barter-Exchange column of the *Star*:

Gilded Mussolini, MacDonald and Hitler for Lenin. Box 4443 *Star* Office.

IN PARTIBUS INFIDELIUM

SOCIAL note from the *Manchuria Daily News* of Dairen:

The Pavillion Dance-Hall at Lengmuller's Hotel is becoming the most popular place of amusement in the opinion of patrons.

On Saturday there was a ball "for the sweet ladies" and before midnight the house was crowded, dancing with stage attractions lasting until the late morning hours. Many that were absent must regret that they missed good enjoyment, plus the freely distributed advertising material and trial bottles of a splendid quality whiskey.

GENERAL

EXULTANT gloat of the presidium of the International New Thought Alliance:

We are going to hold our Congress in New York City, at the WALDORF-ASTORIA HOTEL! Doesn't that make you all trembly with desire to attend? If it doesn't, you cannot be called ROMANTIC! Why, anything wonderful can happen to anyone with that background! This is your great opportunity to come to thrilling New York and stop at the new and perfectly appointed Waldorf for less than just any old hotel would cost you! Isn't it glorious to know that our God works for us in this way?

JOSEPHUS DANIELS

BY BEN DIXON MACNEILL

SINCE my childhood in a household that subscribed to the paper and the opinions of his chief adversary, the name of Josephus Daniels had been a name with which to invoke in me a prudent abatement of juvenile delinquency, but I had been some months on his payroll before I encountered him directly. Childhood, by then, was a lengthening distance behind me, and seven years and some months of his tenure as Secretary of the Navy under Wilson were behind him.

The occasion was of some magnitude, as occasions went in the early Fall of 1920. It was coming off in a town that would appraise it an event of the first magnitude. That town was as unfamiliar with Cabinet officers as I was. No imaginable detail had been omitted by the committee in charge of the arrangements. A throng of appropriate size crushed as near as it was allowed. The war had been over, then, only two years, and it was a simple enough matter anywhere in America to assemble a reception committee of former naval officers whose uniforms still fitted them, and any necessary number of enlisted men with rifles, all to form the sort of human alley-way to which high American dignitaries are accustomed.

It was just that sort of setting that the town provided for the reception of President Wilson's Secretary of the Navy. The lads, rigidly erect on the platform, were hand picked and hand scrubbed. I doubt that any Secretary of the Navy, or even any

admiral, ever descended Pullman steps into the company of more uniformly clean and pinkly radiant seamen. Their mothers had seen to that. At the end of the alley that they made a small company of demobilized officers couldn't help clanking their swords a little, and about them pressed the townspeople. A civilian reception committee pressed at the heels of the men in uniforms. At the end of the platform the local band was poised.

When Mr. Daniels appeared at the top of the steps nothing of him was visible except his dark coat and the flat top of his extremely personal sort of black hat. His head was bent a little forward. He is the sort of man who watches his step, even when he is only descending from a sleeping-car. He attained the platform below the steps. A secretary or something was coming down behind him, with his bags. No, it was only the porter; he never bothered with aides. On the platform he stood still, smiling, looking about him. His eyes came back to the eight scrubbed lads. He held out his hand to the nearest of them, smiling. The lad awkwardly disengaged a hand from his musket and shook hands with the Secretary of the Navy.

At the end of the little alley-way one of the gentlemen with swords swore in a savage whisper to another gentleman with a sword and their faces went a deeper hue. Behind them I observed a modestly motherly sort of woman whose face was a-beam with a light that was not far from ecstasy.

Later I inquired about her. Mr. Daniels was at the moment shaking hands with her son—the lad who almost dropped his rifle in his excitement. There was nothing of haste in the Secretary's progress; he omitted no member of the guard. Nor did the braided items of the reception committee omit any epithet that his leisurely advance gave them time to mutter. About the only printable item of their catalogue was "demagogue."

After a little, Mr. Daniels was done with the guard, and approached the stiffly saluting committee of ex-officers. I have persisted in the belief that he was not unconscious of the fact that its members had been calling him unprintable names in grisly whispers. But the smile that he had for them was the same smile that he had had for the nonentities that bore rifles. Perhaps it was a degree or two more warmly affable. At all events, it was genial, wholly disarming, and, I thought, had a glint of secret amusement in it. Now that his eyes were within range, they turned out to be wise and shrewd, and you forgot, until later, that they were not quite candid and revealing.

In a moment's time the Secretary was able to convey a feeling that, individually, the young officers of the committee had nestled very close to his personal concern throughout their service in the Navy. From them he passed to the elder citizens, warming them with their first names. They expanded under the glow of his geniality. The reception extended itself, with damage to the day's schedule of events, but presently he was hurried to breakfast.

Somehow I found myself in the seat beside him in the car that bore him away. Somebody had presented me, mentioning that I was on the staff of his newspaper, the *Raleigh News and Observer*. I stood in the bathroom door while he shaved

himself and related to him all the talk of the shop. He engorged every incident and detail. He was friendly. There isn't any other term that I know of that would describe him, as he bustled about with his suspenders down. And quite, it appeared, without any delusions about the post that held him in Washington. He was, he said, looking forward to being at home again. He said frankly that there was no hope that Cox would succeed Wilson. He himself would soon be home. He would go to work with the rest of us. We'd have to break him in again.

And so I encountered my chief.

II

I had been nurtured on J. P. Caldwell's *Charlotte Observer*. Caldwell's lusty journalism had been, more than anything else, the seed that had sprouted me into newspapering. He had been one of the giants. A giant who had a mind of his own and spoke it with the most startling disregard of the feelings of anybody. He had looked like Grover Cleveland, and he had defied Cleveland and later denounced Bryan. The *Observer* of course, was Democratic, but when Mr. Caldwell disapproved of anyone or anything he said so. Rather more than anyone else, he had disapproved of Mr. Daniels—not only of his convictions, but also of his methods, his personality. Even the Daniels ancestors were suspect.

Caldwell had a wide and powerful following. His paper was the organ of burgeoning industry in North Carolina. Emanating principally from Charlotte, a new impetus had taken hold upon textile and tobacco and furniture manufacturing, and the foundations of vast power interests were being laid. Caldwell's vision had contributed no little to this beginning reality. But in the capital town, Daniels' paper was

the organ of the agrarian East, and of a never very well-defined liberalism. So Daniels and Caldwell had thundered at each other across the State, and to all subscribers to Caldwell's paper and notions—the two were not separable—Daniels was a sort of ogre.

Caldwell fought Prohibition. Daniels, more than any other individual, drove the State dry. Daniels began the campaign that eventuated in the dismemberment of the American Tobacco Company and the discomfiture of James Buchanan Duke. Caldwell pounded him with invective the while. Daniels supported the dubious McKelway when he undertook the enactment of child labor laws for the State, and Caldwell so far neglected service to the libel laws—which Daniels had written—that he was at some discomfort to appease McKelway for the frightful things he said about him.

For three decades, until he was taken to Washington and into the first Wilson Cabinet, Daniels had been the storm center of innumerable fights. He had begun by, apparently needlessly, taking sides in the celebrated controversy between Gattis and Kilgo. None in this generation can recall what the row was about. They can recall only that it stood the State on its ear for three years, and that it had something to do with the interior workings of the Methodist church. Then there had been the battle over White Supremacy. And the battle with the railroads over passenger and freight rates. And a dozen battles with them over leasing lines partly owned by the State that have since been merged with its three major railroad systems. Daniels had been noisily present in all of them. He fought without quarter and with every weapon available.

A search of the files of his paper would reveal a flood of such items as this: "J. Elwood Cox of High Point was a visi-

tor in town yesterday, travelling by train and using Southern Railway Pass No. 6743." That one I take from the personal columns of the paper at a time when the battle with the railroads was bitterest, and its editorials charged bluntly that public men were bribed with passes. Mr. Cox was an occasional candidate for Governor on the Republican ticket, and later a member of the State Highway Commission. Daniels hit with any weapon he could lay his hand to, if it were nothing heavier than a two-line personal item. Not infrequently he lost. But he always fought.

Caldwell fought back, and with heavy weapons. He exhumed and printed the charge that Daniels' father turned traitor to the Confederacy, and piloted Yankee gunboats up Pamlico river to Washington, N. C., where the infant Josephus had been born a year or two earlier. The Yankees captured the town, and in the course of the resistance offered them by the shore batteries, the elder Daniels (who was actually a prisoner instead of a renegade—a "buffalo" was the current term) was killed by Confederate fire. His son Josephus seemed to be impervious to that sort of attack. He simply fought on.

III

But the affable man whom I confronted that morning, with his galluses slapping against his knees, and his gray eyes smiling through a cloud of lather, couldn't really be an ogre. I was uncomfortably under the necessity of readjusting my long-held opinions. My fixed belief about him could no more withstand the actuality than the gritty impatience of the be-sworded reception committee could hold out against the infection of his smile. Ogre or not, I liked him.

Before the middle of the following

March he came home and went to work. Even now I'm not sure whether it was only because of the accident that placed my desk nearest the always open door of his office, but whatever the cause, in the nine following years the Old Man became an amiable, familiar mystery to me. It must be that I came to know him better than any man who has ever worked for him. Day after day, year after year, I was nearest him when he would call out. I have been in his house as one of the family. I have been with him in remote counties of his State, and in New York and in Washington. I have driven more thousands of miles with him than I can remember.

To the feeling that I achieved for him the morning I first saw him, I have added only a fixed, an abiding conviction that whatever lies at the core of the mystery that is Josephus Daniels, it is honest and simple and it is kind. I doubt that Mrs. Daniels, who is nearer to him than any living being, could say more. Above any being I have ever encountered, he is the keeper of his own counsel, though he manages it with an outward seeming of the utmost candor. I have doubted that he ever confides even in himself; but, shrewd paradox that he is, he never appears in doubt about what he is going to do. He moves, of course, within the constricted ellipse of a rigid concept of public and private righteousness, but he manages to be bewilderingly mobile within its limits.

As I have said, some unidentified Confederate cannoneer made an orphan of Josephus Daniels before he was three years old. There were three of those orphans. The eldest has been longer on the Superior Court bench in North Carolina than any of his contemporaries. The youngest is a lawyer in New York. Both have lived tranquil lives. Judge Daniels lately administered the oath to his brother as Amba-

sador to Mexico from a place on the bench occupied for thirty years by Chief Justice Walter Clark, who, as nearly as any man, achieved in his lifetime the constant respect and consideration of North Carolina's stormy petrel.

Orphans were numerous enough in North Carolina in 1864, but it was a poor time to be one. The Daniels childhood was barren. Of the dead father's relatives, there were none to whom the widow might turn. Her husband had come down from New England, and he was a ship's carpenter. The Yankees captured him along with the town of New Bern, where he was engaged in some matter for the Confederate Navy. Mrs. Daniels was herself an orphan, and an only child of her family. And so, in a town wherein she was but a refugee from the uncertainties of war along the coast, she faced the task of rearing her three sons. I knew her after she was eighty, a gentle, indomitable old lady. Her eyes were like the eyes of her second son.

Along with hard-won bread, she nourished her three boys with the simple moralities. She taught them to work, not because she demanded their help in lightening her burden, but because she knew that men must work. Even now Josephus Daniels can and does do twice the work in a day that he would think of requiring from any of his aides. At seventy-one he can and does still work as long as eighteen hours a day, and then leave his tasks with no apparent diminishing of energy. He works with an absolute minimum of fret, and with no wasting of an ounce of his strength. Only once in a decade did I ever see him when there was any mark of strain on him. I had telephoned him at five o'clock one afternoon that William Jennings Bryan was dead. He came down, and in six hours, with a stubby lead pencil, turned out 8,000 words on the Commoner.

When the children were very small Mrs. Daniels removed from Washington, N. C. to Wilson. She was appointed postmistress there, and before he was twelve Josephus was at work in a printing-office. Before he was twenty he had amassed a fortune of twenty dollars, and with it in his pocket he migrated forty-seven miles to Raleigh. With his capital he bought a moribund newspaper. Before he was sixty he refused an offer of a million dollars in cash for it, and in refusing told Mr. Hearst that he would as soon think of selling his wife and his four sons as of selling the *News and Observer*. And that, I think, is the simple truth.

No Southern State had yet liquidated the Civil War when Josephus Daniels began in Raleigh. Appomattox was scarcely more remote than Versailles is today, and Carpetbaggers were still rampant. The journalism of the State was in a vast mess. There were all sorts of contending currents of public thought, mostly engendered by private greed. Railroads were merging and lusting after the fifty-odd small lines that had been built with local public moneys. Newspapers sprung up overnight, in the capital and elsewhere, with no purpose but special pleading for this interest or that. Populism, which had been born forty miles from Raleigh and had migrated westward, was returning to its native heath to still further confuse the political scene.

Daniels nailed the grimy standard of Democracy to his masthead and was deaf to any who would have bought him. Democracy paid no dividends in that day. He could have lent his press—a very wheezy and rheumatic press—to a dozen movements and factions, and profitably, but he was Josephus Daniels. He waged war. He waged dozens of wars. Now and then he was badly battered. He was the target of every imaginable sort of abuse, of every

improbable vilification. He fought back. His thesis was simple enough: the rights of the common people must be respected. One of his adversaries—who is now his friend—once tersely stated that thesis in converse: “In Daniels’ opinion the possession of as much as two dollars and fifty cents in cash is conclusive evidence that the possessor is a thief fresh from plundering the poor.”

Upon that platform he fought, unremittently, until he was removed to Washington. He cracked heads with a magnificent, impersonal serenity. The amazing thing is that not for one moment in fifty years of battle did he ever dramatize himself, or allow himself to think of Josephus Daniels as a hero. The carnage, at times, was appalling, but he smote them with unruffled serenity, and an amiable, smiling countenance. North Carolina still wallowed in ignorance and in poverty of both spiritual and material things. He had, and he has, a notion that the common people will always pull themselves out of it if the rich are made to let them alone. He begins to be curiously right about it, and if there is any irony in it, it is that the *News and Observer* is now the most valuable single property in the capital, and he owns it.

One other curious thing about his war-making has always been his aloneness. He has never allied himself. He has never attached himself to any man’s fortunes, with the possible exception of Charles B. Aycock, with whom he grew up and who made vocal the determination of a small group that included him and Daniels and Walter Hines Page that there should be schools for the common people. Aycock became Governor and established the schools. Daniels was supporting him for the United States Senate against Simmons when he died suddenly in 1912. He is the only individual Daniels has ever supported.

In the State, that is. Outside, there was Bryan, and later, Wilson.

Page was a school-teacher when Daniels became an editor in Raleigh. He shared Daniels' visions, but carried them to limits that were not wholly orthodox. He doubted the infallibility of Methodist bishops. Page later went to New York and began his struggle there. He and Daniels kited one check between Raleigh and New York for an entire year. Miraculously, it kept both paper and Page's first magazine going. But in 1913, when somebody asked Page if he didn't regard Daniels as Cabinet timber, he said, "Why, he isn't even a splinter." That, I know, wounded Daniels deeply.

But there is a footnote to the story. Years later, when Burton J. Hendrick was doing his life of Page, he came finally to Raleigh. He had been one of the chief vocalists in the chorus against Daniels as head of the Navy, and he hesitated in his hotel two days before venturing to ask for material that was essential to his work. Finally, Daniels heard he was there, heard of his hesitancy about approaching him. Daniels smiled amiably, went immediately to Hendrick's hotel, and with no hint of magnanimousness dealt amiably with him, placed much material at his disposal, and invited him to dinner.

In addition to his paper, Daniels fought in the councils of his party. He was for long Democratic National Committeeman from North Carolina,—through his fellowship with Bryan rather than because of any active wish of the party leaders in the State to honor him. Nowhere had Bryan a more staunch follower, and to Bryan, as much as to anyone, Daniels was indebted for his inclusion in Wilson's official family. But even these two parted, with genuine regret on the part of Daniels, before the Commoner was done with gorging him-

self into eternity. Bryan departed from Raleigh on his last visit in a huff against Daniels. But that can wait a little. Daniels trusted Bryan as implicitly as it is in him to trust any man. But only Wilson did he ever follow blindly.

For the most part, he has mistrusted the leaders of the party in his own State, but now and then he has done business with them. Very much against the wish of the majority of the State's leaders, its vote went to Wilson at Baltimore in 1912. Daniels held it, or helped hold it, to McAdoo in 1924. Incidentally, he was spokesman for the committee that withdrew McAdoo from the balloting toward the end of the desolating month in New York. I think I have never heard a man so bitterly sworn at as he was that night. He took it smilingly. He was used to it.

IV

Every adult of this generation will recall the tempestuous anathemas that reverberated about his head during most of the years when he was head of the Navy Department. The storm subsided somewhat suddenly and I suppose shamefacedly, when the Navy came through during the war. But probably no Cabinet officer in the history of the Republic was the target of such ridicule as Daniels withstood during the six years before the country discovered that the Navy was actually doing its job. Water that has gone under the bridge has never interested the Old Man much. He faces up-stream. But now and then, after he got back to Raleigh, he used to chuckle over those years.

There is a room in his wide comfortable house where he has collected the originals of scores of the cartoons that ridiculed him. It is the room where he works when he works at home. He has utterly no rancor

about them. Late in the war, when the tone of the country changed, the cartoons took on a different voice. Some of these more favorable ones are on the walls of his room, but he does not take any more pride in them than he does in those that ridicule him. His smile is, outwardly, impartial. He is, I know, satisfied with the job he did as Secretary, and that must be all that matters. He has no feeling about those who disliked him.

So far as I know, indeed, there was but one note in the mighty chorus of abuse that really hurt him. That one attack wounded him deeply. It was a three-line paragraph on the editorial page of the late New York *World*. In furtherance of Wilson's mandate of "strictest neutrality," Daniels had issued an order that the British marching tune, "It's a Long Way to Tipperary" should not be sung or played by anybody anywhere in the United States Navy, whereat Frank Cobb, then editor of the *World*, inquired, "Why should a Navy that has Josephus Daniels for its Secretary wish to sing?"

It hurt. How badly it hurt only a few people have ever been permitted to know. Daniels' reaction was characteristic. At the time he did not know Cobb, but at the earliest opportunity he made his acquaintance. Cobb at once became his friend, and then his partisan. The *World* changed its attitude completely, and when Cobb died none mourned him more sincerely than Daniels. The paragraph was never mentioned between them.

Most of the ridicule of Daniels in those days was provoked by the famous order that removed liquor from the Navy. Nothing remains to be said about it save the simple truth. Once or twice I have seen the original of the order. It is preserved carefully apart from the rest of the vast accumulation of documents that

are in the Daniels files. It is not in Daniels' handwriting, and the name that is signed to it is not his name. But he issued it, and he stuck to it. He never seeks an alibi. He chuckles amiably and lets it go at that. Perhaps this is something that he learned in his earlier newspapering. He cherishes no rancor.

I cannot recall an instance when he has been definitely, conclusively, worsted. As an editor he has withstood successfully a long and constant offensive, and it was so also when he was Secretary of the Navy. In the years after he returned home, it was no less so, with little variation except that no national spotlight was trained upon him. And no sooner was he made Ambassador to Mexico than they began throwing bricks through the windows of the Embassy. I confess that he mystifies me, after all these years. Adroit, I know he is. People must remember well enough the celebrated unhorsing of Admiral Sims when that mighty man appeared before a Senate investigating committee.

V

Still ruddy from the pyrotechnics of the Sims investigation, the Old Man came home from Washington and took up pretty much the same things that had engaged him before he went away. He went back to the office up front, with its door that virtually opens into the street, and is never closed to anybody who wants to see him when he is in Raleigh. They don't have to ask a secretary. They just walk in. If the door chances to be closed, they open it. By nine thirty he would be down, and as often as not he would be there until toward midnight. He wrote his own editorials. He also wrote for a syndicate. He wrote a story of the Navy at war, and then a life of Wilson.

If none of the staff happened about, he would answer the telephone and take down a petty personal item with meticulous care. He went about, renewed old acquaintances, and got himself into frightful conflicts with the current Governor, who happened to be Cameron Morrison. He reorganized his Sunday-school class, which numbers virtually the entire student body of the State Engineering College. He built him a wide comfortable house that cost more than \$100,000, and his neighbors said that he had got rich grafting in Washington. As a matter of fact, he paid for the house out of the proceeds of chaumauqua lecturing.

When the graft story wilted of its own weakness, another story got into such wide circulation that he himself heard it, and chuckled at it. It was related that he had got next to the widow of Admiral Dewey and had profited unduly thereby. One evening, quite casually and by no means by way of refutation, he fell to reminiscing about Mrs. Dewey. A relative had got hold of some \$2,000,000 of her money, and when he wouldn't turn loose Daniels went to him in person. He turned loose. But Daniels didn't get any of it. To Mrs. Daniels, when the old lady died, came three handsome pieces of jewelry.

I was fearful, as we all were, that his homecoming would mean the promulgation of all sorts of unnecessary restrictions about the office. He would, perhaps, duplicate the order that dried up the Navy. But he was as far from any such manifestation as anything could be. Personally, he does not know the taste of alcohol in any form: he lives dry and thinks dry. But he is not troublesome about it. He simply manages to be not conscious of it. Once I saw him address a banquet where there were five hundred guests. He was, quite literally, the only sober man present. If he was con-

scious of that fact, he gave no intimation of it. He didn't seem out of place.

Through his Raleigh office, after his return home, a constant stream of people came and went. Great names and small names, and maybe no names at all, but just hungry flotsam trickling up from the street in search of something that would feed them. Now and then he would embark upon fearsome campaigns against some entrenched power that, as he would see it, threatened the security of small people. He fought without any apparent consciousness of the fact that he was himself now powerful. He has never lost his feeling of kinship with the lowly. As a native idiom would put it, "He ain't never got above his raisin'."

But Daniels was not always against things. He also championed movements. He had, in the old days, championed votes for women, and when he came home he did what had not, until then, been done in the State, and we had a very able woman added to the news staff of the paper. We entertained misgivings. He issued one small order: No smoking in the room where she worked. He was pleasant about it, and none so relished his discomfiture as himself on the evening when he wandered into her office and discovered her smoking a cigarette.

He still had his enemies, and was at no pains to placate them. The Tobacco Trust, the Power Trust, and other such evil shapes were set upon, but somehow he was curiously unable to see the Textile Trust as the actual menace that it has become. When the paper was engaged in one of these campaigns, the news columns took on the livid hues of the editorial page. He wanted them to agree with his editorials. But he was not unreasonable about it. Once, discussing a story that was to be written, he outlined pretty definitely what

it was to say. "But," the reporter protested, "that isn't how it is at all." The Old Man studied for a moment and then said, quietly, "Maybe you're right about it. Fix it up like it ought to be, won't you?"

Most of his crusades were impersonal. He divorced all private feeling from his attitude, but at the same time the men opposed to him remained the very embodiment of wickedness. Yet in all the State there were only three men, that I know of, whom he despised utterly. Almost invariably, when any mention was made of them, as individuals, he would lean earnestly forward and pound a reportorial knee gently with his fist. "MacNeill," he would say, "that man is a son-of-a-bitch net." That was the Old Man's sole expletive. It was invoked—well, never more than once a year. We avoided discussion of these three men. They are not now living, and I suppose that he is no longer vituperative about anybody. His animosities were, I thought, reasonable. Two of them, at any rate.

It fell into my lot to dig out and write a story that destroyed one of them, the ablest of them. He was State Commissioner of Revenue, and the most ruthless and astute politician I ever knew, that the State has ever known. His personal life was marred by an unfortunate weakness. Personally, I liked him, but Mr. Daniels despised him as well as mistrusted him. Finally, the Colonel made a misstep observable to the police. The charge was sordid, but from the Governor down, his friends rallied to him, and it took blasting to get at the story. The pressure then shifted to Mr. Daniels' house. He met his callers at 1 A.M. in his nightshirt. He knew nothing of what had happened until they told him. He listened. "The boys at the office will handle it, gentlemen," he said. "Tell them what you have told me, and if

they see it as you do, the story will not be printed." He went back to bed without calling the office. The story was printed, and the Colonel departed from public life within the hour. The Old Man did not gloat. Indeed, I think he was genuinely grieved about it.

I have wondered what would have happened if I had yielded to importunity, to threats even, and left the story out. The only clue I have to the answer is a later experience. James Buchanan Duke had recreated Trinity College into Duke University with an unparalleled largeness. He was in the university town, the town of his birth and making, on a mission having to do with the destiny of the university. Without any warning a former wife of Mr. Duke appeared, very volubly demanding something that she called her rights. She wanted, in addition, about a million dollars. Reporters swarmed from everywhere. The Old Man thought I ought to go, too. I went. Duke had retired deep within a large house that he maintained there, and the servants said he was not at home. A state of siege existed on the wide lawns, and periodically the ex-wife came and erupted among the reporters.

By a strange chance, I had formerly encountered Mr. Duke and had written something that he unpredictably liked. The housekeeper came to the door when I rang and I asked her to announce me. She went away and after a little while returned to say that Mr. Duke would see me. The old man talked enough to have startled the world. He made me a sort of father confessor and, in the verbiage of the reporters outside, told all. And then he said, plaintively, that he didn't want it printed. He had just wanted to talk. I went home and told the Old Man about it and he did not surprise me when he said, "No, you can't print it—but, Lord, how I wish

you could!" He had fought Duke for forty years, with surpassing bitterness.

People came and went. Bryan's going, his final going, from the office, will serve as well as anything to draw Daniels into a sort of concluding focus. Maybe the Old Man's effort—he is Southern Methodism's most potent layman—to unfrock Bishop James Cannon would do better, but the Bryan incident seems the more revealing.

It was in the Spring that Evolution was bedevilling legislators everywhere. Neighboring States had adopted legislation against Darwin, and such a bill was pending in Raleigh, with some chance of becoming a law. The Old Man disliked it, but he had not come out openly about it. The proponents of the measure summoned the Great Commoner to appear in its behalf. He came, on a dead run. He invaded the capitol and was observed with vast awe. Afterward he went to the Old Man's office and was quartered with him for a long afternoon.

Bryan was grim, menacing. He commanded, then pleaded with, Daniels to come out in favor of the pending idiocy. Daniels was, I know, troubled. My desk was not far away. Toward dusk Bryan's

voice grew strident and finally he stalked in forbidding silence through the door. The Old Man killed the bill with a single editorial the next day, and a little later Bryan extinguished himself in Dayton, Tenn.

VI

Daniels is the last of the 1890 model idealists, with modern improvements, that, once you get a near look at them, seem not at all incongruous, no matter how grotesque they may appear at a distance. He is seventy-one, but he is unable to grow old. He persists, perhaps, because of his practical cognizance of the fact that, off-hand, anybody can recall the names of a great many martyrs, but it would take considerable research to disclose the name of any of the stone-throwers who brought them down. From St. Stephen onward they probably got along not badly, if they were able not to look upon themselves with pity. Anyway, the stones that have lately rattled against the windows of the Embassy in Mexico City will presently become roses. They always have—when Josephus Daniels was within.

THE MORNING OF A DICTATOR

BY JORGE J. BLANCO

A RAY of early sunlight penetrated between the folds of the heavy garnet velvet drapes that shielded the long window. It shot across the vast bed-chamber, its swift thrust illuminating a thin strip of the blue Chinese rug and, like the tip of a rapier, it came to rest on the Generalissimo's nose. A sleepy growl of protest rumbled from the slumberer's chest and he burrowed his cheek, bristling with yesterday's beard, deeper into the silk swathings of his pillow.

The Generalissimo groaned. He became aware of a headache. Memory of the previous night's pleasures accompanied his reluctantly returning consciousness and he opened a somewhat bleared eye to fix it upon a golden clock on his bed table. It was five fifty-five, the time-piece silently informed him, and he cursed the inevitably approaching hour of six, when an officer of the Palace Guard would be at his shoulder.

Su Excelencia, El Benemerito, General Marcial Soto Avila, President of the Republic by virtue of an extremely successful revolution, and continuing in office by the terms of regularly successive amendments to a denatured constitution, rose on one elbow and grasped a fat cut-glass carafe which stood behind the clock. He extracted its stopper and poured a draft of its amber contents down his throat. After partaking of this eye-opener, consisting of about a gill of Napoleon brandy, he sank back on the pillow again.

His head immediately felt better, and he was about to lapse into gentle repose when he started at a familiar jingling sound. A captain of the Palace Guard, in khaki uniform with boots, spurs, saber and heavy automatic pistol at his side, was moving across the room. He paused at the foot of the dais which held the generalissimo's bed, on whose head-board fat pink cupids floated lazily against a gold background. The bed stood under a sweeping canopy. The sheets and pillow slips were of pea green silk, while the coverlets were of the same dark red as the canopy and window hangings.

The President of the Republic slowly lifted his paunchy bulk and sat on the side of the bed, his tousled head in his hands. The officer retired with a tinkle of his spurs, and from across the grassy plaza boomed the first notes of what rose to an insistent clangor from the Cathedral tower. Muffled and veiled female figures scurried along the plaza's walks, making for the Cathedral and early Mass. From an open door near the bedroom was heard running water and the stropping of a razor.

The sound of the stropping ceased, and a valet appeared with a tray containing a large melon, already halved, a tall silver pot of coffee, a pitcher of hot milk, and a plate with rolls and butter. The Generalissimo gobbled the melon, then consumed his coffee and bread undaunted by his bushy, overhanging mustache, which

at this hour followed its natural bent. Later, responding to the dexterous ministrations of the valet with the curling iron, it would sweep in majestic curves across His Excellency's cheeks.

The President tramped into the bathroom, grumbling at his own custom of early rising. It was a well-advertised gesture made to impress the people with his Spartan habits, but after a night of champagne and *las muchachas* a man of fifty-eight needed his sleep. The spartan President shed his night clothing and stepped into a glass-enclosed bath. The water fell on his thick gray hair from a shower, and needle-like streams sprayed his chest, back and legs. The water was tepid, then cold, and the Generalissimo gasped.

Assisted by the valet, he left the shower and climbed into a marble tub of warm water, heavily perfumed with heliotrope bath salts. He allowed his servant to adjust a padded back rest behind his shoulders. The valet lathered the august countenance and with a heavy-bladed razor deftly scraped cheeks and chin to a blue-black smoothness. Various lotions, penetratingly scented, were applied, mustachios were curled, and the Generalissimo was ready for his clothes.

With large feet planted before a deep, cedar-lined wardrobe, the President paused before an array of uniforms. He stood as naked as at the hour of his birth. Stroking his chin, he mused over the apparel, then with a nod he chose a dark blue uniform, the fatigue dress of a general officer, with fourteen ounces of gold lace incrusting collar, shoulders and cuffs. Once attired, he permitted the valet to pin three or four decorations on his tunic, and to encircle his sizeable girth with a bright belt from which hung a gold-hilted sword. Tiny silver spurs, clasping the heels of his patent leather boots, peeped

coily from under the rear creases of his red-striped trousers.

Glancing at his resplendent figure in a pier-glass, the Generalissimo curtly signaled to the servant, who swung open the door. A half dozen officers—all majors and captains—who were lounging in the corridors sprang to rigid attention. They fell in behind their chief in the order of their rank and marched down the hall. The clatter of their boots on the marble tiles, the jingling of their medals, spurs, swords and other hardware might have warned an unseen listener of the approach of a regiment.

Stolid sentries, wearing ill-fitting gray-green uniforms and white cotton gloves, brought their well-oiled Mauser rifles to the present as the Generalissimo approached them. He ignored most of these salutes, but to some he gave an ungracious response, a wave of his half closed hand accompanied by a scowl. After traversing some hundreds of feet of corridors the President entered the executive offices. Two armed sentries stood at the door. A civilian secretary, in morning coat and striped trousers, paused inside the entrance to the room, a leather portfolio under his arm, a mechanical smile on his face, as he bowed deeply and bade a good morning to His Excellency. For answer he heard an unintelligible growl.

The office was hardly as large as the presidential sleeping quarters. It might have been furnished, fitted and arranged by a Hollywood director—filming a Wall Street story—for the office of an important man of Big Business.

Just off the center was a flat-top mahogany desk, whose surface measured twelve by seven feet. On the desk were six telephone instruments with German silver bases and handsets done in ivory and gold. A row of four tapering fountain

pens, their cups on an onyx stand, contained, respectively, blue, black, red and green ink. An appointment pad of shiny nickel plate and red leather held an ingenious alarm bell, which would ring a warning of an approaching engagement.

Five steel filing cabinets, arrayed imposingly against the wall, were all empty. Three or four deep and comfortable leather armchairs and a wide sofa were grouped in a corner. On the walls were maps, a large one of the Republic, another, somewhat smaller, of the Western Hemisphere, and a third, the largest of all, of Ciudad Soto Avila, a small town owned in its entirety by the President, and where his Summer palace, private zoo and private bull-ring were located.

On the wall behind the desk was painted a fresco of the Republic's coat of arms. It was shield-shaped, four feet long, and depicted a stand of the Republic's flags, eight bayoneted muskets, two crossed swords, two cannon, and a small pyramid of cannon-balls. These objects formed a frame for an inner shield which showed a small green bird, resembling a parroquet, from whose beak depended a bit of white parchment bearing the republic's motto—*Paz y Amistad*.

On the opposite wall, facing the President as he sat at his desk, hung a life-size portrait of himself, a photograph richly tinted, and showing him seated on a red plush chair, his gloved hands crossed on the hilt of his sword, his breast covered with medals and orders, pinned over the presidential sash. It was the most copied photograph in the country. By executive decree a replica of it hung in every public-school classroom, in every *sala* of the State university, and in every government office and barracks, and a free copy was given to anyone who applied for it at an office in the Ministry of Govern-

ment, which was created and maintained for the sole purpose of distributing the Generalissimo's likeness.

In each of the three top drawers of the Presidential desk was a large calibre revolver, loaded and ready for use. Otherwise the drawers were empty, except for the lower right-hand receptacle, which held a decanter of brandy and a silver cup. The decanter was refilled each day after the President had abandoned his offices.

II

The President's secretary, a marvel of elegance, the perfection of swift and silent motion, drew the chair away from his desk, and the Generalissimo submerged himself into its padded softness. Its tufted red morocco back was four feet tall, the sort of chair Supreme Court justices use. The portfolio was opened and before the President's eyes were laid a number of cuttings from the nation's press. All mentioned the President, all were laudatory. There were two leading editorials from the morning newspapers of the capital, both of which congratulated the country on the splendid administration that was given it *debido al gran sacrificio del Benemerito, General Soto Avila*.

The editors of these newspapers were prosperous. They were under generous government subventions, and each made it a point to say something extremely complimentary about the President at least two or three times weekly. The articles of praise were usually alternated; it was only a coincidence that they both appeared the same day. But this did not displease the General. Three previous editors were now lying dispiritedly in their cells in the dungeon-like block of the Puerto Escala fortress, in company with

some two hundred other political prisoners. They might have saved themselves had they been more amiable.

There were times when the press had been outspoken in a bitter campaign against the Soto Avila administration, the General remembered, but adverse criticism of him and his government had been throttled, and there were also ways to end the attacks of his fellow-countrymen who were living abroad in exile. Nearly every one had relatives still in the country, and, lacking means to punish the actual offender, the President castigated his kinfolk as proxies. Consideration of age and sex was a matter that the General never permitted to soften him. Sudden mysterious death or disappearance removed old and young indiscriminately.

The President brushed the clippings aside, an indication that he was ready for the morning's callers. A great bare waiting-room, unfurnished but for plain wooden benches, was filled each day with a throng of humble petitioners, many of whom had journeyed long distances and had called daily at the Palace for months without reaching the Generalissimo's ear. One or two of these were carefully picked every day and conducted to an inner chamber, where those with actual appointments were led finally into the executive presence. As these callers were on hand at an early hour the President invariably saw them first.

A weeping old woman entered the office. Tremulously she begged for leniency for her son, a soldier, who had been sentenced to five years in prison for striking a sergeant. The Generalissimo heard her plea, lectured her briefly on the glories of the Army, the need for discipline and the justice of her son's trial, then with a magnanimous gesture announced that he would pardon the young man. His

secretary laid a paper on the desk and the President scrawled his name on it. He stopped the old woman's tearful outburst of thanks, and digging into his trousers pocket produced a roll of bills from which he peeled a one-hundred-peso note and handed it to her.

A middle-aged man, obviously a farmer, awkward and perspiring, was ushered in. He carried an object wrapped in a napkin. It had been subjected to the careful scrutiny of the palace bomb expert before he was allowed to enter the building. The visitor tremblingly unwrapped the package on the President's desk, disclosing an abnormally large dried coconut, carved into a semblance of the Generalissimo's head. The donor, excited and embarrassed, stammered the opening phrases of a rehearsed speech of presentation. The Generalissimo beat him to it, and in an incredibly short time had thanked him, thrust an autographed photograph of himself into the gift-bringer's hand, signaled the secretary to guide him to the exit, and tossed the coconut into a waste-basket.

The callers for the next half hour were government officials—the Chief of Staff of the Army, the Chief of Police, the Minister of Finance and the Minister of Foreign Affairs. Each delivered a brief report, then heard the presidential orders. The Republic was undergoing the process of being governed. The Minister of Finance remained somewhat longer than his colleagues.

An American bank manager was to talk to the President later about the matter of the payment of \$300,000 of interest and amortization on a national loan, about to fall due. There was no such sum in the treasury, for the President's private expenses had been high lately. Evidently nothing remained but the assessment system. At the President's dictation

the minister wrote a list of names with a figure beside each. Twenty-three citizens of the Republic, all unknowingly at the moment, were being honored with the privilege of paying some of the national indebtedness out of their private resources. Some of them would comply with readiness, for the source of their wealth was presidential favoritism. Others would mask the deepest resentment. But there was still room for more lodgers at Puerto Escala.

The cabinet member bowed his leave-taking at the door. As he disappeared the President was startled by a series of sharp explosions, almost under his window. His first thoughts were of machine-guns and revolution. He seized a revolver from the desk, and, well concealed by the thick curtain, peered carefully into the street below. Soldiers had already rushed to the point of disturbance, a small automobile whose luckless driver had violated the law allowing the motor to backfire. He was placed under arrest and as he was led away the President turned back to the lower desk drawer and poured himself a hooker of brandy. He straightened his tunic, gave a twist to his mustache and had settled once more in his chair when the secretary again entered with the announcement:

"Los Yanquis."

The President gritted his teeth audibly. He banged his fist on the desk top. He cursed in a manner whole-hearted, if not refined, then barked:

"Bring them in!"

A moment later there appeared in tow of the secretary two young men of widely contrasting appearance. The first was the *chargé d'affaires* of the American legation, a young man in his early thirties, elegantly clothed in formal costume, barbered and manicured, impressing an ad-

miring observer that he was about to embark on a high social adventure such as the Queen's garden party. His companion wore a rumpled palm beach suit, a soft white shirt, tan shoes that would have been improved by a shine, and he was obviously in need of a haircut. The diplomat, in Spanish strongly tinged by an American accent that had in turn been adulterated by carefully preserved British pronunciation, presented his compatriot as a New York journalist on a tour of Latin America.

The President was formal in his acknowledgment, but the newspaper man seemed to be unimpressed. The President led the way to the leather chairs in the corner and began a series of monologues in reply to the journalistic quiz, which was propounded in a Spanish no less dubiously Castilian than that of the decorated diplomat.

"Our traditional friendship for the United States," said the President, "is one of our most treasured possessions. We have always had the same noble ideals of liberty and integrity that are so carefully guarded by the people and government of North America. The name of George Washington occupies the same place in our affections as those of Bolivar, San Martin, O'Higgins, Artigas and Sucre."

The reporter switched the subject from friendship to economics. The President was ready for him.

"Our country, just as every other country, is suffering from the world crisis. We are practicing economies, both in public and in private, in order honorably to meet our obligations, and you may say that we shall not default. I am opposed to high tariffs, and perhaps the great North American Congress may some day soon see fit to amend its customs law in favor of some of the sister Republics such

as our own, but I have full faith in the wisdom and integrity of your great President, and it would not be proper for me to utter a word of faintest criticism of his policies and views."

After giving his North American colleague this clean slate, the Generalissimo warmed to himself as he was asked to make a pronouncement on Prohibition.

"I think Prohibition has been a great failure. I should be opposed to it in this country. Our institutions are founded on personal freedom with which we may not tamper. Personally I am a teetotaler, not for any so-called moral reasons, but because alcohol does not agree with me. I lead a vigorous life. I take my pleasures in the outdoors. I am fond of riding, hunting and fishing, and whenever it is possible I get away to the mountains and take long walks over the hills."

The correspondent glanced quickly at the presidential abdomen and wondered when His Excellency had last done any considerable horseback riding or mountain climbing. The interview was at an end, but the President made his customary graceful motion. A signed photograph of himself was ready for the reporter, who shuffled out of the office.

The President had recourse once more to the brandy. He whipped a mauve silk handkerchief from his sleeve, and wiping his lips, strolled to the window. An appreciative and expectant gleam lit his eye. A long, black cabriolet of European manufacture, one of the fleet of palace automobiles, was drawing up to the gate. The liveried footman descended from his seat beside the chauffeur and opened the door. A smartly clad young woman of blonde and rather flamboyant beauty, with an unmistakably French air, descended and disappeared through the palace gates. The Generalissimo sighed and

stroked his mustache. He turned and rang for the secretary.

"Have I a luncheon engagement today?" he demanded.

"Yes, Excellency, you have invited the Chinese and Paraguayan ministers", he was advised.

"Telephone them and cancel it", ordered the President. "Tell them I am indisposed, or anything else that occurs to you. I can't have them here today."

The President had just closed his lower desk drawer after another foray on the brandy when the secretary, his telephoning accomplished, opened the door to let in a slight commotion. A tall young American, dressed after the best fashion of the *Saturday Evening Post* clothing ads, dashed into the room. He wore a Rotary emblem in his buttonhole. Two cigars peeped from behind a silk handkerchief in his coat pocket, one of which he offered with a flourish as he greeted the Chief Executive in Spanish, rich with an accent of Lima—Lima, Ohio, not Peru. Behind him followed a squad of soldiers of the Palace Guard, carrying catalogue cases and a complete motorized fire department in toy-size replica.

The newcomer, with the greatest of confidence, took complete charge of the situation. The President leaned back in his chair as he saw a combination pump and chemical wagon, an extension ladder truck, a water tower and a chief's roadster placed upon his desk. The salesman looked around for a chair, saw none handy, and perched upon the President's desk. In the history of the Republic the flag had been fired upon more than once, but an indignity such as this had never been committed. Yet the Generalissimo's thoughts were not permitted to dwell upon the matter.

"Mister President," began the salesman,

"I've been trying to get in to see you for three weeks, and now that I've made this contact I'm going to do you and your country the favor of selling you a real modern fire department. The bucket brigades that you've been using here have been out of date for fifty years, and I'll get your insurance rates down so low that your Chamber of Commerce will put up a statue to you right in the middle of the main plaza."

The visitor, talking with the speed of a medicine show impresario, launched into an explanation of the merits of his products as represented by the models, and swiftly and unfumblingly produced catalogues, and photographs of buildings before and after fires. The President hardly had time to reflect upon the handsome prospect of the statue, nor that he had already placed a half dozen statues of himself in various parts of the Republic without troubling to call upon any trade organizations to perform such patriotic duty for him. He glanced with annoyance at his wrist-watch from time to time, then with a supreme effort silenced the talker. Rising, he led the young man to a window, and pointing to a row of old buildings, none the better for age, asked if the equipment would be effective in quenching a blaze should it make any headway there.

"There's not a building or a block in this town that would burn down with our equipment on the job," the American declared.

"Do you guarantee that?" the General cried.

"Absolutely."

"That's all I wanted to know," said the President. "I have no interest in buying any of your equipment or in making a change in our present method of fire fighting."

Astonished, the American could only ask stammeringly for an explanation.

"How do you think we could ever get this city rebuilt with modern structures if buildings like that didn't burn down?" asked the President.

The secretary admitted the soldiers, and the fire department was carried from the room with its crestfallen booster bringing up the rear.

III

As the Generalissimo's thoughts were moving lunchward a sudden interruption of sound again broke the peace of his office. The door was flung open with a bang, childish voices filled the room, and seven infants of both sexes, ranging between the ages of three and six years, scampered to his chair, and with cries of "*Abuelito*" swarmed over him. They were followed by three adults, two young men and a woman, somewhat grim and determined, a family party with a mission to perform. The eldest, who wore an Army uniform with a colonel's insignia, shooed the children away from their grandfather. He stood in front of the desk, his brother at his right shoulder, his sister on his left, and addressed the President.

"Your Excellency, we want you to marry our mother. You know that she is the only—uh—one of good blood and family, and you certainly cannot deny that we have brought credit to the name of Soto Avila."

The President was somewhat taken aback. He tried to appear outraged and offended, but in spite of his efforts he could only grin.

"What do you think I could do if all your brothers and sisters would come in here and demand that I marry their mothers?" he inquired. "I can't marry

them all. There is still a law in this country prohibiting polygamy, and even I would not dare to ignore it. I have never been married yet and we've all done pretty well, so I think we'll just keep on as we are. Now I'm busy and I want you to run along."

As his committee of offspring turned toward the door the General was seized with a thought. He called them back.

"Raul," he said, addressing the colonel, "I want you to make immediate arrangements to sail for Buenos Aires. You are going to the Gran Chaco as our military observer with the Paraguayan Army. Take your family with you and leave them in Asuncion until the war is over.

"Xavier, you leave next week for Geneva. I am going to sign your appointment as delegate to the League of Nations this afternoon," he told the other son.

"Now my dear," he purred to his daughter, "a trip to Paris would be just the thing for you. I'll make your husband a civil attaché of the legation. You've been looking a little pale lately, and a few months on the Riviera would do wonders for you."

The General smiled benignly as the peak idea of them all struck him.

"Take your mother with you," he said.

He exhaled gustily as the door closed upon his departing seed. He leaned back and rubbed his hands. The Cathedral chimes rang the noon hour. The brassy note of trumpets entered his office from the street below, and the clatter of cavalry hooves. A squadron of lancers, helmets topped by sweeping white plumes, was coming to a halt at the gates. They were escorting the presidential coach of state, a high, open, horse-drawn vehicle, shining with metal contraptions and ostentatiously bearing the national arms. One of its occupants, a tall thin man with

Nordic features, in the amazing panoply of European full-dress diplomatic uniform, was assisted in descending by his companion, who was garbed in evening dress, hung with medals, and who bore the title of Introducer of Diplomats.

The secretary appeared to inform the President that the new Danish minister was arriving to present his credentials. It was an appointment that the Generalissimo had quite forgotten, and it caught him flat-footed. He had had no time to inform himself about Denmark, its exact geographical location, the name of its capital, and the importance of its commercial and other relations with the Republic. He would have to bluff it through, he thought, as he left his chamber and marched to the official reception *salon* followed by his guard of officers. The Dane had already arrived, and with a visage as melancholy as any Hamlet, was chatting with the Foreign Minister and other members of the Cabinet.

Bows were exchanged, the envoy tendered the General a parchment document, ornamented with seals and ribbons, which was perfunctorily returned to him, then, in a rather dismal tone, as if reading from a prayer book, he delivered a formal speech from which dropped such phrases as "ties of friendship," "easily reconcilable mutual traditions," "the Vikings and the Conquistadores," "tinned milk," and "cocoanuts." The President's reply was in kind, although considerably more florid. After this protocol had been concluded the Generalissimo led the plenipotentiary to a group of chairs in the corner for the customary private chat.

"I have always had a burning desire to visit your great country," said the President. "I should like to know your President."

The Dane raised his eyebrows. Had his

monarch been deposed since his departure from Copenhagen? He said nothing and the President continued.

"Many years ago I had a good friend here, a compatriot of yours. He was active in politics in your country, later, I heard. Maybe you know him. He was Señor Van Tuyl. I heard that he was later elected mayor of Amsterdam."

The minister regretted that he had never met the gentleman; the President rose and ended the interview, and with a general bowing the group dispersed.

The President by this time felt that he had performed a fair day's work. He was hungry, and not only refreshment but charming companionship awaited him. But his alert secretary and the Minister of War were in the corridor barring his way. The secretary held the General's cap and military cape. It was graduation day at the Escuela Nacional del Ejercito, and two hundred young cadets were drawn up on the parade ground to receive the President and hear his address of welcome to the year's new contingent of hopeful lieutenants.

There was no way out of this obligation. The General, the War Minister and a group of aides crowded into a small self-service elevator, paneled in brocade, the only lift in the palace, which the General himself had installed and which he never tired of operating. He would permit no one to ride in it unless accompanied by himself.

In the *patio* of the palace the President boarded a bullet-proof limousine, custom made, price \$36,000 f.o.b. Detroit. It was preceded and followed by other automobiles, and flanked by a dozen soldiers on motorcycles. The party, with a wailing of sirens, swept through the streets to the suburb where the military academy, a rambling building of adobe and plaster,

stood. As the General entered, the academy band blared the national anthem, the cadets presented arms, the officers saluted and the civilian spectators bared their heads to the mid-day sun.

The President took his stand on a low balcony with flag-covered balustrade, and no sooner had the strains of the music died into silence when he began his oration. He was good at this. Never for a moment did he falter for a word or a phrase. His speech bristled with the martial spirit. He dwelt flamingly on the Republic's military glory. His gestures endangered the shoulder seams of his uniform tunic and his cheeks grew apoplectically red with the fever of his enthusiasm. His periods were followed by applause, dutifully prolonged.

As he was about to launch into a scintillating peroration, the President's attention was attracted by the slim ankles of a girl seated near him on the balcony railing. She was a blonde and she munched chocolates. The oration faltered, lost momentum, and soon came to a full stop.

It was necessary to shake each graduating officer by the hand. The General performed that task swiftly and, as soon as possible, was on his way back to the palace.

The affairs of state were at last dispatched. He was his own master for a brief few hours again. His aides escorted him to the presidential apartment. They stood at salute as he vanished behind a closing door.

The lady of the cabriolet was awaiting him, a smile on her lips. A magnum of iced champagne stood in a silver pail on the table. The Cathedral bell rang the hour of one.

A servant appeared in the doorway and announced that luncheon was ready to be served.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Literature

BELLES LETTRES AMONG THE RUSSIAN ÉMIGRÉS

BY ALBERT PARRY

IT is estimated that there are about 2,000,000 Russian émigrés in the Western world, fugitives from the revolution. Rabidly nationalistic, almost all of them literate, and many with regular reading habits, they support not only a periodical press of their own, but also their own *belles lettres*.

Their cultural center is Paris, and for these reasons: (a) French was the language of the old Russian society, and with many émigrés it was as natural as their mother tongue, even before they reached France; (b) the French corporations and many individual small investors having been largely involved in the old Russian securities, the French government encouraged the White Guards of Russia long after the less interested British and Americans had withdrawn their troops and promises. However, early in the post-war period, because of the deflation of the German mark, it became advantageous for the émigrés to publish their novels, poetry, and memoirs in the printing shops of Berlin. Thus, though their largest and most solid quarterly, *Sovremenniya Zapiski* (Contemporary Annals), is published in Paris, their larger publishing houses, such as the Petropolis (nostalgically named after St. Petersburg), are in Berlin.

Among the émigrés there are pessimists who insist, orally and in print, that, de-

spite the impressive number of émigré books and magazines, and despite the decade and a half of their constant appearance, there is no such thing as a literature of the Russians abroad. These pessimists claim that such books and magazines are nothing but a mirage, a fleeting episode without any lasting influence and consequence, and say that this is so because the Russians abroad are drastically cut off from any cultural ties with the Russians at home, and cannot, so to speak, recharge their souls with the power of their native soil. The optimists reply that a century ago Nikolai Gogol wrote his great book, "Dead Souls," in self-imposed exile at Rome, and that, going back a few more decades, there were the French émigrés of the Great Revolution, who wrote pretty good pieces while in exile in London and St. Petersburg. The optimists are rather hazy as to who these French litterateurs were and just what they wrote that smacks of greatness, but they use it as their best argument, anyway. Of late, some of the Russian optimists point also to such American expatriates as Ezra Pound, who never return and yet continue to write in their own language.

But the apologists for the émigré literature do not really need such doubtful arguments to prove that Russians can still write pretty well, even when divorced from Russia. They need to point only to such first-rate writers in their own ranks as V. Sirin, M. Aldanov, and Nina Berberova. They need only to temper a bit their praise of Ivan Bunin, Ivan Shmelev,

Boris Zaitzev, and Mikhail Ossorgin, old-timers who won their fame in pre-war Russia and who, in their present French and Italian retreats, deaden their latest novels and stories with nostalgia for their native land.

Sirin, Aldanov, and Berberova wrote nothing or little while in Russia. Two of them, Sirin and Aldanov, have at various times turned away from the limited themes of Russian émigré life, tackling, with handsome results, the wider vistas of their German and French *milieu*. Sirin has succeeded in producing fine portraits of post-war city Germans, nervous, lecherous, daring, eccentric, tragic, likeable. Two of his novels, "Korol, Dama, Valet" (King, Queen, Jack), and "Camera Obscura" (published in 1928 and 1932 respectively), are written in Russian, but have only an occasional reference to old or new Russia—no more than a line to a book—, being devoted entirely to the lives and loves of Germans. Similarly, one of Sirin's best short stories, "Potato Elf," is of English life. And Aldanov's early work in exile was a series of historical novels of the Napoleonic era.

Usually, when Russian émigrés write about non-Russian revolutions, they do it with an evident, even though perhaps subconscious, intent to mirror and parody in their novels the radicalism of the Russia of 1917. It may be shrewd politics but it is, of course, bad literary taste. Aldanov, in his excellent novels, is guilty of this trick but not to any great degree. Last year, he made another mistake in returning from his non-Russian themes to a novel about the Russian émigrés of 1919 ("The Cave"), but it was redeemed by such occasional flashes as a penetrating picture of the Versailles Conference, of avaricious Clemenceau, of crafty, rosy-checked, sweet-smelling Lloyd George, of

puppetry Woodrow Wilson. His English types in this novel are sharp and true, for Aldanov knows England, her people, and her language uncommonly well.

The less these émigrés write about Russia, old or new, or about Russians of any color, the better it seems to be for them. They have said about the old Russia all they really know or feel, and they do not know the new Russia well enough to write about it. They have been residing abroad long enough to know the German, French, or English life and to write about it. There is no hope, perhaps, for such fossils as Bunin, Shmelev, or Ossorgin to do fine, creative work about their *milieu* in exile—they are too sunk in their Russian past and traditions—but Sirin, Aldanov, Berberova, and other youngsters (young in their writing starts, if not in years) can, and do, produce fine work on non-Russian themes.

With themes, of course, go styles and influences. While Bunin stubbornly continues in his Tolstoyan manner, while Zaitzev still worships Turgenev (recently, he even wrote a biography of Turgenev), and while Ossorgin and Shmelev dart between Tolstoy and Chekhov, the younger writers break with these old influences and seek new gods from among the Western masters. Thus, Nina Berberova wrote her first novel, "Posledniye I Perviy" (The Last Ones and the First Ones), in the soul-scratching, gasping manner of Dostoyevsky, but her second, "Povelitel'nitsa" (The Commandress, 1932), is a calmer, smoother book, in a manner that is unmistakably French.

Aldanov writes in a way that strikingly resembles Aldous Huxley's, and some of the European critics have justly compared a few of his novels to "Point Counter Point". There is the same method of evolving action out of leisurely, smart talk; the

same attempt to present to the reader such types as he has met before. The old Russian way, on the contrary, was to present totally new, strange types, to anticipate them rather than to record them.

Sirin is an adroit, unostentatious follower of Dr. Freud; there are dreams galore in his work, but all of them are done realistically and merge with the action admirably; there are various complexes, but they are suggested finely, not hammered in. You no more than guess that the hero of his "Camera Obscura" left his fading wife and his little daughter for sinful joys with a sixteen-year-old Berlinesse mainly because he was in love with his little daughter.

However, not all foreign influences are good for the émigré writers. Yuri Felsen, for instance, tries to be a young Russian edition of Proust-plus-Joyce, but fails miserably despite his undoubted ability. But then, I confess to a strong personal dislike for Proust and his imitators, and I do not exactly enjoy Joyce's acrobatics. Incidentally, I note that despite the European popularity of Sinclair Lewis and John Dos Passos, the younger émigré writers escape their influence—indeed, escape the influence of any American writers at all. It may be explained by the fact that politically the émigrés, even the most liberal of them are much more conservative than our American writers. Moreover, they cannot forgive the friendly attitude of certain American authors toward the Soviet Union; thus they read American authors with a prejudice and a sneer. America is too far away; these Russians do not know her. Even Aldanov makes his American characters wooden monstrosities; through all his heroes, villains and mediocrities he refers to America as a marvelous country but surely without a soul.

None of the major émigré writers hap-

pen to reside in this country, and few have visited here for any length of time. Gheorghii Grebenshchikov, despite a decade or so in America, still spins his endless chronicles of a Siberian family, totally detached from the present, either here or in Russia. Sergei Gussev-Orenburgsky stayed here for a few years while on his unhurried way from the Far East to Paris, but read and learned nothing. He is still scribbling in the same plodding fashion, and about the same provincial priests, as he scribbled in the early years of the century, at the height of his second-rate success in Russia.

A brilliant young man, A. Vetlugin, came here in the early 20's as the secretary of Isadora Duncan and her Soviet lover-poet, Sergei Yessenin. This Vetlugin was a writer-journalist whose "Zapiski Merzavtza" (Notes of a Scoundrel), with its Nietzschean earmarks, was a novel of promise. But his cynical convictions got the better of him, and he wasted whatever talent he had in his spectacular but ineffectual jumps from his White Guard camp to an editor's post on a pro-Soviet Russian periodical in New York, from there to Hollywood, and back to the White Guard camp of New York and Paris and the post of personal representative of Grand Duke Alexander. He tried to learn America and her language, he tried to write about this country and her people; in Russian, he was merely amusing; in English, he was dull. Now he writes no more.

About the same time that Vetlugin first crossed into the pro-Soviet camp, a number of other émigré writers made their peace with the Soviets. It was at the honeymoon-bloom of the New Economic Policy in Russia, with its let-up of the class-war and of bitterness against the émigrés. Some of them actually returned to Russia, among them, Alexei Tolstoy, Roman Gul, and Alexandr Drozdov. With the ascent of

Stalin and the renewal of the class-war, the writings of these prodigals assumed a protective, militant, but glaringly insincere Red tinge. Now, as much as they can, they apply themselves to historical subjects, and in such escapes from the Five-Year plans and the *kulak*-liquidations, they are quite successful, and their superior ability finds its free vent. Especially strong and beautiful is Alexei Tolstoy's novel about Peter the Great, written since his return to Russia.

The return movement of émigrés was checked by the generally unexpected end of the New Economic Policy. There was no doubt that had the Policy continued, such left-pinks as Ossorgin would have joined Alexei Tolstoy in the Moscow-ward trek. (Recently, in fact, to the great indignation of most other émigrés, Ossorgin wrote a novel extolling the revolution of 1905.) But no moderation of the Soviet policies, nothing short of a complete overthrow of the Bolsheviks, would have induced such men as Krasnov or Bunin to return—Krasnov, the ex-chief of the Don Cossacks, and now a writer of cheap but popular novels full of ultra-pogrom tendencies; Bunin, the patrician White Guard, the proud yearner for feudalism.

To sum up: most of the older émigré writers, those who cannot or will not return to Russia, are in a blind alley, for, unable to understand and depict their new foreign environment, they doom themselves to sterile sighs for a Russia that is no more, and to petty pictures of the petty tragedies of their fellow émigrés. But the younger writers, the Sirins and the Aldanovs, escape this blind alley by submerging themselves into the deepest layers of their foreign environment, and by their mastery of that environment.

True, even these younger writers bring with them a certain typically old-Russian

cant of futility. In Sirin's work we find an affirmation of the futility of love; in Aldanov's, of the futility of any and all effort. There is a certain heartbreak in their approach to any theme, for they continue to hug their ancient dictum that heartbreak, and not optimism, produces good literature. We may, however, disregard this failing of theirs in view of the general excellence and depth of their work. There are no Joseph Conrads among them, and they have not forsaken their native tongue for the languages of their new homes, but it is best for them to write in their own language, and not risk excursions into the French, German, and English. No matter how well they may know these languages, their work, if produced directly in them, would sound stilted in comparison with their Russian work, for they came out of Russia late enough in their lives to think and feel only in Russian. Anyway, if and when they produce volumes of worth, these volumes are promptly translated into the major continental languages.

England and America are less fortunate in this respect. They know, in English translation, only some of the tawdry novels of Peter Krasnov; a novel or two of Ivan Nazhivin, that weak, mystic imitator of Leo Tolstoy's style and philosophy; a few tedious things by Gussev-Orenburgsky; also such sexy masterpieces as "Monks and Women" by one Kallinikov, or the doubtful virtues of the over-padded "Quiet Street" by Ossorgin. Yes, some historical novels by Aldanov were published here a few years ago, but they are unjustly forgotten by now, while Krasnov's rubbish has a steady press and public. I hope I err, but to the best of my information none of Sirin's or Berberova's work has ever appeared either here or in England. Yet, these two, in addition to Aldanov, bear watching and deserve translation.

Anthropology

PRIMITIVE SKEPTICS

By ROBERT H. LOWIE

WITH sociologists of the old school it was reckoned an axiom that primitive men lived in societies where tradition completely submerged all individual talent. Some belated stragglers are still clinging to this dogma, and even an occasional anthropologist may be found who finds in primitive behavior, religion, and art "not so much the expression of individual life as of communities that, so to speak, function as individuals of a higher order." But this position is being abandoned, for an ever-increasing mass of concrete observations has made it absurd.

A folk-tale is not the same when it is told by one narrator with lively pantomime and descriptive detail as it is when told by another in bald outline form. The difference has impressed Junod in South Africa and dozens of anthropologists in North America; and, what is more, the natives themselves are quite well aware of it. In the Gran Chaco, as Baron Nordenskiöld discovered, by no means all the women of a village were ceramic artists. There were many veritable bunglers, whereas the wife of one chief ranked as a supreme potter, whose wares were eagerly sought by every one. The South American natives met by Koch-Grünberg along the Amazon were so variable in temperament and mentality as to invite individual characterization, and among the lowly Tierra del Fuegians Gusinde and Koppers made similar observations.

In 1918 there died in Tahiti the famous healer Tiurai, whom the natives credited with extraordinary cures. He did not abuse his influence but spurned all compensation beyond what was absolutely essential for

his subsistence. At an earlier period he would assuredly have become a great ethical leader. Such powerful personalities have likewise been the prime movers in some of the best-known native uprisings against white dominance. Into this category must be ranged Makanna of South Africa and our North American messiahs, —Pontiac, Tecumtha and Chief Joseph. On a lower plane, perhaps, but still undeniably differentiated from the common herd are the Siberian shamans, or medicine-men. In the explicit accounts of the Russian anthropologists these shamans appear as in the main neurotics, epileptics, and even homosexuals. Their very abnormality seems to single them out for their sacred office.

But, granting leadership, what of the rest of a primitive community? Does it repose implicit faith in the master's words? Or can we perceive rumblings of independence? If we knew more of the intimate history of messianic movements, the answer would be more satisfactory; but, even so, enough is available for an affirmative reply. For where we *are* in possession of fuller data, the new cults certainly do not "spread like wild-fire." Not *every* one acclaims the prophet as a divinely chosen savior. Behind the suggestible mob there always looms the shadow of the doubting Thomas.

About 1890 there developed in the Western United States that curious blend of pagan and Christian beliefs known as the Ghost Dance cult. It started with the visions of a Northern Paiute mystic, Wovoka, who preached the return of the old-fashioned Indian life, the reunion of the dead with the living, and an era of general peace and good-will. This harmless doctrine caught the fancy of the mar-

tial Dakota (Sioux), who were just then threatened with a famine and were in a correspondingly ugly mood. With them and their Plains Indian neighbors the gospel was accordingly transformed into a holy war against the whites. Several tribes dispatched deputies to the fountain-head of the new revelation, and the effect was equally interesting on the prophet and on the delegates. Suddenly becoming conscious of his importance, Wovoka intermittently assumed the character of Christ *redivivus*, and his utterances were henceforth tinctured by a wish to please his foreign adherents.

The delegates were affected in a highly individual manner. A Cheyenne named Porcupine readily accepted the Paiute as Christ and detected the scars left on his hands by the crucifixion. He likewise announced that Wovoka had addressed all his Indian visitors in their respective languages. Later Porcupine repeatedly saw the prophet in his dreams and thus received instructions from him. Similarly, an Arapaho was strangely stirred by a performance of Wovoka's. The messiah exhibited an empty hat and with a rapid movement pulled out something black. The spectator reported that he had seen "the whole world" in that hat. But another onlooker saw nothing whatever that was remarkable in this self-same exhibition. The trick was good enough, but no more impressive than the sleight-of-hand performances of shamans at home. A Kiowa pilgrim went still further. Disappointed at having to speak through an interpreter with one alleged to be omniscient, and unable to see a trace of the reported scars on the prophet's hands, he returned to his tribe, denouncing Wovoka as an arrant impostor.

Such psychological variability can always be observed in the face of innova-

tion. Medicine-crow was a typical Crow of the old school, meticulous in his observance of traditional ritual, a warrior of note, and, what was theoretically the same thing, a seer of visions. Among other things, he instituted certain changes in the tribal customs, duly sanctioned of course by his supernatural monitors. For example, he had once seen wild strawberries in a vision and accordingly founded a Strawberry chapter of the ceremonial Tobacco society. Also, a corresponding experience with a crane prompted him to substitute a crane skin for the otter hitherto borne by the leader in the Tobacco procession.

Medicine-crow was a sufficiently influential man to impose his novelties on the tribe, yet I heard mumblings of criticism. The crane was seen only by Medicine-crow,—a great warrior, to be sure, but a man one had known in the flesh; and *his* vision, though wholly in harmony with the traditional way in which all Tobacco ceremonialism had been established, could not rival the glamour of the legendary otter emblem. Thus, skepticism, in this case, was leveled not against the spirit of Medicine-crow's revelation but in the interests of the old way of doing things, which had better not be tampered with even by the approved technique.

Naturally, it is easy to be incredulous of alien achievements. A Caribou Eskimo shaman from the interior unbosomed himself freely to Knud Rasmussen about the antics of his maritime congeners, with their insistence on putting out lamps for their performances, and whispering quaint speeches in a special spirit language. A true shaman, he averred, needed no such hocus-pocus. "True wisdom is only to be found far away from people out in the great solitude, and it is not found in play but only through suffering. Solitude and

suffering open the human mind, and therefore a shaman must seek his wisdom there." Nevertheless, this sage was very cautious when visiting his colleagues of the littoral, for after all, one could not be sure, and some of them might have the power to kill by word or thought.

The Eskimo laity are now and then troubled in their faith in practising compatriots. A man will declare that some of them are unquestionably humbugs, while about others he is merely in doubt. At times a true infidel appears. Such was one Oqutaq. He had gone so far as to train for shamanism, but had changed his mind. He was not so much deterred by the austerities undergone by a novice as by his failure to make any contacts with the spirits. Hence he declared to Rasmussen that the stories told of shamans were empty lies "intended for people who were either born timid or were easily fooled." But he would not express his convictions openly; he preferred to explain that his qualifications were inadequate for the sacred calling.

Such reliance on one's own experience may engender heterodoxy on a mystical basis. According to the Northern Shoshone, the soul rises after death till it reaches the house of Wolf and Coyote, brothers who play a dominant part in their mythology. Wolf washes the souls and revives them. But a Shoshone skeptic named Red-Shirt would have none of this, and challenged the received tribal doctrine as lustily as he did the missionaries' creed. He was confident in his disbelief because he *knew*. For he had once died, he told me, and could speak with the authority of an eyewitness. His soul had stepped out of his thigh and taken several steps away from the corpse. Then something passed clean through it, and it went *down*, not up. He heard the

Father speaking, and returned to live, he knows not how.

Intellectual audacity must be gauged in terms of the society in which it appears. In New Guinea there are tribes practising an elaborate ceremony by which boys are advanced to the status of full-fledged citizens. Women are rigidly excluded from these institutions and kept mystified throughout the performance. They are told about a gluttonous monster bent on swallowing their sons but willing to disgorge them if the mothers will offer him sufficient stores of victuals. He would eat the women, too, if he should ever catch a glimpse of them. To lend probability to the myth, the old-stagers produce a booming sound with those odd instruments, the bull-roarers, made of wooden slabs, which are whirled through the air, the resulting noise being explained as the spirit's voice.

Occasionally a boy fails to survive the initiation, for the ritual includes circumcision, which is not done, presumably, on advanced aseptic principles. In that case the ogre simply considers the provisions inadequate and refuses to spew out his victim. Lest the secret leak out, the tyros are cautioned never to reveal the true nature of the ceremonial, on pain of blood-curdling penalties. Obviously, it would require a woman of unusual boldness to defy the will of the organized manhood of the tribe; in many a primitive community, in fact, women and outsiders have been done away with on less provocation. Nevertheless, we are told that the old women of New Guinea do know, in some fashion, what is what, and have to be bribed into keeping the truth from their younger sisters.

In aristocratic societies the commoner suffers from disabilities comparable to a Papuan woman's. For a plebeian to throw down the gauntlet to accepted doctrines

would be to invite destruction. Even a king requires moral courage to rise above the traditional faith. To a quite unusual extent that seems to have been achieved by the two Tongan kings whom old Mariner met during his Polynesian sojourn over a century ago. Finau I scandalized his people by bullying the priests and defying the gods themselves, and his son followed in his wake. Yet the younger monarch came near slaying Mariner for sneezing at the wrong time,—a sneeze being a bad omen.

However, there is a kind of skepticism that arises independently of ability or caste, for it is rooted in the basic human revolt against suffering. When a Zulu army is cut to pieces, the mourners *may* indeed save their faith by supposing that the ancestral spirits were offended; and

that is the usual human way. But there is an alternative. From the depths of despair the survivor may hurl Promethean defiance at the core of the system itself. At the height of his emotional disturbance he will cry, "The [*amatongo*] spirits of our people are good for nothing! Why has the whole village perished? How is it that they never mentioned anything to us that we might understand why they were angry?" Similarly, a Tierra del Fuegian may believe in a great god, Watauinewa, and address him in prayer, but in the extremity of grief a bereaved mother upbraids him as "the Murderer in the Sky" and inveigles her husband into killing the god's birds and animals by way of revenge. It is the Problem of Evil in the Universe that creates Voltaires among primitive peoples as among the civilized.

Hygiene

ANTISEPTICONSCHIOUS AMERICA

By W. W. BAUER

THE American people today, if we are to believe the evidence of the loud-speaker and the advertising pages of the magazines, are acutely antisepticonscious. A suave voice on the radio, an impressive word hauled from scientific obscurity to blatant exploitation, a skillful appeal to the fear of social embarrassment, and another antiseptic is born. They seem to live, too, not to say thrive.

Louis Pasteur's work furnished the basis for the science of bacteriology, in the name of which the modern plague of antiseptics is foisted upon us. His contemporary, Lord Lister, saw in that work a possible means of conquering infection, long the bug-bear of surgery. So Lister introduced antiseptics, but there is no record that he ever worried about the unpleasant physiological emanations

so prominently associated with his name today. There is scientific material enough pertaining to antiseptics, but it lacks the popular appeal which pulls the business. Obviously, the subject had to be pepped up. And what a job of pepping it has got!

It is perfectly true that antiseptics will kill germs. That is, some of them will, under certain conditions. It is also true that antiseptics will not harm tissues, again under certain conditions. But it is not true that the same antiseptic, under the same circumstances, will, as we are asked to believe, kill hundreds of millions of germs and yet be gentle with the tissues on which those germs are lodged.¹ It is not true because antiseptics kill germs—when they do—by virtue of the very qualities which render

¹ Listerine and Other Mouthwashes: editorial, *Journal American Medical Association*, April 18, 1931.

them injurious to tissues. So far there is no known reconciliation of these antagonistic qualities, except in the fertile brains of the advertising copy-writers.

Germes are living microscopic creatures, made of protoplasm, and not different basically from the cells of the human body. They require certain optimum conditions for life, growth and multiplication, just as do body cells. Heat above a certain degree, maintained for a specified length of time or repeated at suitable intervals, is incompatible with their existence. They do not thrive in the absence of moisture. They dislike sunlight. Under laboratory environment some chemicals are unfriendly to them, but conditions in the living body are not the same as in the test tube. These are the brief and simple annals of antiseptics in its simon-pure scientific form. How pathetically unsensational! How incapable of selling even a nickel's worth of merchandise!

The appeal to fear is prominent in the advertising of antiseptics. No man in this day and age can afford to lose his job. No woman in any day or age will consent to be a wall-flower. Application of these axiomatic truths to practical merchandising problems produces such claims as that one and the same antiseptic will conquer unpleasant odors upon the breath and tell-tale white flakes of dandruff on the coat collar.

What matter that doctors know, and have tried to teach the public, that offensive breath may be the warning of serious physical disorders involving the teeth, the mouth, the nose, the throat, the stomach, the lungs or the general metabolism?² What if proof exists that falling hair is due to a number of different causes, some of them constitutional, and that the dandruff accompanying it at times is but

² *Op. cit.*

a symptom?³ No antiseptic is capable of curing these conditions any more than a coat of whitewash is able to restore the integrity of a rotten board.

The American Medical Association, through its Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry, has proved that at least one of the most highly extolled commercial antiseptics is not even relatively efficient in its class.⁴ Antiseptics are classified by comparing them with carbolic acid; the standard test organism is that of typhoid fever. This came about because carbolic acid was the commonest of the early antiseptic drugs, and the typhoid bacillus one of those against which the weapon of disinfection had most often to be invoked. There is no need to detail the method here; suffice it to say that the comparison is expressed in a ratio known as the phenol coefficient.

If the antiseptic has three times the effectiveness of carbolic acid against the typhoid fever bacillus the phenol coefficient is 3.⁵ Its efficiency against other organisms is likely to be less, for the typhoid microbe is not hardy. Dilution decreases the efficiency of antiseptics, sometimes in direct proportion to the dilution and sometimes more. The phenol coefficient of the commercial antiseptic typical of the group is two one-hundredths,⁶ and that of another prominent example is 0.15.⁷ No wonder the *Journal of the American Medical Association* characterizes such feeble efficiency as ridiculous.⁸

The argument about the number of germs that an antiseptic will kill is en-

³ *Op. cit.*

⁴ Listerine: Report of the Chemical Laboratory, American Medical Association, *Journal A. M. A.*, April 18, 1931.

⁵ New and Non-official Remedies; Chicago, 1932, p. 137.

⁶ Listerine: Report of the Chemical Laboratory, *op. cit.*

⁷ Pepsodent: *Journal A. M. A.*, April 18, 1931.

⁸ *Op. cit.*

tirely meaningless. Any good antiseptic will kill as many germs as are exposed to it. Presumably the advertised tests were made in test tubes. It does not take much room to hold several hundred thousand germs. If, as the chemists of the American Medical Association have suggested,⁹ a bath-tub had been used instead, the number of germs which might truthfully have been claimed as victims could have been greatly increased; perhaps a swimming pool would have been even better. But let us assume that hundreds of thousands of germs do curl up and die at the mere mention of the antiseptic—what would that mean? In your mouth or mine—halitosis or no halitosis—it would mean just exactly nothing.

New germs are continually being admitted, and those which were not killed are as constantly growing. Conditions in the living body reduce the effectiveness of all disinfectants. At best, the effect is fleeting. Moreover, the efficiency claimed is based on undiluted use of the product, while as a matter of fact it is common practice to dilute anywhere from two to ten times.¹⁰

Since many commercial antiseptics are not even good disinfectants, as such substances are classified, and will not do what is claimed for them, where lies the secret of their success? Mainly it lies in printer's ink. The president of the company marketing one of the commercial antiseptics is quoted by the *Journal of the American Medical Association* to the effect that in 1920 his company spent practically nothing for advertising and earned a little over \$100,000, whereas in 1930, not a prosperous year in these United States, it spent \$5,000,000 and earned more than \$7,000,000.

There are a dozen or more popular anti-

septics on the market. How is one to choose among their claims? The answer is that one is not, if one follows the dictates of wisdom. One is to reject them all, except as the doctor orders their use, and hark back to the basic principles of hygiene.

To begin with, there is no necessity for the elaborate rituals of personal hygiene—thus misnamed—which purveyors of weak antiseptics at a strong price would like to establish as so-called health habits. There is no acceptable scientific evidence to demonstrate that gargling or spraying, nose-douching or drops, will certainly prevent colds, influenza, or sore throats.¹¹ There is nothing to prove that feminine hygiene requires the constant employment of antiseptics. The suggestion that lavage of the eyes is a requisite of good hygiene cannot be justified.

All this specious advice ignores the fact that the eyes, the nose, the throat and the genital organs are provided with perfectly good and efficient cleansing systems of their own. The body requires no artificial commercialized ceremony of disinfection during health; in disease it demands intelligent treatment, not indiscriminate flushing with something or other. Nor is that all. Constant interference with established function, repeated washing away of protective secretions from the tissues, no matter how harmless the irrigating solution in itself, weakens the natural defenses and invites departures from the normal. The price of your bottle of disinfectant may be only the first payment on a considerable bill for health advice, so-called, written by unqualified persons.

There is, of course, a proper place for antiseptics. Surgeons use them in the operating-room and elsewhere, though not by the pioneer method of Lister. You can learn a lot from their technique. Do

⁹ Listerine: Report of the Chemical Laboratory, *op. cit.*

¹⁰ Listerine and Other Mouthwashes, *op. cit.*

¹¹ *Op. cit.*

operating-rooms display bottles of commercial antiseptics? If not, why not? Because the surgeon knows that there are simpler, cheaper and better means of disinfecting. He knows that heat is best of all, so he steams or boils all articles that will stand such treatment. Everything else is washed. A surgeon can cleanse his hands adequately for the safe performance of operations requiring actual invasion of body tissues by the use of soap and water and elbow grease plus a final plunge into 70% alcohol. Why is that not good enough for you and me—except that for everyday purposes we can dispense with the alcohol? What, ordinary soap and water? No less. But there isn't, of course, much material in that for making the country commercially antisepticonscious.

A few standard drugs are in use as antiseptics, and properly so. The best known of these is iodine. Others are bichloride of mercury and the various compounds of chlorine, such as chlorinated lime. Synthetic disinfectants have also been developed, especially organic mercurial and silver compounds and certain dyes; of the latter perhaps the best known is mercurochrome. The antiseptic properties of silver nitrate, boric acid, thymol, iodoform, carbolic acid and the cresol compounds, and some others are known to physicians and chemists and to a certain extent to the lay public. All of these have their uses and their disadvantages; none have any selective action as between tissues or bacteria.

They differ from the secret commercial antiseptics in that they are standard drugs, known to anyone who understands the official descriptions in the United States Pharmacopeia, the National Formulary, or in the case of the newer preparations,

the American Medical Association's publication, "New and Non-Official Remedies." These standard drugs have their definite limitations; they must be used understandingly. They are not safe for indiscriminate lay use, except possibly boric acid. Recent investigations have shown that they do not penetrate tissues and kill germs, but are limited in their action to the germs with which they make contact on the surface of the skin or mucous membrane, or in wounds.

But no antiseptic can replace cleanliness.¹² It is the best disinfectant for everyday life, supplemented occasionally by appropriate drugs in the hands of those who know how to use them. Propaganda for building up the sale of commercial antiseptic preparations, which to be safe must be ineffective, has only the flimsiest scientific foundation, and even that has, in many instances, been cynically flouted for the sake of commercial gain. A specious health consciousness is promoted by unbridled advertising under the guise of health education. This has enormous potentialities for harm, tending to substitute for normal and correct attitudes toward health a misinformed, nasty-nice, hypocritical hypersensitiveness which can do much injury to introspective persons. Adolescents especially are prone to magnify the chimerical bogeys of bad breath, perspiration odor and falling dandruff until serious complexes of inferiority are built up.

The antidote for *antisepticonsciousness epidemicus Americanus* is simple—large doses of common sense with a heavy dash of good old time Yankee skepticism.

¹² Comparative Studies on Mercurochrome and Other Antiseptics, by W. F. Oettigen and others: *Journal A. M. A.*, July 19, 1932.

CATS

BY NELSON ANTRIM CRAWFORD

PURE-BRED cats are among the few commodities that have been little affected in price by the Depression. For a number of years prior to 1929 they had been growing in popularity in the United States. Anyone could notice more cats in homes, more cat shows were held, and pictures of the animals appeared in increasing numbers on the covers of periodicals. The movement was not checked by the growing troubles of the time. Indeed, it seems to have been somewhat stimulated. Not a few people, who formerly had kept dogs, substituted cats. However they rationalized the change, I cannot help feeling that, unconsciously at least, they wanted an animal that would not remind them of bond salesmen, investment counselors, and other adornments of the gold-plated era. There is no animal less salesmanlike than a cat.

The price brought by the best breeding long-haired male cats in the more fashionable colors is now around \$500. Recently, a red tabby male brought \$600. This color has become very popular in the United States during the last year or two. Previously, blue cats (the color often called Maltese in short-haired cats) had for years been the most fashionable in both the United States and England, and they still are preferred by many fanciers. A number have been imported from London, the current price being from \$400 to \$500 f.o.b. the boat. The chinchilla color, a white very lightly and evenly shaded in a

pearly grey, also brings high prices. A prize-winning chinchilla male was recently sold for \$510 in England to a British breeder, who topped an American bid in order to keep the animal from leaving the country.

These prices are for grown male cats; that is, more than two years old. Females bring lower prices because of the potency of the male in producing kittens possessing show points. Kittens of either sex sell for much less, naturally, than adult cats, though in any of the larger American shows the animal ranked as "best kitten in the show" will bring \$125 if the owner is willing to sell it. The general run of long-haired kittens of good pedigree and appearance are sold at from \$15 to \$40. A chinchilla or a black will often bring somewhat more because good specimens are scarce. Kittens bought at these prices may develop into good breeding stock, or they may be kept simply as pets. I have seen prize-winning male cats priced as high as \$10,000, but such figures are fictitious, meaning merely that the owner does not care to sell at all.

Long-haired cats have enjoyed a substantial market in France for more than two hundred years and in England for more than a hundred years. Until within the last seventy-five years they were known to most English-speaking people as French cats because of their popularity in France. As early as 1849, a tortoise-shell male (male cats of this color combination

are extremely rare) was priced at a hundred guineas by its English owner, and this was widely commented on at the time. The price, regarded as fabulously high by sober Victorian folk, was presumably intended as notice that the owner purposed to keep his cat.

In the United States the cat market has developed mostly within the last thirty years, although the first cat shows in the entire world were held in Maine in the eighteen-sixties. The London show (founded by Harrison Weir, the journalist and animal painter) was not inaugurated till 1871, and the New York show not till 1895. New England—specifically Massachusetts and Maine—is the cradle of American love for cats; indeed, I have never been in an old New England home that did not contain at least one cat. Seamen brought home from their voyages innumerable cats of various breeds, and the descendants of these oriental animals still add to the distinctive atmosphere of Portland, Gloucester, and New Bedford. Some of the long-haired cats brought from far places left their new homes and entered the woods, where, probably breeding with other members of the cat family, they developed the so-called Maine cat, which has long and thick but coarse hair predominantly black and brown. In the Nineteenth Century this cat was redomesticated and is raised today not only in New England but as far west as Kansas. It was conspicuous in the pioneer cat shows of Maine.

Now cat shows are held annually in practically all large American cities and in many smaller places. Also there are specialized shows open only to certain breeds and colors. Three large national cat-breeders' organizations exist, the Cat Fanciers' Association, the American Cat Society, and the Cat Fanciers' Federation,

maintaining stud books with many thousands of entries. In addition, there are at least seven national societies composed of breed or color specialists, such as the Silver Society, the American Tabby Club, the Primitive Cat Society, and the Solid Color Cat Society of America. England and France are equally supplied with cat societies. The breeders of long-haired cats in Germany, more solidly practical, devote their society, the *Deutschengorakatzenschutzverein*, largely to protection of all cats against cruelty and oppression.

Possibly because a certain temperament draws people to cats, there is unusual fellowship among cat fanciers. Not only do they assemble at the national conventions of their orders and at the meetings of the hundred-odd regional and local cat clubs, but they gather in little groups to talk by the hour about color inheritance, show points, and degrees of animal intelligence—all "for the advancement and improvement of the cat," the official motto of innumerable cat societies. Many of the clubs hold bridge parties, at which are used cards with cat pictures on the backs, table covers embroidered with cats, and ash trays held by miniature metal cats. The members often bring such of their pets as relish society, and side tables are placed at the corners of the card tables, so that the animals may sit and watch the play of the hands. The Detroit Persian Society, a bit more devilish than the rest, plays keno instead of bridge.

II

Notwithstanding the diligence of the cat fanciers, the American public remains as vague about breeds of cats as it is about the doctrines of the Republican party. Firmly implanted in the popular mind are the beliefs that long-haired white cats

are Angoras and invariably deaf, that all other long-haired cats are Persians, and that a cat's intelligence is related to the length of its hair. All these ideas are quite erroneous. In the last hundred years the physical characteristics of long-haired cats have materially changed under the influence of selective breeding in the direction of certain norms. In English-speaking countries Angoras and Persians are no longer distinguished; in Germany and France some effort is made to keep them separate. The differences, however, have no reference to color but deal with type of fur, shape of head, size of ears, and similar details.

In the United States and England all are grouped together technically as long-haired cats. Colloquially, they are often referred to as Persians, though Angoras would be just as fitting. They occur in white, black, and solid colors, and also in color mixtures. Where white cats are deaf, the difficulty seems to be associated with albinism, partial or complete, but by no means all white cats are albinos. In Western Europe, the most prized white cats are those brought from north of the Himalayas. The noses of these cats are slit to enable them to breathe in crossing the high mountains. A few years ago, a group of Berlin slickers conceived the idea of slitting the noses of domestic-born white cats and selling them for imported animals. Their scheme promptly came to grief, however, for the *Polizei* as well as the *Deutschangorakatzenschutzverein* stepped into action and the swindlers found themselves sentenced to prison for fraud, larceny, fictitious representations, and cruelty to animals.

Tabbies are cats of a solid color with bars of a different shade; e.g., a red tabby or a silver tabby. The word is the same that is applied—more in England than

in this country—to watered silk, or silk moiré, and comes from the name of the district of Bagdad where this type of cloth was originally made. The common use of “tabby” to mean a female cat derives, I conjecture, from the fact that the tortoise-shell cat (a mixture of yellow and black, not distinguished by casual observers from true tabby), which was extremely common in Elizabethan England, is almost invariably female.

The show points of cats stem from the work of Mr. Weir, heretofore mentioned, whose specifications on this subject, prepared in 1888, cover twenty-four printed pages. Changes have been made since his time, and there have been acrimonious quarrels about them among the cat societies. A curious recent development is the so-called peke cat, bred for a nose resembling that of a Pekingese dog. This cat, so breeders tell me, sells mostly to those rich women who, wed to Babbitt husbands, love to imagine themselves concubines of an Emperor of ancient China. Basing their knowledge of the Orient on a Pekingese pup, they fondly believe that turned-up noses are a uniform biological characteristic of their dream country.

The long-haired cats are considered by naturalists to spring from Pallas's cat, a little wild-cat found on the plateaus of Asia, while the ordinary short-haired domestic cat is believed to represent an admixture of the sacred cat of ancient Egypt with certain small European wild-cats. The Maltese cat, if it ever was a breed—which is doubtful,—presumably descended from the Russian blue cat, or cat of Archangel. Blue cats are not native to Malta. Rather, both blue and black cats are apparently indigenous to far Northern countries.

Numerous other breeds of short-haired cats are pets in various parts of the world,

and examples of some of them are owned in this country. The royal cat of Siam is increasingly popular in America, though few good specimens exist here. (Kittens bring from \$25 to \$100 each.) A slim, elegant creature with a deep chocolate, almost black, face, shading back to fawn on most of its body, with bright blue eyes, and with an unearthly cry resembling a little that of a monkey, this is perhaps the most affectionate and intelligent, and certainly the most delicate, of cats. It is known in a variant, the blue-point, in which blue takes the place of brown. The best Siamese cats in the Occident are in France. The Tibetan temple cat, somewhat similar to the Siamese, is rarely seen in Western countries.

Manx cats, tailless or with rudimentary tails, are seen in nearly every cat show, but their number in the United States is small. They may be distinguished from tailless cats that are merely biological sports by the greater length of their hind legs, which noticeably raises the back portion of their bodies. Abyssinian cats, another short-haired breed, some of which are being brought to the United States this season, have a black stripe down the back and are ticked somewhat like wild rabbits.

Two breeds that appear to be of quite definitely American origin are the Paraguayan cat and the Mexican hairless cat. The former is a glossy little animal not much bigger than a guinea-pig. Two pounds and a half is the usual weight for a Paraguayan when full grown. The Mexican hairless, kept as a pet by the Aztecs, has been supposed by naturalists to have become extinct in the last century, but a specimen is owned in New Mexico, and doubtless there are others.

No exhaustive bibliography of the cat exists, but if one were compiled it would

list probably about three thousand volumes, practically all of them modern. Earlier references to cats are generally brief. An exception is Joachim du Bellay's two-hundred-line poem, "Sur la Mort d'un Petit Chat," published in 1558. The poet's tribute to the *gaillarde gentillesse* of his cat Belaud is one of the most beautiful in all writing about animals.

Extensive literature about cats really begins with the late Seventeenth and early Eighteenth Centuries in France, when fashionable interest in the animals, stirred by Cardinals Richelieu and Mazarin, was developing. Antoinette Deshoulière's unique tragedy, "La Mort de Cochon," in which cats are the chief characters, was the first work of literature to exploit the new fashion. In 1727 François Augustin Paradis Moncrif, a Scottish Parisian, published "Les Chats," the pioneer of a long line of miscellaneous treatises on cats. The book met with instant popularity. Within a year it was reprinted at Rotterdam, and for at least fifteen years edition after edition appeared.

The *intelligentsia* of the day—clergy, librarians, litterateurs, and professors—were annoyed that a work on cats should sell better than their volumes on theology and their society essays. Pierre Roy, a minor poet, attempted a sarcastic pun or two, whereupon Moncrif, encountering him, knocked him flat on the pavement. Undaunted, Louis Fuzelier, a third-rate playwright, and Pierre Guyot-Desfontaines, a priest who aspired to letters, essayed to make fun of the good M. Moncrif with a book purporting to be written by a rat, "Lettre d'un Rat Calotin à Citron Barbet" and, lest some one fail to recognize their coltish humor, put the imprint, Ratopolis, on the title page. The book fell flat, and Moncrif did not deign to attack the authors physically or otherwise. Never-

theless, when he was admitted to the French Academy in 1735, a group of the more sportive members, flushed with brandy, recalled the row over his cat book and greeted his speech with hilarious meows in the same spirit in which modern Rotarians compliment a distinguished guest by singing, "I'm Goin' to Get Well." Today Moncrif is remembered solely as an authority on cats. His "Rival Souls" and his "Essay on the Necessity and Means of Pleasing," praised by the literary critics of his time, are quite forgotten.

Moncrif's book is a basic volume to collectors of works on cats. The number of such collectors in the United States is growing. There have long been many in England, and at least one English bookstore lists books on cats among its specialties. The scarcest books in this field are probably "The Life and Adventures of a Cat" (London, 1760) and Moutonnet-Clairfons' "La Galéide, ou le Chat de la Nature" (Paris, 1798). The former work, a dull, rambling piece of fiction, was printed for Willoughby Mynors, a clergyman, and presumably written by him, though the author's knowledge of Continental prostitution seems slightly inappropriate to the cloth. "Galeide," a long poem written for the apparent purpose of attacking the English, was printed in an edition of only 101 copies, most of which have long since disappeared. Likewise very scarce is the first cat anthology, Domenico Balestieri's "Lagrima in Morto di un Gatto," published in 1741. It contains 150 poems in Hebrew, Greek, French, and Italian, by some seventy-five authors.

The most curious work on cats is doubtless "An Extraordinary Chace, or, The Parson and the Cat," published in 1820 under the pseudonym of William Cowper, Jr., and written, it is supposed, by the Rev.

James Everett, a Methodist minister and bookseller who was in a perpetual quarrel with his co-religionists. The story, in verse illustrated with wood engravings, tells of a fox-hunting parson on whose head a frightened cat landed, tearing off his wig and exposing him to the derision of the village. The Puritan lesson is drawn that true servants of God will abstain not only from hunting but from organ music and heated churches:

Thus wide the good man never roves;
For these ne'er opes his mouth;
He warms his church with *living stoves*,
He draws by force of TRUTH.

The earliest cat book in the United States, so far as is known, is Ebenezer Mack's "The Cat Fight," a gaudy mock-heroic poem published at New York in 1824. It tells the story of the Kilkenny cats in verse reminiscent of Trumbull, Barlow, and the other early Nineteenth Century cut-ups whom pious professors of American letters always refer to as the Hartford wits.

III

The cat books of recent decades may be divided into innumerable classifications. The best general books are Champfleury's "Les Chats" (French), Gustav Michel's "Das Buch der Katzen" (German), Harrison Weir's "Our Cats" (British), and Carl Van Vechten's "The Tiger in the House" (American). All are attractively illustrated, Champfleury's and Van Vechten's better than the others.

To the average person, volumes made up wholly or almost wholly of pictures of cats are the most interesting. In "Des Chats," Théophile Alexandre Steinlen, the great Parisian cartoonist of the last century, presents some twenty-five full-page

cat drawings which for action and humor have never been excelled. The most elaborate book of cat pictures is Foujita's "Book of Cats," by the Japanese who is the chief living interpreter of cats in art. The best cat photographs that I have ever seen are those of Hedda Walther, reproduced in Paul Eipper's charming work, "Freundschaft mit Katzen." A recent publication, "Le Chat dans l'Art," edited by Jacqueline Conan-Fallex, is made up of beautiful reproductions of cats in art, chronologically arranged from Ancient Egypt to the Twentieth Century. It is accompanied by an historical anthology, chiefly of verse, and almost exclusively French, entitled "Le Chat dans la Littérature." To any of these, however, sentimental America prefers the prettified kittens of Henriette Ronner (her paintings are best represented in M. H. Spielmann's memoir), which invariably inspire the exclamation: "Oh, dear! aren't they cute?"

Scientific books about cats are few, except for works, mostly by British veterinarians, on what to do when your pet has various afflictions, ranging from stomach worms to pneumonia. In the Middle Ages, when science was beginning to poke its head out cautiously, popular opinion would have considered it as heretical to study cats as to investigate the anatomy and physiology of Satan. Dupont de Nemours, the founder of the Delaware dynasty, seems to have been the first student of cats from anything like a scientific standpoint. He examined in particular their speech, which he found included not only the simple French vowels, but the consonants *m*, *n*, *g*, *h*, *v*, and *f*. Most Europeans had previously thought of a cat as saying only *meow*, this word being the popular onomatopœic representation of their speech. De Nemours's investigations, however, caused some fur-

ther study, resulting in the discovery that in Arabic *naoua*, in Chinese *ming*, and in Sanskrit *mandj* and *vid* were used to represent the cat's cry.

The most pretentious scientific work on cats is "The Modern Cat," by Dr. Georgina Ida Strickland Gates, a dull and dubious study of feline psychology which gives the impression of a Ph.D. dissertation disguised under a title affixed by an enterprising publisher. It devotes page after page to refuting theories not held by any one above the mental level of an African Methodist pastor or a Mississippi legislator. One will learn infinitely more about cats from the naturalist's day-by-day record in "Freundschaft mit Katzen" or the charming essays that make up Miss Agnes Repplier's "The Fireside Sphinx."

Comparatively few writers of fiction have presented successful portraits of cats, presumably because the cat offers serious psychological difficulties even to the author who knows the animal well. Several, however, have made notable attempts in this field—and all, as would be expected, are cat-lovers. Zola, J. K. Huysmans, Gottfried Keller, Lafcadio Hearn, Pierre Loti, Paul Morand, Anatole France, Colette, Edwina Stanton Babcock, Wilbur Daniel Steele, Robert W. Chambers (in his earlier work), Edgar Saltus, Ruth Suckow, are among the number. Mark Twain was devoted to cats, but did not write of them so adeptly as of some other subjects. Innumerable other novelists and short-story writers—some of them, e.g., Louis Joseph Vance, of an outwardly different type from the usual cat-lover—are fond of cats but seldom or never write of them. Indeed, I recall only two distinguished novelists, Oliver Goldsmith and Hilaire Belloc, who have expressed a distinct aversion to cats, and their remarks evidence a definite *Katzenphobie*.

The classic fictional chronicle of the life of a cat is Svend Fleuron's "Killingerne: en Familiékrenike," translated from the Danish into English under the title of "Kittens: A Family Chronicle." In this work by the great Scandinavian naturalist the animal characters, as too seldom happens in a book of this kind, are individuals, not mere types.

Within the last few years two unusually discerning books of cat fiction have been published. Algernon Blackwood's "Dudley and Gilderoy" is a fantasy dealing with the adventures of a cat and a parrot who went from the country up to London. In the story they are actually animal and bird, not human beings masquerading. The other book is Agnes Rothery's *novelle*, "Into What Port?" the story of the folk on a Southern cruise as seen through the mystic eyes of Madame Cumæan, a cat. I nominate this book as the best treatment of the psychological cat *motif* that has yet appeared in fiction.

The cat is naturally adapted to lyrical depiction, and the thousands of cat poems that exist are no surprise. Among their authors are Baudelaire, Gautier, Verlaine, Heine, von Scheffel, Arnold, Cowper, Gray, Swinburne, Christina Rossetti, William Watson, W. H. Davies, Amy Lowell, Vachel Lindsay, and Anna Hempstead Branch. Quite the loveliest cat poem, in my estimation, is Margaret Sherwood's "In Memoriam Leo: A Yellow Cat":

If, to your twilight land of dream,—
Persephone, Persephone,
Drifting with all your shadow host,—
Dim sunlight comes with sudden gleam,
And you lift veiled eyes to see
Slip past a little golden ghost,
That wakes a sense of springing flowers,
Of nesting birds, and lambs newborn,
Of Spring astir in quickened hours,
And young blades of Demeter's corn;
For joy of that sweet glimpse of sun,

O goddess of unnumbered dead,
Give one soft touch,—if only one,—
To that uplifted, pleading head!
Whisper some kindly word, to bless
A wistful soul who understands
That life is but one long caress
Of gentle words and gentle hands.

Literature for children is full of cat items, most of them quite as illiterate and absurd as the general run of juvenile books. Hundreds were published in the Nineteenth Century, chiefly moral tales presenting godly and impious kittens as hardly veiled symbols of like types of youth. In one of these pious stories, the cat heroine returns home after many adventures in the wicked world and is admonished by her mother: "I hope you have learned one lesson from your adventures that you will never forget—that a kitten's own family friends are the best friends she can have, and that if she is not happy at home, it is almost always her own fault." The author of another volume shows so little knowledge of cat character as to have a kitten characterize dogs as "such clever creatures."

Still other Nineteenth Century juveniles aim to teach kindness to animals either by weeping all over the pages or by relating pointed incidents in which cruel little boys and girls are scratched by cats and then roundly spanked by their parents, or are even allowed to burn to death while the family tabby, which they have mistreated, carefully awakens the rest of the household.

Not all were of these sorts, however. John Ruskin aroused ecclesiastical wrath when in "Fors Clavigera" he compared "Dame Wiggins of Lee and her Seven Wonderful Cats" (originally published in 1823) with a popular Christmas carol, much to the disadvantage of the latter. The row with the clergy died down, but

Ruskin still remembered the charming juvenile poem, and ten years later wrote several new stanzas for it, got Kate Greenaway to make further illustrations, and had the whole published in book form.

Here was the beginning of the modern English and American cat juvenile. Doubtless I am prejudiced, but it is my conviction that in our day the better sort of children's books about cats are written and illustrated with greater sensitivity and discernment than is any other class of juvenile literature. As evidence I offer Elizabeth Coatsworth's "The Cat Who

Went to Heaven" (which won the Newbery Medal in 1930), Phyllis Crawford's "The Blot: Little City Cat," and Wanda Gág's "Millions of Cats," with its perfect interpretation of the feeling of every cat-lover toward his own cat:

"It is the most beautiful cat in the whole world," said the very old man. "I ought to know, for I've seen—

Hundreds of cats,

Thousands of cats,

Millions and billions and trillions of cats—

and not one is as pretty as this one."

TRAFFIC ENGINEER

BY SAMUEL GRAFTON

HE DROVE his Ford to the new triple-light installation at Dead Man's Corner, Third street and Treelawn. Two large streets and one small street crossed at the point, all carrying heavy loads.

He parked twenty feet behind the fire-plug near Neaton's Drugstore, where the students lunched, and timed the lights, stop-watch in hand. A Pierce-Arrow screamed down Cypress road and pulled to a full stop when the light slammed red.

I stopped you, thought the traffic engineer. You'll wait now, lousy!

The Third street light was eight seconds slow. He made a note.

Fred, the cop, appeared at the side of the automobile, and saluted.

"It's working all right," he said. "They cuss when they got to wait out a triple light, but nobody is going to be killed here any more."

"Three will die this year at this corner," said the traffic engineer. "That's my private guess. Not eight, though."

At his office he found reports on his desk from Inspectors Hunter, Egan and Weinstein.

The three joined in condemning the new Ace signal-lights on First street.

Hunter found that the Ace lights suffered from ragged timing. Egan declared them lacking in snap, and believed that the green lights were too dim, and the amber too much like the red. "Don't work good," wrote Weinstein.

Cheap bastards, thought the traffic engineer. He summoned Hunter.

"What's the matter with the Aces?" he asked.

"They're terrible," said Hunter, who had once been a plumber, and who had never said sir in all his life.

"Who's paying you to say so?" asked the traffic engineer. He knew his face was turning red. I've got to control myself, he thought.

"I don't know what you mean," said Hunter. "But them Aces is no good."

"Councilman Ralph wants me to buy Wilburs and scrap the Aces," said the traffic engineer. "Councilman Ralph's brother-in-law sells Wilburs. Do you know Councilman Ralph?"

"I don't know nothing about that," said Hunter. "Them Aces is lousy."

"That's enough," said the traffic engineer.

I shouldn't have tried to tell him anything, he thought. His blood stinks.

Later the 'phone rang. It was Councilman Ralph.

"Listen," said Ralph, "don't be too hard on the boys in your office. They're trying to do their work."

"I'm running the office," said the traffic engineer.

"The budget comes up next month," said Ralph. "Do you want your name left out of it?"

The traffic engineer pounded the receiver down.

Might as well fight, he thought. The chances for staying are just as good that way.

He wrote a letter to the leading morning newspaper before going home, pointing out how brilliantly the new First street signals were working, and asking the public to coöperate with him in making the installation completely useful.

II

He had 180 jobless men out next day, working on the load study of the central business section.

They stood on corners in fours, one counting cars, another passengers in the cars, the third trolleys and their passengers, and the fourth pedestrians, as all these entered the sixty-square-block sector.

The traffic engineer squeaked through the streets in his Ford, collecting quarter-hour tally-sheets as they were hastily transcribed from the hand counting-clocks.

He took a pile of them with him to lunch in an automat. It delighted him to see that the ultimate curves would tally admirably with those of similar studies in Cleveland and Kansas City.

Someday I'll write that book on the universal laws of traffic, he thought. I'll bet they had a 12:05 P.M. pedestrian peak load in ancient Rome.

I'll put the curves from twelve cities on one chart in twelve colors, he thought. I'll bet they come out close. I'll bet the grand average total curve will be shaped liked any of the singles. That'll give them something to work on when they build new cities, he thought. But who the hell's going to build new cities?

The relief squad of 180 more jobless came on at four in the afternoon, taking the places of the first batch, and all of them frighteningly eager to earn their \$4

for eight hours of "made" work. They drew their pay from the Central Charity Committee, which was financing the count.

The traffic engineer saw them installed, checked on their performance, collected batch after batch of tally slips, and sorted them in his office. It was nearly seven in the evening when he reached home.

"How's the count going?" asked his wife.

"The count's going fine," he said.

She knew better than to ask him more. When he was in the midst of an ambitious traffic count he was irritable and disturbed, much like a poet waggling on a hard chair, uncomfortably giving birth to a hard, head-first lyric. The day bumped him at all corners.

He sat on the front porch of the row house that was crowded left and right against neighbors' row houses, and smoked a short thin cigar.

The neighbor on the left leaned at him over the railing.

"I seen your name in the paper today," said the neighbor on the left. "But they didn't have your pitcher. They had a pitcher of two girls being counted. But they didn't have your pitcher."

"I wasn't there at the moment," said the traffic engineer.

"I think you fellahs in the City Hall have it soft," said the neighbor on the left. "How much do they pay you?"

"I'd rather not say," said the traffic engineer.

"Hey, you're talking to a taxpayer," said the neighbor on the left. "After all, you're only a sort of servant of mine. A public servant."

He shook the neighbor on the left, nodded to the neighbor on the right, who was a soft matron with white eyes, and took his fat case of reports back to the

City Hall. He checked through them to see if any were missing. The lost were most easily recovered on the first day. Then, to kill time before going out to supervise the night count, he wrote a letter to the Mayor. "Dear Mr. Mayor," he wrote:

The traffic count on which we are now engaged is one of the most ambitious ever attempted in any American city. The public is showing a tremendous interest.

I think that this year we should designate one day as Traffic Control Day, and have speakers go to clubs, luncheons and schools, and tell representative audiences just what traffic control means.

Traffic control is the youngest of all the sciences. It is less than ten years old. Its story is fascinating, and should interest all who hear it.

That's absolutely true, thought the traffic engineer. He wrote:

I would appreciate your advice and cooperation in this matter, and hope that you will see fit to designate a day as I have suggested.

I can prove conclusively that our bureau has saved 200 lives since it was organized two years ago. This, I think, would serve to convince the citizens that their tax money really does some good.

Maybe that last crack will make him answer this letter, he thought.

III

He met Councilman Ralph in the corridor, on his way out, toward eleven.

"Hello," said Ralph. "You're fired."

"Not really?" said the traffic engineer.

"I mean it," said Ralph, grinning. "The boys are going over the new budget with the Mayor. They left your page blank."

"Your suggestion?" asked the traffic engineer.

Ralph closed an eye and reopened it.

"No. I got one of the boys to tell His

Honor we don't need a traffic engineer."

"What about the rest of the Traffic Bureau?"

"They'll stay. With your \$3920 off, we can even hire a couple more inspectors."

"What'll they do without a chief?"

"They can support their families."

The traffic engineer meditated greily.

"Makes you think, sort of, doesn't it?"

said Ralph. "It's the middle of October now. The new budget starts January 1. So finish your traffic count, pack up your paper dolls, and get the hell out of this city."

The traffic engineer moved on.

"Listen," Ralph called after him. "No hard feelings?"

"No hard feelings," said the traffic engineer.

"Listen," said Ralph. "Wait a minute." He barged alongside. "Listen. You're going out on your count now, ain't you?"

"Yes."

"Listen. I got nothing to do. I want to come along and watch you work. So I can learn the ropes. So I can keep an eye, sort of, on the boys when you're gone."

Maybe I can convince him of the importance of my work, thought the traffic engineer. Maybe I can show him this work is just beginning, and that the city needs thorough traffic study.

I'm a damn fool, thought the traffic engineer. How can you convince a guy who wants to make money?

It's worth a try, thought the traffic engineer. Anything's worth a try so I won't have to tell Mary.

"Come on," he said.

The first stop was in the riverfront district, back of the wholesale meat houses. There, in many houses, powdery, over-ripened women in their thirties turned the minutes after midnight into dollars.

Counters stood in fours on the boundary

corners of the central district where it sloughed off into this section. There was little movement of men or cars.

"Hey, listen," said Ralph, "why do you need four men for on these corners? There's nobody here to count."

"They need the work," said the traffic engineer.

"Hey, listen, you're getting a rake-off," said Ralph. "I bet you are."

They heard a thump of radio music and some silver-plated laughter as the Ford slammed over a cobbly street.

"Hey, listen, you don't feel much like talking," said Ralph.

"You talk to me," said the traffic engineer.

He stopped the Ford at a corner and joined the counters, who handed over their tally-sheets with clumsy dispatch as they tried to make a good impression on him.

"There must be a million sporting-houses down here," said one of the men. "The customers walk on the other side of the street so as not to have to go past us."

A really complete traffic study would make a note of that, thought the traffic engineer. They're going to fire me, and I won't be making charts.

"Hey," said Ralph suddenly from the car. "Hey!"

"What?" asked the traffic engineer.

"Come here."

"That must be the big chief in the car," the traffic engineer heard one of the men say as he walked off.

"Hey," said Ralph, "what did you mean by that crack?"

"What crack?"

"You said, 'You talk to me'. Didn't you? Didn't you?"

"Yes," said the traffic engineer. "Sure."

"I guess I was dumb. I guess I didn't get you," said Ralph.

"What the hell are you talking about?" asked the traffic engineer.

"Didn't you mean you wanted me to proposition you, when you made that crack?"

"Uh?"

"Listen, I'm dumb. When you said, 'You talk to me', did you mean you'd listen to some proposition where you could stay on your job, maybe, if you helped me, maybe?"

"No, I didn't," said the traffic engineer. "No."

"Oh, you didn't?"

"No."

"Well, would you listen to a proposition?" went on Ralph. "You're one of these conscientious guys. You like your job. Why the hell not keep it? Just say you like the Wilbur lights better than the Aces. There's nothing to it."

It's funny to be acting like a hero out here among the bawdy-houses, thought the traffic engineer.

"No," he said. "Say. Listen. Don't keep after me as if I was a blonde. I won't take my dress off, and that's all there is to it."

He abandoned Ralph near a cab stand, and worked through to eight in the morning.

Shortly after that hour all the tally-sheets were in his office, piled high on a table.

There were 17,280 of them. He ran his hand caressingly over the mound. As he stood there he saw, through the window, a lithe young girl of slim waist and high breast, crossing the street, attractive even though high-heeled, short-vamp shoes made her feet look like the hooves of a dainty little horse.

I may have saved her life by some of my lights, thought the traffic engineer.

Or some of the installations that might

be put in on the basis of this count might save her life, he thought. It's possible.

He felt like a knight taking a solemn oath on a sacred scroll as he stood there with his hand on the pile of reports.

The daydream gave him an idea. At his desk he sketched out a poster on a blank sheet. It would have a top line saying: "This Light is Your Property Put Up With Your Help for Your Protection." Then a lower line: "It May Save Your Life Some Day. Obey the Traffic Signals and See That Others Obey Them." The poster could be struck off in quantity and tied to new traffic-light posts as they were erected.

He was sure he could get the papers to run a picture of a girl working in a visiting musical comedy chorus pointing to such a sign, and smiling.

Maybe the sign ought to have a drawing of an injured little boy lying in the street. He wondered why they never put drawings of injured fat women on traffic posters.

If he worked over the poster for an hour it would be that much longer before he would have to go home and tell Mary that they must look for another city on January 1.

IV

Just before his office staff was due to arrive, there was a knock on the door, and Councilman Williamson came in.

Councilman Williamson was a tall, thin man, a descendant of one of the first families, and he was reëlected automatically every four years by the aristocratic Bear Hill section. He made long speeches on the floor of the Council about the traditions of the city, and always voted with the Organization.

"Hello," said Williamson. "Councilman

Ralph and I were just talking about you."

"Really?" said the traffic engineer.

"I understand you're having a certain amount of trouble," said Williamson. He spoke like a high-school teacher being professionally sympathetic in the case of a bad boy.

"Plenty of trouble," said the traffic engineer.

"What a pity," said Williamson. He gazed reflectively out of the window. "Lovely riding weather," he intoned. He rocked a little, as if he were balancing himself on a gold-headed cane. "What a pity."

"I'm used to it," said the traffic engineer.

"Listen to me," said Williamson, suddenly. "A thought came to me as I was walking over here to your office. I wonder how it will strike you."

"Let's hear it," said the traffic engineer.

"One moment," said Williamson. He gazed again at the lovely riding weather. "Let me put my thoughts in order. I want to be fair to you." He rocked on the invisible gold-headed cane. "I have it. Would you be willing to try a little experiment?"

"Such as?"

"Stay in this city!" His hands abandoned the cane, and moved forward in a little gesture, as if he were offering King Edward the blue room.

"I don't understand," said the traffic engineer.

"Stay in this city. Wherever you go you will have trouble with certain of the officials. Here your work is started. Try the experiment of seeing how much good you can accomplish, even against political opposition—even though you may have to yield on one or two minor points."

Mr. Williamson considered the ceiling. Then he spoke again, softly: "After all, if

you leave, your opponents win all they want. But you lose. And the city loses. The people of the city lose. It is all loss, and no gain. Stay, and you accomplish something. You can carry on the work you have begun."

The traffic engineer said nothing.

"One can't have everything one's own way," said Mr. Williamson. "Even in a good work. Render unto Caesar those things which are Caesar's. And, who knows," Mr. Williamson murmured gently, "a Ralph may not always be our Caesar."

So that's what the gang keeps him for, thought the traffic engineer. He's the contact man. He's the smoothy.

Maybe he's right, though, thought the traffic engineer. It's only an experiment. I should have been home an hour ago.

"I'll stay," he said.

Later, at home, he dabbled his fork into his eggs meditatively. He wanted to say something that seemed to him very important, but it was hard to dredge up words for it.

"If Louis XIV had had a traffic engineer," he said slowly, "it would have been swell. Just think. One man, who knew all about your work, and who hired you because of your work, being also the man with power, the man you could go to in a jam."

"It sounds nuts to me," said Mary.

KINDLING-WOOD PEDDLER

BY W. A. S. DOUGLAS

ANTON JOSEPH CERMAK, mayor of Chicago and absolute boss of both that city and the State of Illinois, was riding down to Florida. It was the last train journey he was ever to undertake as a living man, for he was heading for the bullet intended for Franklin D. Roosevelt. The Chicago newspapers had been making much of an alleged quarrel between Tony and the political dandy, James Hamilton Lewis, United States Senator from Illinois. The two were to meet.

Senator Lewis, two years before, had been elected to his old place in the Senate after twelve years in the wilderness: he had been, indeed, the first big-shot Democrat to benefit by the public disgust with all things Republican. Tony, then just getting his grip on both the city and the State, had given Jim Ham some help, and now he was determined to dictate the Federal patronage in Illinois. But Jim Ham was determined to keep that business in his own hands.

A meeting that would end in either a fight or a frolic was thus one of the first objects of that fatal journey. On the train an anxious political heeler, who knew that if Tony was a bulldog Jim Ham was a bull-terrier, propounded a question.

"Are you all set with Jim Ham on that Federal patronage?" he asked.

"All set," replied the mayor of Chicago. "Jim Ham will make the appointments."

"Oh," observed the heeler, "so he's got ahead of you?"

"No," said Tony. "He'll make the appointments—but I'll give him the names."

How much truth may have been in that assertion only Senator Lewis knows—and he's not foolish enough to tell. All that history records is that he went to the pow-wow and later announced himself as satisfied. Tony made a similar statement. But his brief words on the train really told much more, for they showed clearly his idea of handling that or any other situation. He was the boss, and that was that. If you didn't like it, well, look out.

"I'm running the Twenty-second Ward," he told his precinct captains years and years ago.

"I'm running Chicago," he later told the city's massed Democratic leaders—Irish, Jews, Bohemians, Germans, Poles, Negroes and white Americans.

"I'm running things all the way down the line," he later on told those who counted in the rest of the State.

A lot of people still insist that he learned his politics from George Brennan, Chicago's Easy Boss, but what he mainly learned from George was simply reading, writing and arithmetic. He got them at the Braidwood school down-State, where Brennan, after losing a leg in the coal mines, had turned to teaching, and had among his pupils—most of them the children of Bohemian and Irish miners—this husky boy who drove a mule in the pits by day and studied by night. Politically, the methods of the Irishman and the Bo-

hemian in the Chicago arena, years later, were so different that one is compelled to conclude that Tony studied Brennan, not for the purpose of learning what to do, but rather what not to do.

Brennan—and Roger Sullivan before him—were ardent apostles of the Deal. More, they argued, was to be gained for Chicago's Democracy, and incidentally for Sullivan and Brennan, by soft words and conniving than by the mailed fist and a battle of ballots in the open. Never in their day did the Democrats rise to the power they were to enjoy under the rule of the Bohemian immigrant. Sullivan and Brennan concerned themselves only with the city—Brennan even more than Sullivan—and let the rest of the State take care of itself.

While they reigned in Chicago there were always treaties with the Republicans. So many judges to the Democrats, so many to the G.O.P. So many jobs in this department and so many in that—with the Democrats getting the fewer in most cases. Very rarely, and then only in the case of a national upheaval, did they see a Democratic Governor sworn in, and as rarely did they see a Democratic Senator.

II

Tony Cermak, penniless, walking along the canal on his weary journey to Chicago, those long years ago, thought of the easy-going school-teacher whose fame as a politician had already been carried back to Braidwood.

"So he's a boss?" the young miner probably asked himself as he sat on the canal bank cooling his aching feet in the dirty water. "Well, just watch me."

But when young Tony arrived in Chicago at last he naturally made haste to call on Brennan, then basking in the sunshine

of Roger Sullivan's smile. This was in 1891 and Tony was barely eighteen years old.

"When an Irishman comes to see me and asks for advice," said Brennan, "I tell him to go mix with his own people. You're a Bohunk, Tony, so go mix with the Bohunks and see what you can do. I'll be keeping my eye on you."

Six years ago, a year before he died, Brennan told me that Tony then asked him which boss he considered the most astute of them all.

"I told him Dick Croker," said Brennan.

Remembering that, I asked Tony himself about a year ago who his own choice was.

"Richard Croker of Tammany Hall," he replied instantly.

"George Brennan gave me the impression that, as a young man, you sort of modelled yourself on Croker," I said.

"That's true—but only in my handling of politicians," he replied with a dry smile.

The Tammany method, in truth, was in effect the Cermak method. Tony was Prussian in his dragooning of friend and foe alike. There was never anything soft or slipshod about him. Like Caius Marius, he came from the humblest of people, and like Marius again he pulled himself to power by sheer ruthlessness as a leader. I believe that if the assassin Zangara had come to close quarters with Tony he would have run away shrieking in terror like the old-time would-be killer of Marius. For the chief plebeian of Chicago could have glared down his foe as easily as the chief plebeian of Rome, and might have paraphrased Marius thus: "Slave, wouldst kill Cermak!"

When Tony, following Brennan's advice, settled down in the Twenty-second Ward, that section of Chicago swarmed with Bohemians. He found lodging in the home of a man who had known his family

back in the Old Country. Brennan kept his eye upon him as promised, and within a week Tony was chauffeuring an old white horse for the street railway company. The animal's station was at the foot of a hill, to the ascent of which he would lend his best efforts, prompted by Tony's whip and the curses of the driver of the street-car. At the top of the incline Tony and his horse would hook off and return to the foot of the hill, ready to do the same thing all over again.

Meanwhile, Tony continued to attend night-school, and saved his pennies. His next job, according to the accepted legend, was selling kindling wood. He split the wood, made it up into little packets, and, so runs the story, piled them aboard a pushcart and wheeled his load through the streets shouting as he went: "Kindling wood? Any kindling wood today?"

The tale is one that Big Bill Thompson, defeated by Tony two years ago for a fourth term as mayor of Chicago, delighted to adorn in the heat of the campaign.

"A Bohunk pushcart peddler for World's Fair mayor!" Big Bill would shout. "America First, boys! America First!"

Then Big Bill, always clowning, would chant a ditty composed for him by his private poet laureate, Milton Weil. It has been printed in almost every newspaper in America but I must repeat it as a preliminary to Tony's reply, which did not get quite so much publicity:

Tony Cermak, Tony Cermak,
Where's your pushcart at?
How the hell can you be World's Fair
mayor
With a name like that?

Tony said nothing—at the time. He was one politician whose goat Big Bill was never able to parade. But on the night he was elected mayor by a thumping majority

he mounted the steps of the City Hall, raised his hand for silence, and spoke:

You remember that old pushcart of mine that Big Bill was always talking about? Well, along about the time the polls closed tonight I got my pushcart. I've always kept it by me to stop my head from swelling. I ran her up to the mayor's office, loaded Big Bill into it, shoved him down the steps, and dumped him into the lake.

I am sorry to change anybody's faith in that pushcart. I have written about it myself many times and in many ways, for it makes a good story. But, digging around in the history of Tony, I found that it was in reality an ancient wagon drawn by an old horse. Remembering the horse that hauled the street car I asked:

"Was it a white horse?"

"Yes," replied my informant, a venerable West-Sider. "Tony bought it from the street car company. Seems it went lame when he was riding it and they were going to send it to the knacker. Instead, Tony bought it for three dollars."

III

Tony lived four years in the Bohemian Twenty-second Ward before he attempted to cut a serious figure in politics. But every minute of that time he was preparing himself. He developed his wood peddling business into a trucking concern, founded a building and loan society, and opened a real estate office. Also he married a Bohemian girl, Mary Horejs, a waitress in the restaurant where he was in the habit of eating. The four years gone by, he knew everybody, and was ready to show George Brennan and Roger Sullivan how to play politics.

His recipe was simple. Like his model, Richard Croker, he went to work and kept working. His day was seldom of less than

eighteen hours. As precinct captain, as district leader, as chairman of the ward organization, as alderman, he gradually built up an organization. In it his word was final. He was, says an old associate, "awful fair but awful hard". Nobody else could promise a job in his bailiwick or discuss any other pickings. You had to go to Tony. And Tony weighed your uses and your shortcomings in a thoroughly cold-blooded fashion. Every man who got a job had to give good measure for it, and when he ceased being of any use to Tony off went his head.

Tony had no friends in those days, as the word is defined in the dictionaries. It is, indeed, the truth to say that he had no such friends until Zangara's bullet laid him low. It was not until he immortalized himself with that lofty morsel of bad grammar: "I'm glad it was me instead of you" and showed the nation over nineteen days of agony that he had nerves of steel and the heart of a lion, that Anton Cermak, boss of Chicago and of Illinois, gathered to himself any real friends. But he gathered more of them in those nineteen days than it falls to most men to collect in a lifetime.

Men feared him, men respected him, and his worst foes conceded his capacity, but not many loved him. He presented the paradox of a man climbing to the heights in the great game of American politics by methods entirely contrary to the book of rules laid down by Tweed, Quay, Murphy, the three Vare boys, and even his own model, the only other great foreign-born boss, Richard Croker. Croker could backslap, he could make a deal, he could carry deadwood over the years, and his real friends were legion. There were thus many vulnerable spots in his armor of ruthlessness, but there wasn't one in that of his pupil. He was a hard man always.

When Tony took over command of the Twenty-second Ward it was purely Bohemian, but with the changes that the years bring about (and helped by some redistricting) its complexion changed. Some Irish moved in. So did some Jews, and so did a lot of Poles. Today, under the leadership of Alderman Henry Sonnenschein, for thirty years "secretary" to Tony, the ward runs as follows: twelve Polish precincts, eleven Jewish, five Irish, and fourteen Bohemian.

These changes were in progress while Tony still ran things in the ward, and as they were made he showed plainly that the Brennan and Sullivan style of politics was not the Cermak brand. For years the Irish had been the Democratic party in Chicago. They operated the chief Democratic club, and though they ruled benevolently, they never forgot that in Chicago the Irish were the chosen people. Their word was law to the Jews, the Poles, the Bohemians and even, in spite of many battles, to the Germans. When Chicago's Democracy met in executive session in Roger Sullivan's day the party cabinet included another Sullivan, an O'Malley, an Egan, a Daly, and a Ryan. And when smiling, kindly old George Brennan ruled, though the names changed slowly, the nationality remained: there were O'Brien, Dever, Kelly, Sullivan the Younger, and Igoo.

Even a Democratic President of the United States couldn't have squeezed a Czymczak, a Prystalski, a Cermak, a Rosenberg or a Horner into those conferences, not even if he passed out four Federal judgeships for the privilege. The "foreigners" sat in the ante-room, and when the descendants of the Kings of Munster, Connacht, Ulster and Leinster were good and ready they were called in, hat in hand, and told what to do. At least they were

so told until Tony heaved those prize-fighter's shoulders of his against the door, crashed it in, pulled his chair up among the Irish Kings, and demanded a hand and a pile of chips.

Tony's recipe for success was a simple one. Nationalities seem to last longer in Chicago than anywhere else, but he learned how to iron them out. A foreigner himself, he was the first to preach to all the other foreign-born or foreign-thinking peoples of the town that they should organize themselves into a single entity under the Democratic banner. He showed them the power they could gain by thinking and acting as Americans.

IV

Thirty years ago Tony went to the State Legislature at Springfield, where he distinguished himself as a bitter foe of Prohibition and Sunday closing laws. A two-fisted drinking man himself—though nobody ever saw him the worse for it—he fought the Anti-Saloon League to the instant of his death. In those early days he became head of the United Societies, composed of Germans, Bohemians, Poles and other groups to whom the threat against their beer-gardens was a calamity, and in serving them he broadened the strength and reach of the machine which was growing under his watchful eyes.

He first crashed that mailed fist of his into the local body politic in 1912, when he was elected municipal court bailiff—which in effect was chief bailiff. The day after his election he discharged the sixty-seven under-bailiffs of the municipal courts. The judges protested in fury, insisting that they had the right to choose all the employés working in their courtrooms.

But Tony stuck to his guns and put sixty-seven of his own henchmen to work.

At once he discovered that there was a Sunday-closing law on the books, and that the Republican administration—and the Republican municipal judges—were ignoring it in so far as G.O.P. saloonkeepers were concerned but enforcing it for Democrats. So he sallied forth with his sixty-seven bailiffs and smashed up the Republican drinking places. His enemies, the judges, replied by accusing him of grafting, but when he went on trial he was speedily acquitted. After this he ran for sheriff.

He was defeated but in 1922 he was elected to the presidency of the Cook County Board, a very powerful municipal body, and ran it until 1931. A great deal of work was done during his régime, and a citizens' committee brought charges of graft to the tune of \$1,000,000. Evidences of irregularity were found, but none of it was traced to the county board or to Tony.

In 1928 George Brennan, the Easy Boss, died, and the scramble for his shoes began. Michael Igoe, of the Irish Igoes, let it be known that Brennan had bequeathed the succession to him on his deathbed.

"To hell with that!" was Tony's answer, and the fight began.

The old group, the descendants of the Irish Kings, stood pat for the most part and hailed Igoe as the heir. There were some Irish who swung to Tony's banner, but Igoe went on fighting. Not till the gubernatorial contest last November did Tony finally get him out of the way. Then Igoe ran against Judge Henry Horner, a Jew, and Tony's selection. He was defeated in the primary and in November he saw Horner elected Governor. Then Tony stripped Igoe of his national committee-ship and conferred it on himself.

In 1931 he ran for mayor against Big Bill Thompson and beat him decisively. With his man Horner in the Governor's

chair, his man Deiterich in the United States Senate, and himself the mayor of Chicago, he had everything—or almost everything—in the hollow of his hand. The one possible discordant note came from the senior Senator, Jim Ham Lewis, who considered that he had done more to elect himself than Tony considered that he (Tony) had done. Jim Ham, to quote the mayor, “wasn’t staying put”. Death put a period to the question of what might have happened had the bulldog and the bull-terrier gone to the mat.

At the time of the Democratic National Convention in Chicago last June Tony welcomed all the representatives of his party as graciously as he had, a few days before, welcomed their opponents, the G.O.P. As each Democratic candidate staged his little show Tony was on his seat waving his hat, or galloping down the aisle with the band of the would-be President. This was one time that he chose to descend to the level of Brennan and Sullivan. He was out for a deal, though bothered a little by two stubborn old gentlemen who sat near him on the Illinois bench and kept yelping for Roosevelt. They were ex-Governor Edward Dunne and ex-Mayor Carter Harrison, Jr.

“Tell ‘em to shut up and use some sense,” whispered Tony to Chief Bailiff Al Horan. “Didn’t I put ‘em on the delegation?”

“You ought to have known better,” Horan whispered back. “You can’t shut ‘em up. They’re too tough. That’s one time you slipped, Tony.”

“Yes,” muttered the mayor, “that’s one time I slipped.”

There were other thorns strewn in Tony’s path. He had made Jim Ham a candidate for the nomination as a stalking horse and Jim Ham let him think he would stalk—until the first day of the con-

vention. On that afternoon the senior Senator from Illinois chose not to run and wired Tony to that effect. So Melvin Traylor, the Chicago banker, had to be put up, and Tony rubbed his hands and got back of his counter again.

The trouble with his line of reasoning was that the letter C comes ahead of I in the alphabet, and that William Gibbs McAdoo was at the throttle for California and in a position to announce that he had the Texas train hitched to his engine. So Merchant Tony hastily kicked his counter over and went into conference with the grocer from Indiana across the way, and when his turn came he was able to do something spectacular, after all. Illinois and Indiana lumped their vote for Roosevelt—to the tune of a mighty howl.

During the months just before his death Tony was deeply interested in the beer question. He saw in the return of malt liquor a greater and grander opportunity for working out his cherished dream—the Tammanyizing of Chicago *à la* Croker. Before the old year was out he had the municipal soft-drink license fee hoisted from \$100 a year to \$300. And there was a joker in that. For payment was only to be accepted in the form of 50% or \$150, leaving the City Council—and Tony—with the privilege of another hoist at the end of six months, *i.e.*, after beer actually came back.

Every preliminary license so granted had to pass the scrutiny of the mayor of Chicago. The district leader, the alderman, *et al* could make recommendations, but the final okay was to be his alone. Thus he dreamed of the return of the old saloon system of political organization. He saw the politics of every precinct being run from a corner saloon. He saw the politics of the ward being run from the alderman’s saloon or the saloon of the alderman’s

brother. And he saw the city's politics being run from the bars of the great hotels. He saw a new and powerful machine in the making, and he planned to keep it under his thumb. But death took him before the suds really began to flow.

V

I have said that Tony had no friends in the dictionary sense until his bravery in those last days brought him millions. But he had women and children around him who must have loved him dearly—his three daughters and his several grandchildren. The qualities that were not visible to a newspaper man were pretty clear in the mind of an eight-year-old boy walking along the street hanging on to his granddad's thumb.

I shall never forget, during that terrible all-night session at the Democratic convention, the spectacle of the mayor of Chicago sitting back in his seat not more than eight feet away from me holding on to a large jar of home-made pickled tongues. Regularly he would toss one of them into his mouth. Obviously he was enjoying

them. I leaned over from my seat and beckoned to a friend sitting in the Illinois delegation.

"He likes them, doesn't he?" I observed.

"Yes," replied my friend, "but they don't like him. And he can't keep from them. One daughter fixes them for him and another daughter gives him hell when she catches him eating them. They've just tipped her off that he's on a lamb's-tongue spree again and if you watch there may be some fun."

Sure enough, a few moments later, a well-dressed, good-looking young woman with fire in her eye came marching down the aisle. She stopped behind the mayor of Chicago, whisked from him the jar and what was left in it, and marched away again. Tony grinned, wiped his lips and then turned on the delegation.

"Which of you boys told her?" he inquired.

At the huge funeral which Chicago tendered to its murdered mayor three men of God officiated. There was a rabbi, a Methodist parson and a Catholic priest. Even in death Tony Cermak, who called himself a freethinker, was a politician.

THE NEW AMERICAN DICTIONARY

BY LOUISE POUND

COMPILERS of dictionaries are often said to be too optimistic in predicting the end of their labors. The makers of the Historical Dictionary of American English, now under way at the University of Chicago, are aware of this, and have set no date for its completion. They say only that they are going ahead as fast as materials and funds permit.

They have been at work since 1925, when Sir William Craigie, one of England's most competent lexicographers, equipped with invaluable experience from his work on the New English Dictionary on Historical Principles (now usually known as the Oxford Dictionary), was brought to the university to set in motion the machinery for the projected work and to oversee its publication. When it will be finished cannot be predicted with any certainty. It is still in the stage of collecting material, though some editing is going on. No part of it will be issued during the present year. But the longer the period of collection, the more swiftly, in the end, will go the business of editing. This is because it sometimes takes a long time and much hard work to supply separately any deficiency found in the material amassed.

A large room on the top floor of Wieboldt Hall, a building devoted to modern languages, has been given over to the staff of workers. A collection of dictionaries, reference books, and other volumes that have a bearing on American speech has been assembled there, and it sees daily

use. Already hundreds of thousands of slips are in hand. The way to get slips is to go systematically through great numbers of books. The more books that are read, the more occurrences of a word that are amassed, the more valid the results. A small army of accurate and observant readers is needed to bring to light the needed citations and to establish the facts concerning usage. Much of the work at Chicago thus far has been done by graduate students in lexicography, preparing for the master's degree or the doctorate. A staff of assistants has been provided by the university from its fund for research.

Next to Sir William Craigie, the most important man associated with the compilation of the dictionary is Mr. George Watson. He worked on the staff of the Oxford Dictionary from 1907 onward, and was brought to America by Sir William in 1927. Mr. Watson holds the title of research associate at the university. His range of reading is encyclopaedic and his powers of work enormous. Another valuable assistant is a former Rhodes scholar from Missouri, Allen Walker Reed, who has done much investigating of American words and American place-names.

A few previous collections of material are available to the makers of the new dictionary. The most valuable is that of the late Richard H. Thornton, who amassed a great deal more than he printed in his American Glossary in 1912. Books vary greatly, of course, in their value as

material for the lexicographer. Standard authors like Emerson or Hawthorne or Poe are much less valuable than obscure writers who wrote an idiom close to the people. Washington Irving's "Alhambra" and "Conquest of Granada" afford less material than "The Adventures of Captain Bonneville" and "A Tour of the Prairies." Parkman's "The California and Oregon Trail" is more valuable than Longfellow's "Outre-Mer." Mark Twain is a gold-mine, and some careful studies of his vocabulary have been made at the University of Missouri, inspired by Professor R. L. Ramsay, with a view to their use by the makers of the dictionary. A few other States have contributed local matter, but more is needed.

A beginning has been made in the preparation of copy for the press. One assistant is at work sub-editing the *A*'s, Sir William himself has worked on the *B*'s, and a stretch has been done on the letter *F*. Specimen pages illustrating the character of the treatment have been put into type. After it has been brought together and set up, much of the material is likely to be allowed to lie about in type for quite a while, to be corrected, or supplemented, or modified.

II

At first it was planned to make the dictionary include all words that have appeared in the American vocabulary, but it was soon found that such a work would be too bulky. It is now to be limited to words that have some definite American connotation.

For instance, the word *alabaster* will not be included on the basis of an American poet's use of "alabaster brow" but on the basis of alabasters that are found or mined in America. Many things ap-

proximately like things in England will appear under their English names, with the adjective *American* prefixed. Already the collection shows nearly a hundred such combinations, as *American aloe*, *cheese*, *desert*, and *pancake*.

Less effort will be made in the American dictionary than in the Oxford to have the quotations of individual words evenly distributed in time. The Oxford has been criticized as rather mechanical in this respect. It enters the earliest citation of a word, and then a citation of its use is given for about every century after that. The American dictionary will include the first occurrence found, of course, but after that will follow the most informative quotations, wherever they happen to fall. The alphabetical order will be adhered to more strictly than in the Oxford. The combinations, grouped complexly by meanings, that are included toward the end of the entries in that dictionary will appear alphabetically in the American dictionary and will be much easier of access; and space will be saved by placing unimportant words in small type.

The limits established for the American dictionary will disappoint many who will consult it for recent words. It must be borne in mind, however, that the work is *historical*, and has the disadvantages as well as the advantages of that approach. The words to be included, according to Sir William Craigie, will come under the following heads: (1) Those descriptive of the physical features of the country, as *back-woods*, *bluff*, *canyon*, *prairie*. (As an instance of the extension of knowledge that the dictionary will afford, it may be noted that the earliest entry for *back-woods* in the Oxford Dictionary is for 1822, that R. H. Thornton was able to take the word back to 1768, and that new material has enabled the Chicago lexi-

cographers to take it back to 1746.) (2) Words connected with the material development of the country, as *frame-house, log-cabin, canoe, steam-boat, turn-pike, rail-road*. (3) Terms of administration, politics, religion, trade, and other activities, as *Senate, caucus, Mormon, lumber, elevator*. (4) Colloquialisms and slang, so far as they are especially American in origin or in later use.

Only those words and senses are to be included for which there is evidence earlier than 1900. The history of these may be illustrated down to 1925 but no later. Colloquialisms and slang will be treated as fully as possible down to 1875. After that date the inclusion of this element will depend upon the standing of the word or phrase, and especially upon the existence of literary evidence for it. Sir William believes that the fixing of the downward limit at 1900 is justified by the consideration that if a word or sense cannot be certified as existing before that date it has not yet had a sufficiently long history to claim inclusion in a historical dictionary. He also believes that the further restriction in the case of colloquialisms and slang is necessary not only to prevent this element having an undue prominence in the work ("which is not intended to be a dictionary of American slang"), but also because the collecting of such material

would take far more time than can justifiably be given it.

The dictionary will not deal with pronunciation except where it is necessary to point out some characteristic differences between English and American usage.

It has been disappointing that there have been comparatively few volunteer readers for the work. In this respect the contrast is strong with England. There a large number of country vicars and other persons of leisure did a great amount of reading through many years. The Chicago staff would be very glad of more co-operation. Much material is to be found in the local records of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries, in historical publications, in agricultural reports, and in early periodicals. Other works that the editors think it desirable to examine are early nautical records; early books and magazine articles dealing with banking, the stock exchange or related subjects; works giving knowledge from reliable evidence of the origin of political terms, and the names of religious sects or other organizations; and novels or short stories containing the special terms of industry, games, sports and the like. If the titles of works dealing with such material are sent in they will be received gladly by the dictionary staff, even if the senders have not read and do not wish to read them.

PARADISE ENJOYS A BOOM

BY THEODORE PRATT

IN WINTER a mistral blows across Majorca with such force that most of the trees have a sharp and permanent lean southward. This deadly wind, which often reaches gale force for weeks at a time, serves the needed purpose of drying the land during the frequent stretches of rain or lack of sun. In Summer a warm sirocco breathes upon the nights, making it occasionally possible to go about without a coat.

Majorca has always profited from ill winds, but never so much as from that of the universal Depression. Three years ago but 700 tourists craned their necks at any of its 1350 square miles. Last year the rubber-neck wagons carried nearly 100,000. Never has there been such a pouncing on a locality in the history of the crusade for the cheapest place to live.

If, from the publicity shriekings, the travel outpourings, and the caterwaulings of returned voyagers, there is one person left in the United States who doesn't know what Majorca is, let him be taken aside and quietly informed that it is the chief island of Spain's Balearic archipelago, exactly 132 miles southeast of Barcelona in the Mediterranean. Let him imagine Florida during the expansion of its balloon, much smaller in size, mountainous, and with only about one-third the advantages of its climate, and he will have an approximate idea of the place.

It is for this Golden Isle that the American tourist has deserted France and to

which the American embarrassed by lack of a job has taken himself and his family to live until the *crise* has passed. It is in this Magnificent Paradise that his remaining dollars buy more luxury than in any other place in the world. It is to this European Honolulu that he is joined by his cousins in a like position, the British, the Germans, the Danes, the Whatnot. Even the close-fisted French, who traditionally look askance upon anything outside their own borders, have appeared in some force, largely because, for once, the franc doesn't take a beating when exchanged for a foreign currency. In the sacred name of the Republic, the peseta has been driven lower than since the day the Spanish Armada limped back from its interview with the British, and the world rushes in to hit below the belt.

For the most part the European has contented himself with reposing and living off the fat of the island. But the American, dragging the remnants of his boom illusions along with him and imbued with the business idea, has been satisfied with no such sitting back. He has gone into trade on the spot. He has opened tea-rooms, bars, restaurants, night-clubs, florist shops, and home-made cake emporia. He has started newspapers, lending libraries, dressmaking establishments, travel bureaux, and pensions. Frightened by what was happening at home, he has stopped at nothing to work out some kind of business for himself in the new land of opportunity.

For the first six months the Majorcans were bewildered by the mad rush of these enterprises. Traditionally, they are slow to grasp things. They seemed reluctant to reach out and grab for themselves a few of the golden eggs being laid so fast by the goose that had flown so unexpectedly among them. They thought such rapid development of business was insane. The few Americans they had run up against previously they believed to be crazy, and the women of these Americans, by their strange actions, such as going to cafés without escort and wearing pyjamas on the street, prostitutes.

Gradually they began to penetrate to the fact that money could be made out of the avalanche, which seemed to continue instead of quickly to disappear. The Majorcan remodelled his hotel, putting in just enough steam heat and bathtubs to advertise it. He stocked American and British goods and found that he could sell them at exorbitant prices. He imported dozens of rubberneck wagons from the mainland to drag the curious around. He gave eager sums to the Fomento del Turismo, the local substitute of a Chamber of Commerce.

He added another story to his Summer home and discovered that two *raro* foreign families stood ready, not only to live in it during the Winter when he himself wouldn't go near it, but to pay him a staggering rental for the privilege. He built a golf course. He made sub-divisions. He constructed brand new hotels when the others were full and booked so far ahead that tourists were often left roofless on the quay and sent back to Barcelona. He planned for whole villages to be made over on a modern basis.

In brief, he went delirious himself from the fumes of the gas being used to blow up the familiar balloon.

II

The physical characteristics of Majorca are not exceptional. The mountains are dramatic, but bare, gray, and mostly inaccessible. Only in places can the farming country be called beautiful. The small bays around the island offer the best attractions, but seldom have sand beaches. The roads are mostly a magnificent collection of dusty holes over which anyone in his right senses does not want to drive a decent automobile, for both the machine's and his own sakes. The National Cortes in Madrid, to which an application must be made to break, by hand, every rock in repair work, recently voted 8,000,000 pesetas for Majorcan roads, but, like everything else in Spain, voting the money and spending it are entirely different affairs. It is to be feared that before there is a five-mile stretch of smooth road on the island the tourist bubble will have burst with a tremendous bang.

The American refugee taking up quarters in any of the popular small fishing villages is permitted, in Winter, to step from his house into a sea of mud that is solemnly accepted as a street. In Summer the mud becomes dust that, by the action of traffic and wind, wafts itself up in beautiful clouds, persistent at finding hospitality in his throat and in the farthest crannies of his house.

The houses themselves are, with few exceptions, the most effective torture-chambers yet devised by man. Built of porous sandstone on the single plan of keeping heat out and cold in, they are damp and mouldy. On all occasions they are colder inside than it is in the open. Heat is furnished by rare coal stoves and rarer radiators; the usual system consists of a charcoal brazier with which, if you are lucky enough not to be asphyxiated, you

can keep your toes warm, or a fireplace before which you can roast one complete side of the anatomy while the other freezes. The well full of precious rainwater, open in the living-room, fails to help matters.

For furniture there is practically everything except what is needed most. What the bewildered refugee does with thirty-six uncomfortable chairs lined up in dancing-school fashion is best figured out by himself. In his bed-room he will have a bed, a nightstand, a chair, a mosquito netting, and a crucifix. He can whistle for a clothes-closet or a chest of drawers, and he is on the bowl-and-pitcher and outside privy circuit. Tile floors give him better chilblains than he ever experienced up Maine way. The thirty-five and sometimes less degrees above zero Winter has in waiting for him are worse in a house with inadequate heat and badly fitting doors and windows than a dry North American zero.

The climate is the opposite of the popular conception. The fallacy that any Mediterranean shore is a Winter resort, originally concocted by the British, who are pleased with any kind of Winter in preference to their own abominable variety, has never been exploded. To practically every American the Mediterranean Winter is a drizzly, chilly disappointment, but he rarely suffers from heat in the Summer, which is the only reasonable season.

There are two unique things about Majorcan food. The first is that everything grows so fast it is watery and somewhat tasteless. The second is the uncivilized manner in which it is prepared. Except in the matters of pork and rice, the island's cuisine is distinctly of an inferior grade. The cooks, when they occasionally serve vegetables instead of feeding them to the live stock, haven't the faintest notion of what to do with them. The butchers hack their meat into haphazard sections that

defy preparation. As for the fish, like every Mediterranean species, they are flat and so much flabby gruel. Everything, of course, is cooked in cheap olive oil, which makes downing the concoctions a Herculean task.

On an island of olive and orange trees, any amateur connoisseur of the first fruit would stick up his nose, and the second fruit is available for less than half the year. The famed Majorcan *vins d'or* are green and puckery on the palate, and the quality of the *vin du pays* is perhaps best estimated when it is said that few of the peasants consent to drink very much of it. A fair brandy, mushrooms, and almonds are about the only profuse and acceptable products. For every good native restaurant there are two run by foreigners, and not more than half a dozen all told.

For cities there is exactly one, Palma, the capital, of 90,000 population. This metropolis is about as exciting as Bridgeport, Conn. It has neither the life and movement of a real city, nor the quiet and charm of a small town. When its sea front isn't dirty and squalid, it is rocky and precipitous. The narrow streets are sunless and damp. There are a few fine buildings, such as the cathedral, Bellver Castle, and the Lonja, or old silk exchange, and most of the ancient palaces are still in good material condition, though their moral state is at low ebb, with the antique bargainers carrying off everything movable.

For entertainment there are the bars, the rather synthetic night-clubs, the cafés at which only one or two musical numbers is furnished, several peep-shows, and half a dozen movie houses. At a fishing village movie house in 1932 I witnessed President Taft in the newsreel. Occasionally a third-rate road show appears for a few days, or a dancer of the variety who bills herself as La Argentinita to fool the folks into believing that she is La Argentina. After

ten o'clock at night, when the Palma gals have completed their exhibitionistic strolls along the Borne without doing anything about it, the town is as dead as Muncie, Ind.

The most important sights of the island consist of some caves and a suite of cells in a monastery at a town called Valldemosa, in which George Sand and Chopin lived in sin. Difficulty recently brewed for this latter sight when the owners of two cells competing for the honor of being the right one squabbled so publicly that the authorities closed them both from tourist view.

III

The natives have been slobbered over so much by the travel writers that it is next to impossible for the unbiased observer to get a true slant on them. They have been called the finest people in the world, the most honest, the most obliging, the most courteous, the most satisfied. From the hotel-staying viewpoint they may be all of these things. To a person paying \$24 a month rent for a house that he doesn't know is locally worth \$12 a year, they naturally make themselves agreeable.

From the viewpoint of a person who has lived among them for a year or more and has tried to get a series of things done by them, they are no better than any other peasant race. In the first place, they don't look upon themselves as Spaniards. They are Mallorcans, and proud of it. That entails the belief that they are no man's slave. To keep their word about anything, even when being paid unheard of sums, is a purely secondary and casual matter. Isolated from the world until a few years ago, they continue their habit of isolation from initiative. Even when wishing to make money from the foreigner, they insist upon

doing things their own way instead of the way their employer wants. Their employer is queer and his customs are not to be trusted.

The famed handworks of these people, who are not so much simple as simple-minded, such as embroideries and weaving, are excellent. To most of their other products, however, there is a home-made, amateurish touch. When required to copy an article exactly they usually achieve a few ideas of their own along the route, which are much more agreeable, Señor, than what you had in mind.

Mallorcans are among the cruelest people to animals extant in the civilized world. They think nothing of skinning a rabbit alive or plucking a chicken before it has expired. They kick harmless dogs to death and put out the eyes of cats from pure malicious sadism. That these witnessed events might be isolated cases is just as true as that the happier experiences of the travel writers might be isolated cases.

The natives of the Isle of Light are nearly 70% illiterate. A greater percentage know only the Mallorcan patois, which in turn is a Catalan patois and as far from Spanish as Broadwayese is from Eskimo. It is loud and harsh on the ear. This accentuates their gregariousness, which respects no person. They will press their noses to your bedroom window and stare in for hours. When told that you don't particularly care for this, they feel aggrieved and can't understand it. They make inept servants, and when not shirking their work from pure laziness or contrariness, they are stealing food to take to their own homes in the accustomed Harlem manner.

The feuds carried on among themselves are reminiscent of Kentucky hill-billies. These continue from year to year, from father to son to grandson. And if their

settlement is not as severe as a shooting, it is worse in business dealings than the merciful rifle. The natives are full of the inconsistencies of the peasant. In the outlying fishing villages, when first the foreigner appeared, a great hue and cry was raised about the corrupting influence of the immigrant. While this was going on at a furious rate, respectable married fishermen were sneaking off into the bushes with any young native girl inclined that way, abortions were busily going ahead, and a lively business was being carried on in the smuggling of cocaine. When twenty-five houris were brought from Barcelona to Puerto de Pollensa, the hot-bed of all the villages, so that sailors from the visiting British fleet could be served, not a peep of protest was heard from the local reformers. The houris were allowed to roam the streets in their bathrobes while American women were warned by mayoral decree not to appear in dresses cut too low, and the Catholic party was screeching for all foreigners to be deported to Africa.

IV

Americans long resident in Majorca are fond of believing that the natives genuinely like them. In their presence that is often pretended. But once their backs are turned, they are subjects for malicious gossip and bitter conjecture. This is best illustrated by the fact that the native never, except to his face, calls the foreigner by his real name. Apt and seldom complimentary nicknames are much preferred. Some are Pinhead, Bad Times, the Fat One, Birdcage, Father of the Bastard, Mr. Ha-Ha, and the Monkey. The nickname of the present compiler is El Sandalio, or the Sandaled One. It is explained that this means no offense, being adopted because of a likeness to a Spanish motion picture

actor. But natives cast their eyes down when the character of this actor is inquired about, and something has always smelled a little in any consideration of the appellation.

The matter of the writing in English that has appeared about Majorca is a sad tale. Never have the travel purveyors gone off the handle as they have when they breathed the rarefied air of the Mediterranean Paradise. Their paeans and lyrics have been so fervent that in their passion they have not been able to spell the proper names correctly, as is best evident in Nina Larrey Duryea's "Mallorca the Magnificent". The whole performance has been appalling, even from masters who can't sell their stuff unless they make everything rosy.

When the books have not been heavy, as Chamberlain's famous guide, they have been downright dreadful. The three novels written about Majorca, "The Golden Age," by Dorothy Fisk; "Sea Change," by Eleanor Mercein (Mrs. Kelly); and "The Pride of Maura," by Mrs. Duryea, are all the utmost tosh and drivel. Henry C. Shelley's "Majorca" is the best of the lot, while Douglas Goldring's Majorcan chapters in his "People and Places" and a few sketches in the magazine *Story* are the only first-rate material that has been set down. The latest is Percy Waxman's "What Price Mallorca, or, Paradise on a Dollar a Day." This adds nothing to the quality except that the old tales are told more lucidly, but it does add to the perennial sentimentalizing. In this case, if the author knew a few truths about several of the heroes of his book, he would be astonished.

Story, the only magazine in the world devoted solely to the short-story, four numbers of which were published from Majorca, has been lost to New York. There remain the *Daily Palma Post*, an eight-

page sheet, and the thirty-page weekly *Majorca Sun*, both prospering from boosting the island by American sub-division methods.

Other practice of the arts is seen in the activities of the Palma Theatre Guild, which has produced two inane plays in the worst Little Theatre manner. The natives themselves have been able, in another way, to do as well themselves in cashing in on entertainment in English. Besides producing Lucky Strikes wrappers perfectly printed but filled with sawdust instead of contraband cigarettes, monks sitting in deserted mountain monasteries, with their

incomes cut off by the separation of state from church in Spain, are turning out histories and biographies for the foreign trade. A particularly piquant example is by Miquel Ramis on Junipero Serra, the famous founder of San Francisco. It contains such sweet English as:

Burst the civil war between countrymen and citizens, in 1450, Petra inhabitants took a very active part in it, being hanged many of them from trees. There was baptized and confirmed that illustrious man who so many Indians had to baptise and confirm in the New World. The inhabitants that had carob-beans and asphodel roots for eating, were happy.

THE TRAGEDY OF VACHEL LINDSAY

BY EDGAR LEE MASTERS

WITH Lindsay's celebrity, which came with the publication of his poem on General William Booth, and had been prepared for by the publication of three poems in the Fall of 1912 in New York magazines, that life of study and solitary rumination ended which he had led since his youthful days at Hiram College.

He had struggled fiercely to free himself from a shell of incubation, and had wounded himself trying to do so. Now he was emancipated from the obscurity and the impotence that had cramped his being before. He had something to do to occupy his energies beside introspection and planning, though unfortunately he never ceased either of these. He became a platform celebrity as well as a famous poet, and instead of hearing the windmills afar as he tramped along the Santa Fé trail, he heard the nerve-wracking clicking of Pullman wheels; instead of livery-stables and old sheds in which to sleep on a bed of charity he had hotel rooms amid the racket of cities; and instead of sleeping like a stone after a day of walking in the open air, he often tossed with his head full of blood, and his heart beating from an evening of reciting "The Congo" and "The Chinese Nightingale." Instead of the song of the Rachel Jane along the hedges of Kansas, he had the iterant questions and nervous giggling of club women in the Middle West, and everywhere over America. All this until his nerves ran

blood. No more would he walk from Tampa to Richmond, Ky.; from New York City to Hiram, O.; from Springfield, Ill., to New Mexico. His *Lehrjahre* and his *Wanderjahre* were both over.

His last diaries are full of irritable and querulous exclamations. "I have been highbrowed to death. I have heard enough tall talk to build ten thousand towers of Babel." Everywhere he went he was asked the same set of questions. "I hunger and thirst for a new set." Lindsay had dignity both natural and acquired, but he was also democratic of manner, and quite accessible. On the lecture circuit hand-shaking, autographing, and some dining-out were inevitable. He had burned ten thousand candles, and read rooms full of books, dreaming utopias and his own mastership of the domains of religion and art, and the regeneration of America. It had all come to lecturing, in the face of sworn resolutions that he would never waste himself in any such way.

His diaries are full of ultimatums. He would be an artist with a new art, and thus dominate his city and his State and America; he would be a Christian cartoonist, and thus purify the politics of his country; he would be an art critic and make or mar the fortunes of artists. But to be a lecturer, that he would never be! And here he had become one; and having a genuine gift for the business, equal to that of James Whitcomb Riley, and greater than that of any contemporary American

or Englishman, he was greatly in demand. His world-conquering programmes were cherished with an intensity of preoccupation which was nothing short of megalomaniac. However, when he stepped at last into a place of power, where he could measurably influence the culture of his time, he found that the fatigues of travel and the vexations of the platform robbed him of peace, of the capacity to write, and of health and strength.

Lecturing was a way to live, but though his fees were good, they were not comparable to those of Mr. Masfield, and the other English authors who have a clever way of selling themselves to America, and a free way of making fun of the golden goose which they pluck when they have the mind. No one in the England of his time could compare to Lindsay as a recitationist; and yet, though he might believe in America and her future, and fall to his knees in adoration of republican institutions, he had to face the fact that Mr. Masfield could come to Illinois, to Chicago, and there draw twice over what Lindsay's own fees were for telling a presentably cultured audience about the plots and characters of Shakespeare's plays. This was true all over America.

On top of it Lindsay discovered to his woe that there was a deadly parasitism in the lecture business by which lecture agencies get the fat and leave the rind to the lecturer. Like his mother, however, he lived by forensic excitement, by agitation, and by the activity of that egotism which he confessed he had. At bottom, all this may reveal nothing but a Puritan tampering with life, a kind of fidgety dabbling with the universe, in order that life may be made over in the likeness of the desire of one feeble human mind. It may be, in fact, only an excess of thyroid. At

all events, it is the basic chemical which makes tyrannicides, revolutionists, zealots and founders of religions, and writers of Golden Books of Springfield.

Thus Lindsay ceased to live for the sake of living, for his thoughts and his perceptions, as Thoreau lived. No business man slaving at his desk was more chained down than he was as he traveled all over America again and again, reciting his poems until he could say that more than a million people had heard him. And all this for the mere means of life! He could study an Egyptian grammar in order to draw hieroglyphics, but he failed to take to heart what Emerson said, namely, that "the strength of the Egyptian is to sit still." The touring cars went clacking and quacking in mad haste to get somewhere, and Lindsay sang the folly of such empty activity, but he himself came hastening from the Atlantic to the Pacific—and just for bread, not cake.

He could even observe that in all the cities of America there is nothing but streets for the hastening multitudes, no chairs on the sidewalks, no cafés in which to rest, no place to sit down and enjoy life. But though noting this fact, so significant of America's conception of order and law and the good life, he too ran on, and found no rest except in hotels, where he recuperated for the next day's ordeal. He had sworn himself to beggary and the road, to St. Francis as his patron saint, to Johnny Appleseed as his exemplar; and he became a lecturer; and even so, poverty dogged him and overtook him. His helmet was not the tin pan of Johnny Appleseed, but a cluster of flies about his bleeding forehead. Would he have written more and better poems if he had lived for the sake of life itself? Perhaps not; and so we may refrain from wishing that we might have remade him.

II

In 1920 Lindsay made his first really national tour as a platform poet. In that year he had published "The Golden Whales of California, and Other Poems in the American Language," which had been loudly ridiculed. For that matter, even "The Chinese Nightingale and Other Poems" had been sharply attacked by one of the New York poets in the Chicago *Daily News*, a medium that had a great circulation in Springfield. Thus he was facing the ordeal of keeping his spirit clear and his nerves fresh in the face of ridicule, and while traveling and lecturing.

Lindsay sang naturally or not at all. Criticism only made him self-conscious; it only hurt the sale of his books, and lowered his vitality. Thus at this time, when he was just forty, the shadows dropped about him on every side, and he began to see himself as a mere figurante of the times, whose vogue was passing, and had even passed. All this despite his enormous egotism, which he asserted in self-defense at this period, but vainly enough. His extensive reading at the Art Institute at Chicago, and at Hiram College, and his thorough study of Milton and other heroic poets, had laid a very considerable foundation for a lifetime's work—too broad indeed for his powers, gnawed as they were by congenital weakness of mind and body; and so now the material which he had gathered for poems began to liquefy, to escape as mist, to vanish out of his control.

However, in this year a happy experience came to him, and one which extended his fame and gave him courage. In August he went to England accompanied by his mother, where he was hospitably received in London and at Oxford. "My word, what a man!" said the English, who had

been excited by the colloquialisms of "The Everlasting Mercy." Lindsay was cordially entertained by John Masefield and other notables. On one occasion he received a guinea for a recital; for the rest he exchanged rhymes for tea and cakes, instead of for bread, as on the tramp to New Mexico in 1912. English lecturers at Chicago used to refuse to go on the platform until their honoraria were handed them, but Lindsay, as the pilgrim boy, "lame but hunting the shrine," seemed satisfied. For one thing, when he returned to Springfield in November with the glamour of English recognition clinging to him, that was much; for, above all, he craved the acclaim of his home town.

It now looked as if after long years, after the days of 1909, of the War Bulletins in favor of utopias and Christ and grape juice and chastity, and the disturbing effect of those feuilletons upon his standing in the community, he had captured his people, and could abide in their midst as an honored citizen, a supported institution. But it was not to be so. A banquet was given him and his mother, at which, according to the report of one present, Lindsay betrayed a pride in his English conquest which seemed invidious to the Springfield audience. According to the same witness, Mrs. Lindsay measurably mollified its resentment by a charming talk, worthy of a finished politician in a tight place. Nevertheless, Springfield, which had seemed to open its arms, folded them and stared at Lindsay and turned from him.

He was again on the long, long road, not watching the clouds above the wheat fields of Kansas, and hearing the Rachel Jane, but looking at the country from a Pullman window. For the most part this was true for the rest of his life, making exception of the tramp which he took with Stephen Graham in 1922 through Glacier

Park. While he was on that tramp Lindsay's mother died. This was the disruption of his whole universe. Even a wholly masculine man will feel that the death of his mother severs a spiritual umbilical cord, and sets him apart to live an independent existence, where he must sustain himself as he can. As for Lindsay, who never grew up, whose mother had been his stay even when he disliked and feared her, and his nourishment, his bosom of rest when he loved her, he was struck down into confusion and darkness when this tragedy befell him. He suffered in consequence a complete nervous and physical collapse. In spite of his rugged appearance, he was not a robust man; he was a man of nerves, of inherited pathologies.

Fast following upon the death of his mother came the legal business of settling her estate. Philistine Springfield now saw its opportunity to get rid of Lindsay. He loved the old Lindsay home, he had chosen Springfield for his own for life, but now an artificial disagreement was fomented between him and his sisters, by which he lost the occupancy of the house. Thus his ancestral abode was turned into a boarding-house, and he wandered off. The old heirlooms were locked in the closet, the miniatures of the Nicholases and the Vachels were huddled in drawers, and what Lindsay called "the fat, rich, illiterate, climacteric women of Springfield" rejoiced as they kept well disposed heirs on the warpath by a cross fire of "financial advice."

The house became a sort of show place where visitors were conducted to the room where Lindsay wrote and drew. "All the fat females who were so lustful of useless power, who brought this about, not one of them willingly opened a book in her life." So wrote Lindsay to me from Spokane in 1927 by way of showing that he

appreciated the trying experiences which I had gone through, and was going through at the time, not dissimilar in substance to his own. Considering that he was the only person of the name who had ever achieved anything in life, and that his work gave the only distinction to the name which it had, and also that he was not fitted to cope with the world and to make a living for himself, and that his sisters were married and in comfortable state, he should have inherited the house *in toto*, and thus have been placed beyond the reach of legal attack. Christian mothers and fathers spend their seventy years and more talking of morals and Heaven and righteousness, and yet when they come to any practical justice, like the matter of disposing of their possessions, they often fall down completely.

What should Lindsay do now? He thought of going back to the Chicago Art Institute, and there enrolling for another year. He would thus commence all over, as if he were twenty-one years old. In moments of flush blood he confessed that he was vain, egotistical, and as conceited as a turkey cock. "Just plain, colloquial conceit is the word that describes me. Egoism and megalomania are entirely too lofty." But, nursing his critical wounds, he descended to vast humilities. "I do not want to be asking the humblest place as a poet. The only words that ever cheer me up are bard, ballad singer, troubadour." He was also planning, theorizing and dreaming as of old; but in a stranger way, perhaps, than ever. In his eighty-fifth year he wanted to be a Senator well known for his drawings. He even thought of running for Congress. Again he looked forward to his one hundredth and one hundred and fifth years, when he would be producing drawings based on Chinese script and Egyptian hieroglyphics.

In this bewildered state of mind he went to Gulfport, Miss., in the Spring of 1923, where he became a resident poet at Gulf Park College. That was one of the fashionable prescriptions of the day, as the result of the Poetry Revival of 1914. But Lindsay's experiences at Gulf Park only added to his misfortunes. He did not please the authorities of the college, and they greatly displeased him. His work was not congenial, and it was complicated by a romance which the college authorities presumed to disfavor, and which the object of his interest did not reciprocate.

Lindsay's love-life is reticently concealed in his papers and diaries. But the facts are that while he was at Hiram in 1904 he became engaged to a Springfield woman and the engagement lasted for several years. When he saw that he could not, for money reasons, marry this woman, he asked to be released, and he was released. In the beginning of his fame he devoted himself to another woman, but she could not see him in a marriageable light, and so married another. Lindsay dreamed of love all his life, and his Eve poems and others are full of passion. All the while he remained a virgin and was very proud of the fact. As a little boy his father had terrified him with talk of venereal disease, and this fear, coupled with religious scruples, kept him on a lonely path where he was miserable enough, even to nervous disturbances and physical ills which were the result of his celibacy. On the other hand, he never had many temptations to lapses. He was not attractive to women, first because of his moral austerities, and second, because his manner was self-consciously histrionic, and lacked the simplicity which guarantees comradeship and understanding.

When he went to Gulf Park he was but forty-four, which is to say, he was at an

age when many men are youths in body, and men in minds, and for this double power are irresistible magnets to women of understanding. At this time he had celebrity, which in a place like Gulf Park may have been even awe-inspiring. But this did not overcome his lack of emotional attraction. Lonely and grieving, half discouraged and growing more afraid of the desolate years crowding upon him, hungering for affection, for comradeship and understanding, he was altogether in the most sensitive state that it is possible for a human being to be in.

Thus fated, he met with an admirable woman still in her early twenties, and his heart flamed with an intense and subtle fire. She did not return his passion, and did not consider him at any time as a possible husband. Many young women would have been flattered to death by this court paid by a celebrity, and they would have led Lindsay on, drinking his heart's blood like a Clarimonde, but flying from him when he was completely fooled and had nothing more to give. The young woman in question behaved toward him with the most perfect honesty and frankness; she indulged in no coquetry, she told him from the first in the most straightforward way that she felt no emotion for him, and never could feel any.

Lindsay was hurt; but the matter is less important than other things which bear upon his tragedy. The malapert intermeddling of a relative embarrassed him with the college authorities. Though there was no romance on the woman's part to rupture, his devotion was made the occasion for this presumptuous interference, which disturbed his position in the school. In Lindsay's state of health and mind this blow from a quarter where he had the right to expect good will and good judgment in his behalf was humiliating to the

last degree, and helped to stagger his insecure psychology.

It must be said to his credit,—indeed, it cannot be overstated—that he was a generous heart, a fair mind. Despite his training and his heredity, and his intense prepossessions, he said farewell more than once without bitterness; more than once he kept the memory of lost loves in chivalrous and tender memory, without any resentment. What is more important, he overcame many weaknesses to be a joyous and hopeful singer. He had as much reason to take to drink as Burns or Poe had. He could have turned to misanthropy with as much justification as Byron did. But though he was not a great power like many poets who could be mentioned, he behaved like one in these exigencies, when his towering imagination was threatening his thinking and clouding his vision. His production as a poet cannot be fully appraised without taking into account the difficulties, external and internal, with which he bravely coped.

III

But this was not all of the Gulf Park crisis. The most poisonous arrow which had entered him by now was the growing sense that he could less frequently transcend himself, as he had done in such poems as "The Chinese Nightingale", that his material came less plastically and manageably to his hands. He accepted this defeated romance as evidence that his powers were waning, else he would not have been rejected, a false conclusion but a natural one in the state of his lowered self-confidence. In this condition of affairs he wandered on, this time to Spokane.

It was the Spring of 1924. He gave no hint that he would not return, but that was his purpose. He felt that his plans at Gulf

Park were thwarted, that they wanted to make him a routine teacher, which was contrary to the understanding. He felt that he was isolated, that he was not appreciated, that his books were not read there, nor was any attempt made to have them read. He said that no one read his books from Gulf Park to New Orleans. He was burying loyalties to his art, and to his writing in the thankless duties of the school. He was unhappy about his mother's death, and depressed about his isolation and the failure of his influence as a resident poet.

But when he got to Spokane all was changed. There he found Percy Grainger, the composer. His hotel rooms became an artistic center. He began to write again, and to chant and sing at the nearby colleges. His spiritual nostrils inhaled reviving oxygen; and in this situation he decided to make Spokane his home and to return no more to Gulf Park. When he disclosed his intention to the school authorities there, they accused him of a breach of contract, but he argued out the matter with them, and adhered to his purpose to stay in the fascinating Northwest, where he had found attention and friendship of the kind that were honorable to his position in life.

After he had been in Spokane about a year he met Elizabeth Conner again, whom he had first seen in 1912 at Mills College, when he was returning to Springfield from the tramp of that year. She was then a little girl; now she was a woman of about twenty-five. She had been well educated; she was devoted to poetry and wrote it skillfully; she was well read in many literatures; but above all, she was a woman of fine breeding, of lively spirits, of sanguine vitality, of a fine integrity of mind and heart. She was variously trained and equipped to be the wife of a poet, and no

other woman of Lindsay's life was so well fitted to fill the difficult rôle which she undertook with a brave heart and a devoted spirit. Thus it was that he had this interest to keep him in Spokane for the time. They were married on May 19, 1925, and tramped as a honeymoon excursion through Glacier Park, where Lindsay wrote many poems, some of the most musical and poignant of his whole life.

But Spokane was not the utopia which he had dreamed it was. Lindsay declared in letters that Spokane had invited him to be its guest while the Springfield estate was being settled and during this period of mourning for his mother. He discovered that he was a paying guest, and the millionaires there gave him to understand that he was to do something for their hospitality. They suggested that he might be made a special writer on one of the morning papers, if he proved to be tractable. They hinted that he should emulate the work of Eddie Guest and not play high-brow any more. They enjoined upon him that he cease his eccentricities, change his church to the Episcopalian, write up the president of the Greeters' Association, regulate the number of his children according to their ideas, put himself at the disposal of no one worth less than a million dollars, write poems on William Waldorf Astor instead of on Andrew Jackson, and turn himself from a Jefferson Democrat into a Tory Republican. When he didn't and wouldn't do these things he discovered that the hospitality of Spokane was counterfeit. Stories were started on him that he was affluent, and wouldn't pay his bills, that he was subsidized by a railroad, that he and his wife were in disharmony and had started to be divorced. Such are the charges which Lindsay made against Spokane in letters written by him at this time. He said:

I am certainly a citizen of Springfield, and will be till I die. I want to get back there as soon as possible, to my birthplace with my wife and children, and stay there forever. I see no reason why I should be banished like Dante, and heckled by strangers. They heckle me and then say "Isn't it sad?" These are the things that keep me from being the singer that I once was. I want to sing and I want a place to sing. Why should the room where I once wrote be exhibited as a commercial curiosity, while I have to fight for the chance to live there? It is like cutting off the leg of a perfectly well man, and then exhibiting it in alcohol in a museum. They all expect me to be as good a lawyer as Elihu Root, and as good a poet as Homer twenty-four hours of the day, or else to take the consequences. And how they love to break me, and then try to pity me!

And so in the Spring of 1929 he returned with his family to Springfield. He had been lecturing while at Spokane, and he continued to do so now. He was nearing fifty, and needed honor, love, troops of friends. He had none of them. If Philistine Americans withhold their support and friendship from the radicals in literature, upon what ground did they deny them to Lindsay the conformist? During these years he had frequently passed through Springfield, looking longingly at the old scenes. But he wanted to return there as a conqueror, and he tried to dramatize such an entrance, with results soon to be shown.

Illinois, like the other States, has always been devoured and ridden by bureaucrats, by parasites, by poseurs and patriots, by Cagliostros of all causes. In Chicago there were firemen's pension funds for those who sprinkled water on houses afire. There were municipal employés' annuities to feed those who carried elections, and got jobs thereby, and then fed at the public trough for years. There were park employés' annuities, and policemen's annui-

ties, and annuities for employés of the public libraries, for those who handed books from shelves, Lindsay's included. There were teachers' pensions. Illinois had given purses to the widows of dead Governors, and Governors, at that, who had betrayed the State and civilization.

Lindsay was greater than any Governor, and he had spent his life trying to enrich and ennoble his State, not to impoverish and degrade it. Illinois could have honored itself by granting him a life pension of \$150 a month. In that way he might have returned as a conqueror to his old home. Instead he entered Springfield only to start forth again on the soul-exhausting lecture platform, where a stereotyped demand for "The Congo" compelled him to recite it until he trembled from head to foot with revulsion when he heard the title spoken. Illinois's wealth was \$22,000,000,000 at the time; Chicago was full of millionaires; Springfield had many too; and some of these had made their money by exploiting and stealing the resources of the State, and by operating mills of ignorance and calumny. They had thriven on the fame of Lindsay. But prayers and editorials and wreaths are cheaper than pensions, and make as much noise.

IV

His years of lecturing while at Spokane and after he returned to Springfield may be considered together for their bearing upon his failing powers, and the evidence of failure as shown by his letters and diaries. He often wrote to his wife in words which tragically told the impact which fatigue and dispraise, and the lessening interest in his work, were making upon his vitality. His was a centrifugal nature, expansive and discursive, and therefore lyrical. As he went on and the centrifugal

forces in him increased under the relaxed check of languor and self-pity, these forces became wild flames at times, flames of spurts and flares, which were no longer the steady fire of the crucible. Lindsay strove to acquire a good prose style, and at times he wrote prose of tolerable merit. His poetry is rarely distinguished by really magical words, by the one word which opens up vistas of vision like looking through a fieldglass. But in this bewilderment of his mind his prose now became verbose, and his poetry spread out like a stream in a swamp, without direction, without a current, full of sediment and floating stuff.

His habitual ideas, such as magical Springfield, cathedrals, the Virgin Mary, the bringing in of a new era of music, poetry, liberty for America, became less like the speculations of Swedenborg, and more like the Cumorah visions of Joseph Smith, or the hallucinations of Mohammed in the cave of Mount Hira. Yet he could still write in this admirable way:

I see this whole land as a unit. I have traveled over it so much, and a thousand songs and drawings have almost reached the surface about it. . . . I seem to have a kind of heartache for every State in the Union, no matter how silly that may seem. I love the United States, and in spite of all the struggle of this tour I love the land that I have passed over. Every morning from the train has been lovely.

Whitman never said anything more heartfelt, more devotional to America. But both struggled in vain to express their love. Sometimes Lindsay seemed to capture his vision by apostrophes to the Republic of Jefferson, as Whitman sang an America rising free from every species of Toryism to the heights of new life for a new race. But neither ever captured the central idea solvent of the whole, and in

Lindsay's case the teasing vision contributed to his torture. And so from writing like the above he could turn in the path of a circular psychology from happiness to melancholy; he could fancy that he was experiencing an accession of the queer strength which was his between the time of his War Bulletins and the time he wrote the Booth poem. He could write, "I have to grow up and be a statesman. I just can't be a boy any longer."

Though he feared New York, though he had been greatly damaged by the iota-subscripts of the reviewing world, he was still carrying on a correspondence with many of them, as he had done for years. He was still giving them honorable place in his prefaces, as he had put them into "The Golden Book of Springfield." One can't escape the feeling that these were obsequious gestures; they make a false note in Lindsay's character. He was a good deal of the time wise as a serpent, but when struck on the head he could mourn like the dove, and hang the wounded brow and speak soft words to dissuade enmity from dealing further blows.

His handwriting now showed signs of degenerating. Sometimes he wrote a rolling Spencerian hand which made the page look like a poster; again he wrote with a stub-pen which gave his script the appearance of being done with a Chinese brush. He abandoned his asceticism to the extent of taking up cigarette smoking; he drank coffee to excess; and he changed his mind on Prohibition. "The dry issue is a private and personal question." So Springfield had said to him in the days of the War Bulletins and of his crusades for Prohibition and chastity in the name of Sir Galahad. After countless prayers to Lord Christ, after seeing Christ in a vision as Immanuel playing a harp, he chose Buddha as the chief character of history, and the Ameri-

can flag, not the cross, as the object of his highest devotion.

All the while he was occupied with self-analysis. He was resisting a sort of electrolysis of soul with the immense egoism and pride which he had inherited from the Frasee blood, his mother's people. He was now habitually thinking back to the days of his precocity at six years; and every influence of that far time from his grandfather Frasee demanded that he be restored in these turbulent forties to some Olympian aspect. He was having dizzy spells on the platform, and was in terror lest some time he would collapse before an audience. He thought these attacks were the result of cutting his nerves into three pieces to win first honors in creative work in speaking, writing and drawing; and that he had rhythmic exhaustion.

At the Chicago Art Institute and at Hiram College he went without proper food and had insufficient sleep; and his diaries show a course of reading, and hours of reading which are prodigious, and remind one of the student days of Shelley. He thought that these sedulous, tireless days had damaged his constitution; but something more fundamental was eating away his life than those faraway indiscretions. His mother as a very young woman suffered a severe sunstroke which wrecked her nerves for life. Lindsay was born with a caul over his face which the midwives in the days of Chrysostom sold for magic rites, and as an implement of prophetic power. To come to something more scientifically concrete, mention should be made of the heart attack which he had just before going to Gulfport in 1923; and another which he had shortly after his marriage in 1925.

I first began to know Lindsay while the Spoon River Anthology was in the flush of its acceptance. At that time my visits to

Springfield were frequent, as my father and mother lived there. My mother and Lindsay's mother were cordial friends; and on one occasion when I was there Lindsay and I were entertained at dinner at the home of the caretaker of the Lincoln monument, whose wife was a cultivated woman, and a friend of my mother's. Between this time and 1920 I saw Lindsay in Chicago frequently, which in those years was a Mecca for writers from all over the world. I saw him in 1925 when he came to New York with his bride; and again in the Spring of 1926, when he was in New York and had a meal with me at the Players Club. At this last meeting he did not seem greatly changed from the man I knew in Springfield; though upon reflection I know that he was not the rugged man that he seemed. He stood perhaps five feet nine inches, and seemed to weigh from 150 to 160 pounds. His hair was sandy brown, his eyes gray to yellowish-bluish, his nose large and fleshy, his brow retreating, and with a Neandertal ridge over the eyes.

His jaws swept and curved from the ear to the chin, which was rather pointed and stuck forward with assertion. His mouth was ample, with the upper lip protruding beyond the lower. Its gulley from the nose down was deep. When he talked the corners of his mouth clung together, giving at times a sort of lisp to his enunciation. The whole contour of his head was a rhythm which swept back like a leaning zero. He looked at times like Pierrot, like a clown with the paint washed off. This leaning sweep of his head was accentuated by his posture when facing one in conversation. Then it seemed further thrown back, and his eyes squinted elephant-wise, as if he were not sure of the tenor of what was being said to him, whether it was friendly or satirical. These mannerisms had the ap-

pearance of vanity and self-sufficiency, and he had both those qualities.

On this occasion I could see that he had been cut into humiliations by indifference and ridicule. He said to me that at the beginning of his career he had to bar the door of his hotel in New York, and employ a secretary to answer the telephone, and to turn away interviewers, but now no one noticed him. I told him that this was perfectly natural; that he was no longer a curiosity; that New York had seen and heard him, and had turned to other novelties. But he was not comforted. When we parted I saw that he was an unhappy man; and as he walked away from the club I stood and watched him as he went toward Fourth avenue, rolling from side to side like a tired man, and casting up his head as if talking to himself as he proceeded and disappeared. It then occurred to me that he was not the strong man that he seemed to be. From New York he wrote to his wife that he was no longer wanted there, and that people had shown it plainly enough.

Not as Shelley, who thirsted for the "music that is divine," Lindsay according to his nature dreamed of home, of ships of love that would take him thither; hence his wandering from Springfield to Gulfport, and from there to Spokane, and from there back to Springfield was a trail of blood. Everywhere he dwelt in cuckoo cloudland; and it was not wonderful that though he had been driven out of Springfield he could yet dream of that place as an "old battered, scratched violin," where he could recapture his art, and play at last his "most modern and ultra tunes." What he really needed was a vegetable garden, an old house, an old chair, and a contented spirit. He needed to grow up. The curled darling of his mother, the child wonder of the high-school had become a man in

body, but with a Narcissism which stunted his development.

It was not out of key that he saw every soul as a circus, and that he could reduce human existence to the tropes of the sawdust ring. Even Jesus, with him, was a sort of Santa Claus. He coupled angels and clowns in his imaginings; Christmas trees abounded everywhere; and when he saw Heaven it was under the white top. When he dreamed of love it was with an equestrienne with whom he would dance and howl for God, while he whirled her over his head, and the two of them leaped from white horses to the rings of Saturn. The imagery of the Old Testament exactly suited a creativeness so evangelical, though in his thinking moments he could speak, as Jefferson did, of the prophetic writings as ravings.

V

Springfield gave Lindsay a welcome, and he settled down in the old house which had been reclaimed for him by a leasehold arrangement. He planned now to force on America a complete new conception of music; a complete new conception of Americanism; a complete set of new religious ideas; a complete set of new ideas of design. He hoped to surpass William Morris as an artist, after a quarter of a century of making drawings which were utterly bad, and after the most friendly critics had told him that he could not draw; and what is more, after repeated confessions to his diary, and even in prefaces, that he had no talent as an artist. With all this appalling programme on his mind, he started forth to lecture, to pay taxes on the old house in Springfield, and to meet the expenses of a growing family, as he now had two children. Traveling about wearily, he went to places of lost

happiness, only to find the old faces gone, and new faces in their stead to whom he meant little. Then he would write to his wife, "What I am really hungry for is my youth that will never return."

At this time he was a young man of fifty, as the virile Franklin referred to himself at that age. But fatigue had entered Lindsay so deeply that no sleep but that of death could rest him. The picture taken of him when he arrived in Springfield in the Spring of 1929 shows the face of a man smoothed round by soft middle-age fat. Senility had already taken him, and he knew it. Like Grover Cleveland he was mortified by the youth of his wife, and what he felt was the unfitting age of himself. No torture of the mind was spared him. He began to say that the whole world was his enemy and was in a conspiracy against him; and he had as much ground for believing this as Shelley had, or Dante.

In the Summer of 1931 he rested near Hazelhurst, Wis., where he sojourned incognito. "My head is clear as a bell for reading," he wrote to his wife. "It's my poor heart that needs the harness. There is no vacation for my heart. Always it will tear itself cruelly for you. And I know you need kindness and wise coöperation from me. Desperate love does not help." He asked her to practice the piano so that she could play for him during the ensuing Winter. By that music he hoped to drive the "clickety Pullmans and the jazz" from his heart; he hoped for sleep that bromides and luminal would not produce. His letters of these days are autumnal wails; they are gray with the mists of a dying soul.

He would have been better off as a celibate; but after forty he could not stand the loneliness. At the time he married he had reached the point where some sort of companionship and satisfaction of desire had become imperative. But the discipline

of marriage killed the mystic in him; and this was more nails in his feet. What he really wanted was union with the god-head, and next to that was his dream of America. Any other form of marriage was really an impertinence, a sacrilege, an impossibility, and a source of disillusionment, conflict, pain, disaster and death.

When he saw this in moments made clairvoyant by his suffering, he considered wandering off to Hiram College, there to read and write, as he had done as a youth of eighteen. Again he contemplated taking to the road and beggary again. Life had caught him, and he did not know which way to turn, or what to do. His attitude toward sex was complicated by a poor sex education, by his fear and hatred, love and dependence upon his mother, by a morbid fear of old age and frantic hunger for youth, by waiting too long for a normal sex life, by the unhappiness of his own parents together, by a Tolstoyian conviction that sex was debasing, by his aversion to reality, by the tragical loneliness which is always the concomitant of genius. Added to all this was a pronounced case of virgin fixation, of mariolatry, of which his letters to his wife are full, telling her of dreams that he had of the Virgin Mary, and asking her somehow to have the same dreams.

The time was come, too, when every injury done him came back into his mind fresh as on the day of its infliction, and even redoubled in its malignancy. Among all the persons who had hurt him he saw his mother as one of the chief. When his sister asked him to dedicate a book to her memory he wrote to his wife that he was expected to do it "in spite of the fact that my mother fought me like a wild cat over every poem I wrote till she found Oxford listening to me. My mother had great qualities, and I tried to do them justice in

'Adventures While Singing These Songs,' which covered the ground till I was seven or eight; but whatever I owe my mother or father, I certainly do not owe them the dedication of a single line I ever wrote. 'The Hearth Eternal' is an idealized picture of her."

On the other hand, in moments of soundest judgment, Lindsay esteemed his father, and longed for that "Old Cinnamon Bear," to clothe his son with the virility and common sense which distinguished him. Many books have been written to show that Christianity has emasculated the world, that it shoved aside the enlightenment and the wisdom of Hellas for a doctrine of superstition and ignorance and weakness, and thereby put the control of the world into the hands of the dregs and the unwashed and the Gadarenes, led by clerics, bigots and demagogues; and that it supplanted the rich, profound and life-giving Plato by the epileptic Saint Paul. Lindsay's life and work are other instances of what Christianity can do to a mind. In Greece he would have sat at the feet of Pindar and Theocritus.

In spite of his ultimate opinion of his mother he carried to the day of his death a sheet of paper on which she had written Browning's lines:

Grow old along with me
The best is yet to be,
The last of life for which the first was
made.

He tried with all his might to believe that the best was yet to be. But neither a moral will long exercised, a really heroic mastery at times of congenital weaknesses, nor religious faith, nor love of Christ, could save him from the blackness of despair which settled clear to the horizon in the Fall of 1931. In judging of his career, even in adequately appraising what he wrote, full consideration must be given

to the handicaps he overcame, to the defective mentality which he corrected in a measure, to his resolution, to his will to see life as good and as happiness, to the songs of joy that he sang in spite of pain and ridicule and discouragement. His life so regarded was a radiant triumph of mortality over great obstacles. For at last, although he wrote pages of sorry trash, his best work constitutes the largest body of inspired lyricism which any American has contributed to literature. He had more ideas than Poe, and nobler and saner ideas; and by that test "The Chinese Nightingale," "The John Brown Trilogy," "Old, Old, Old, Old Andrew Jackson" and "The Virginians Are Coming Again," are greater poems than "The Raven" or "Ullalume." What in Coleridge is so original as these poems of Lindsay's?

VI

On November 30 he gave a lecture at the First Christian Church of Springfield. He had returned from a tour in the late Fall, which was marked by a distressing discourtesy in Washington. For some reason the audience there, to the extent of about two hundred persons, walked from the auditorium. With all that has been recounted, this Washington humiliation was deep in Lindsay's mortification; and in the week before his death he showed alarming symptoms, though a slight diabetes and a somewhat high blood pressure seemed satisfactorily corrected. The Springfield appearance was a heartening experience. When he found the audience large and cordial, and the applause enthusiastic as he ended, he turned to a friend, saying, "I feel that at last I have won Springfield."

But this success contained no heart cure of moment. The week following he was

up and down in bed, at times too exhausted to go about safely. The afternoon before his death he was at a tea with his wife, where his laughter and humor seemed assuring on the matter of his peace of mind, his ultimate restoration to health. But these were merely surface phenomena of really ominous import, if they had been rightly diagnosed. They were the smiles of a man taking possession of all his stored-up heroism to face the end. That night at home he became very weak and fatigued, his wife finding him in bed before the dinner hour when she returned from an errand. He came down to dinner, but ate little, and wept as he said that he was an old man, and that his career was ended. He returned to bed, but could not stay there; and so he was in bed and out of bed wandering about the house, descending and ascending the stairs, going over his books, and the photographs of his wife and children. At last his wife, who had fallen asleep for a few minutes toward 12:30, was awakened and in the morning heard him about the house, and went to the hallway in time to see him fall by the door of his room. He was put in bed, but died before a physician could arrive, who assigned as the cause of death the clogging of the coronary artery.

His funeral was as distinguished as sorrow could make it, and the desire to erase past neglect could contrive. The City Council of Springfield and the Legislature of Illinois passed resolutions of respect, and sermons and orations filled Springfield at the churches and in the schools, to the accompaniment of many tributes from the American press far and near. He was buried not far from the tomb of Lincoln, and committed to the centuries as his idol had been sixty-seven years before.

The much deceived Endymion
Slips behind a tomb.

DAY-DREAM

BY MYRON T. TANNER

NEWTON had once been a firm believer in free will. But now, having fallen into certain attitudes toward his wife, these attitudes had become so automatic that getting rid of them seemed impossible. The more he tried to adopt a tolerant, casual manner toward her, the more fiercely did his habitual reactions cling to him with myriad appalling roots. He recognized sadly the phenomena of impulse over-riding reason, the reason he had until lately prided himself upon. Each time he resolved to remain affable and humorous when Lisa spoke in her customary curt, excitable fashion, the hot impulse to let fly at her in a like manner returned, and he was again undone.

That morning they had had an interminable argument about his linen. He suggested that since the laundry they patronized was returning his shirts without buttons and with serrated neckbands, it might be advisable to change to another. She contended that the Silver Laundry was the best, as it ironed her flat work free, whereas the others did not. Thus it allowed her freedom from ironing, and ironing would interfere with her bridge lessons. These lessons, he observed tartly, were making a dent in his pocketbook and turning loose an ass in the home.

"So, that's what you call me?" she cried, tossing her wheat biscuit into the marmalade.

He realized that it was useless to explain that he had meant the ass in ques-

tion was himself. If she would only allow him to finish his sentences! She had no objectivity, he groaned, so instead of attempting to explain, he stopped her with a gesture which brought down two china plates and three tea-cups.

The crash alarmed her, and complaining that he was now smashing her dishes along with her heart, she burst into sobs. Touched, irrationally, by her sorrow, and forgetting that she had met his casual suggestion with barbed vehemence, he took her in his arms, patted her, and let her cry on his lapel until her grief turned suddenly into sensuality and she forgave him with a shower of moist kisses on the neck and chin.

"I'm sorry, dear," she murmured, twisting his smoothly brushed hair into absurd spikes. "I'm sorry I was so mean," she moaned, shivering voluptuously against his waistcoat.

"So am I," he replied sheepishly, longing to cry out "To Hell with you!" He realized acutely what a gulf lay between them when his irascibility was aroused. Life, perhaps, was pleasant and without friction among phlegmatic people, but wasn't Lisa at the opposite pole? Wasn't she downright neurotic?

He looked down the corridor of his days and saw, in bleak repetition, a succession of bickerings, quarrels and reconciliations, and he shivered as much as she did in his arms. Evidently she thought his shivering was ecstasy also, for she opened her

eyes and smiled. Again he was tempted to heave her from him and stalk out of the door and her life. But that curious inertia, as always, overcame him, and instead he caressed her hair and begged forgiveness. Then he cursed himself for expecting her to be reasonable.

"King Midas had ass's ears," he murmured into her ear.

"What did you say, dear?" cooed Lisa, running a soft palm over his freshly-shaved chin.

Realizing the fatality of mentioning "ass" again, Newton grunted an incoherent endearment, and agreed silently that ass's ears were all he had in common with the ancient monarch. Gold was not plentiful in the year 1933, especially among consulting engineers. All the contractors were in the bread-lines or sailing out of high buildings, and the bankers were drowning beneath worthless 8% paper. It began to look as if he might soon be compelled to take up some useful profession, such as leek-hawking or ward-heeling. Other than the planning of a few underground comfort stations for public parks and a small hospital, his firm had had small opportunity for the past year to sweat over tracing cloth and beneath glaring bulbs. If he had had more income he might have found solace in spraying his tonsils with bootleg Cliquot sec or in dandling cuties on his knee. But penury robbed him of those releases.

He arrived at the office forty-seven minutes late and dozed until noon behind a cob-webbed blue-print machine.

II

When he awoke he eased his throat with a swallow of corn and went out to a dairy lunch for his soup, roast beef and mashed potatoes. He remained impervious to the

glances of the munching stenographers and usherettes as he stared gloomily into his mock-lentil soup and saw therein reflections from his dead, happy past. He reviewed, without chronological order, the parade of sweethearts he had embraced, and muttered so angrily at his unhappy state that little wavelets, created by his angry sniffing, danced in his tureen and splashed on his cravat of foulard.

He remembered poignantly the days of his still earlier youth, crammed with innocent anticipation, and especially the hours of wading through an amber Springtime pool in which tiny white-bellied frogs shrilled with happy distended throats. Those were the days, he declared, when being less complex himself, living was simplicity, merely eating, sleeping, playing and studying under parental compulsion. Girls and economic strife were hardly comprehended then, and the hurts and disappointments of the day were forgotten in the excitement of vague tomorrows and the pounding vitality in his thrashing limbs. Then he had vaguely wished to become grown-up, but now, while yet young, he wished desperately and futilely to retrace his steps.

This would never do, he realized. There was no point in trying to avoid the present by dredging up the irrecoverable past. But he seemed to have been bled of courage by the storms which hounded his nights and befogged his days. His soup became cold.

Forgetting his lunch, he paid the cashier twice the amount of the check, overlooked the tooth-pick goblet on the counter, and walked into the street. He considered visiting a psychiatrist as he barged through a red signal and was nearly pancaked by a trolley, but shrunk from the thought, fearing he might learn more than he cared to know. He had dog-eared Krafft-Ebing in

his youth, and Freud had once been his oracle. A diagnosis, once learned, might only result in augmenting his jitters. On the other hand, it was hard to believe that Lisa could be persuaded to enter the studio of a psychiatrist. The suggestion would be met with imprecations, tears, hysteria. After all, what did he really want with her?

The novelty of this obvious question halted him before a shop-window. What did he want with her—or she with him? Her sensuous vitality had appealed to him, although caution bade him beware as he marked the traits printed on her physiognomy and further corroborated by her terrier-like movements and outbursts. They were as far apart mentally as a Moslem and a Quaker. She liked bridge and parties. He was bookish and yearned secretly to write. She had thought him “wonderful,” and used to admire his slim fingers as belonging to “an artist’s hand.”

He admitted that being admired so unreservedly had pleased him. But it was different now. He was “unsuccessful, selfish, and an intellectual four-flusher.” He found her presence annoying and simultaneously longed to brain her and to caress her. It was a tangle, yet he lacked the courage to cut it sharply. No doubt she was aware of that fact. He stared confusedly into the display window.

III

The place was a travel bureau. A large poster, done in various colors, saluted him. “Paris, Lyon, Méditerranée” read the top-most line. White block letters spelled at the bottom “Lac D’Annecy.” Beneath smiling skies lay the quiet waters of a turquoise lake, surrounded on three sides by crags and sloping peaks of bronze, while the foreground spread before the

beholder checkerboard fields in gold and tender green in whose center a venerable manor-house squatted majestically. To the extreme left, on a rocky islet, the slender chimneys of another château pierced the clouds, bathed in a rosy-red from a declining sun. Lining the gently sloping banks stately poplars waved their giant plumes in a caressing breeze, while far away on the lake two shining streaks issuing from a shape on the water, indicated the flashing oars of homing wanderers returning from flower-starred valleys.

The scene imparted to him a sense of calm insularity, of hay-scented and sunny leisure and brooding contemplation at the water’s edge. He was sure that in such a place, where he could roam and meditate, drink the white wine and the red, he could eventually give vent on paper to the welter of things in his head. That he would probably be robbed for his keep by his French host did not dismay him, for all things considered, it was better to be pilfered for Art than to be browbeaten for Conjugality.

Hastily he computed what he could raise by mortgaging his house, his furniture and his motor-car. With his checking account it might amount to more than \$5000. That was enough, he was sure, to keep him until either fame smiled upon him or the gendarmes tore up his passport. He remembered Gauguin. That settled it, but he would have an apple-cheeked Savoyard or Provençal milk-maid instead of a greasy aborigine for solace. Then there was the white wine and the red! He was uplifted immeasurably and nearly shouted.

But he remembered the necessary delay, the inevitable bickerings, the prudent secrecy, the passport difficulties. His stomach felt leaden at the thought. He had an impulse to flee at once, but then he would

leave money, property and job behind. But how could he stick it out the next few days? The anticipated horrors made him want to kick in the window, shout, and wave his arms.

"Damn such a life!" he muttered. His imagination pictured the days of impatience he would have to endure. He wanted to go *right now*! But he couldn't face either the intervening days or the flight without money. Frustration made him angry and weak as he walked foggily toward the office, then remembered that it was Saturday half-holiday. He remembered too, that he had promised Lisa he would take her to the Bigwig to see the damned Barrymores. There were no bridge lessons on Saturdays.

The thought of her rekindled his anger. It was she who had got him into this tangle. He'd knock her block off, the wench!

He rode a bus home and unlocked the front door. Lisa called from the bath:

"Is that you, dear? I'll be ready in a few minutes."

She was in the tub. Newton strode in with head abuzz. She was a sight to gladden the eyes of man, but not his.

Snatching up a bundle of laundry from a shelf, he ripped it open, and two shirts devoid of buttons and with saw-tooth cuffs tumbled out. He gaped at them, then slammed them on the floor.

"I told you . . .," he began.

"I don't care *what* you told me," she cried. A white mass of suds slipped down one smooth shoulder into the water.

Boom! he took her on the jaw, and with a startled yelp she slid down into the tub as he stamped from the room. Picking up an ash-tray, he heaved it at a mirror, and showers of glinting triangles and silver crescents showered tinkling to the floor.

"You can't fool with *me*!" he shouted, kicking over a lamp. Then he sat down trembling and exhausted, and regarded his finger-nails with hypnotic apathy.

From the bath came the sound of muffled sobs mingled with the dry soft rasp of a quickly moving towel.

THE SOAP-BOX

THE GOLDEN ELIXIR

ALTHOUGH beer has been used for over three thousand years as a beverage and anesthetic, it remained for my wife and myself to discover at least a dozen other uses to which it can be put. We have a secret laboratory rigged up on top of our penthouse, and we are now giving to the world for the first time the results of some of our experiments.

For a shampoo: Fill a big earthenware mixing-bowl with beer and beat to a foam with an egg-beater. You will soon have a superb lather. Rub it through your hair vigorously. For a goat-curl use bock beer.

For typewriters: Our typewriter had arthritis in the key-joints. Most of the letters suffered from low visibility. The ribbon was anemic. The space-bar had muscular trouble. We put the machine in a foot-tub of beer overnight. In the morning we hardly recognized our little portable. It was swollen to the dimensions of a real machine and was rarin' to go.

Beer Flapjacks: Make a heavy batter of dough. Wrap it around a cold bottle of beer. Place it in a red-hot oven for ten minutes. The great heat will crack and dissolve the glass and thicken the beer in the dough, which will be cooked to a delicious brown. Cut into twelve slices—one bottle makes about twelve flapjacks. Pick out the glass with an oyster-fork and eat hot or cold.

For old razor blades: I had collected about five hundred razor blades in the course of five years. I had tried all kinds of patent sharpeners and found them of

no value. Now I will not have to buy a new blade for years to come. I dumped the five hundred in a keg of real beer. I let them soak for a week. The dullness dropped off them like an old skin. They are now as sharp as an hyena's tooth.

Bald heads: I have been bald-headed since the Harding administration. Although I voted for Al Smith in 1928, my hair continued to fall out. While moseying around our laboratory an idea broke up the morning static. Knowing the chemical affinity between the brain and alcohol, I doused a sponge in beer and tied it to my head, using a chin-strap. In less than a month I developed what I call hop-hair, for it seems literally to effervesce through the scalp.

Beer-dumplings: Make a large apple-dumpling without the apple. Make a hole the size of an egg in the dough-ball. Pour into it all the lukewarm beer it will hold. Boil the dumplings in a kettle for at least fifteen minutes. Serve hot with mustard and horse-radish. Eat with a knife.

Cleaning watches: Same process as cleaning typewriters, with this difference: soak only the works in beer overnight, removing the case. If the watch was a Christmas present and the case has begun to turn green, soak it in ale and throw the works away.

For developing photographs: Soak your negatives in a sink full of beer. This process develops the most extraordinary effects. It not only brings out the face and features with preternatural clarity but also develops nimbuses and auras.

New York BENJAMIN DECASSERES

IF THE REPEALER FAILS

IF THE Twenty-first or Repeal Amendment to the Constitution is rejected by thirteen of the States, the problem of what to do will again face the law-makers. Against that time (if it comes) let me offer a contribution to public thought on the subject.

My contention is that the Eighteenth Amendment is a prohibition on individuals, firms and corporations engaging in the liquor traffic, but is *not* a prohibition on the several States acting in their sovereign capacities. These States may, for purposes of revenue and in the proper exercise of their police power, manufacture and sell beverages of any alcoholic content they may specify. In short, liquor may be sold from State dispensaries direct to the consumer, and the money used to defray the cost of government or for any other public purpose.

The amendment does not prohibit States from engaging in this business as sovereigns, because the States in joining in the prohibition did not specifically include themselves. The prohibition, which is in general language, applies only to individual citizens.

To illustrate my point: some of the States have laws requiring citizens to put in so many days' work a year on the public roads, without compensation, and imposing a penalty for failure to do so. Surely one would think this violates the Thirteenth Amendment, prohibiting "slavery or involuntary servitude except as a punishment for crime whereof the offender shall have been duly convicted". But the United States Supreme Court decided otherwise in the case of *Butler vs. Perry* (240 U. S. 328), a Florida case. The court held here that the State has inherent power to compel work on the roads, and that such a

compulsion is not involuntary servitude as contemplated by the Thirteenth Amendment.

Did the Eighteenth Amendment contemplate a prohibition on the sovereign States themselves? Or was the intention merely to prohibit a traffic carried on by individuals for their profit? A reading of the congressional debates attending the adoption of the amendment will be found illuminating as determining the purpose of the legislators.

It has already been held that it is not a crime to buy. If, now, it is found that it is not a crime for the States to sell, then, the two principal objectives having been attained, what can keep the cup from the lip save some question of manufacture or transportation which, surely, sufficiently clever lawyers can get around?

Springfield, Ill. HORACE A. RUCKEL

 WORDS THAT STUMP
A PHILADELPHIAN

I TAKE two weekly and eight monthly magazines, all high-brow, including THE AMERICAN MERCURY. Never am I forced to resort to a dictionary in the reading of any of them as often as when perusing THE AMERICAN MERCURY.

While reading your April issue I was struck by the especially large number of words that I either did not know at all or of the meaning of which I had but a hazy notion, insufficient for a full and accurate understanding of the sense involved. I decided to list these words. Here they are:—

Words I Did Not Know

Jayhawker	Asphodel
Picaresque	Codding
Velleity	Hoe-down
Pasquinade	Blench

Flaminian	Patten
Slavering	Stephanotis
Pullulate	Coruscating
Fane	Ouzel
Messalina	Sump
Dysphagic	Brobdignagian

(Who ever invented the last one should be ostracised.)

Words Imperfectly Understood

Skullduggery	Gracile	Slough
Fustian	Contumacy	Immanent
Hunkerous	Pilloried	Ecumenical
Chawing	Thrips	Phylloxera
Addled	Clomp	Chaparral

This is to say nothing of foreign words, and such Latin phrases as *Ad Astra per Aspera* and *Usque ad Ara*.

Of course I may be only showing my ignorance and I admit English is not my mother-tongue. But I wonder how many other readers have found these words beyond the range of their vocabulary. In case there are many of us ignorami, may I suggest that you furnish us with a short glossary at the end of each issue? You are fond of indexes. Isn't an index of words as important as an index of ideas? Beside, you will save us a lot of time and much heavy-dictionary handling.

S. NUCHO

114 South Nineteenth Street
Philadelphia

AGAINST ARISTOCRATS

THE dynamic force behind all national progress is mass psychology. The aristocrat hasn't got it. He sits grandly so long as he can bridle, saddle and ride the workers, but, unhorsed, he rolls into the ditch. What he wants is the commons to pick him up and hold the stirrup for him.

Aristocrats are not fit to govern, and that's the reason they don't. They are too self-centered and complacent. Forward movements are impelled by the dissatis-

fied masses, not by the few who have attained a smug condition of comfort and leisure.

PARK ANDERSON

Hogeland, Mont.

DENMARK'S PEARL

YOUR correspondent, Philip Goodman (THE AMERICAN MERCURY, May, p. 122), has apparently never heard of Carlsberg beer, made in Copenhagen. If he knew it, he would certainly put it among the six best light beers of the world. I do not argue, of course, that it is better than Pilsner, but if it is not better than Wiener Gösser, then I simply don't know the difference between a hawk and a handsaw.

A 100% SCANDINAVIAN-AMERICAN
Minneapolis

DOWN WITH PAULANER!

I HAVE a few remarks to make concerning Mr. Philip Goodman's list of the world's best beers, which appeared in this department in the May issue. As far as the light beers are concerned, I have nothing to say except that I can't understand why Mr. Goodman bothered to investigate them at all.

But oh! the dark beers. How Paulaner-bräu can conceivably be listed among the first six is beyond me. It simply isn't that good. Where are Spaten and Augustiner? They certainly belong in the list. If Siechen were dropped out I don't think anyone would miss it. Even Hackerbräu is better than Paulaner or Siechen.

If the list was meant to be a relative ranking, then I should like to know how come Löwenbräu is so far down. I appreciate that there is a strong sentiment in favor of Kulmbacher, and I shall concede

that it is not unreasonable to place it first (although my personal preference is for Löwen). But to put Löwenbräu lower than second place is utterly unthinkable.

Mr. Goodman perhaps means well, but his carelessness has aroused not a little indignation among connoisseurs.

Princeton

ARTHUR M. G. MOODY

YOU-ALL ONCE AGAIN

AMEN to the correction by the editor under "You-All In The Bible" by Darwin F. Boock in The Soap-Box for February. In the first place, *you all* is not used as a hyphenated word in the South, and never has been. It has never been used in the singular by either whites or blacks, to my knowledge, during the fifty-four years of my sojourn here. I was born and bred in what is called by many the Worst American State, where Negroes and low-class whites abound.

It is downright amusing to a true Southerner to read Negro dialect written by persons who, apparently, know very little of the South and the Negro. Some tackle the job with a *grande finesse*, and to judge by what they put out, one would declare they had never so much as seen Dixie or a genuine Southern darkey.

Skene, Miss.

ALBA W. DUKE

QUERIES

41. THE HUMAN RACE.—I find the following characterization of the human race in one of the English weeklies:

The most pernicious race of little odious vermin that Nature ever suffered to crawl upon the surface of the earth.

This sounds like Carlyle, but is it? I have been unable to find it in any of the reference books at hand. Perhaps some learned reader of THE AMERICAN MERCURY will be able to identify the author.

Muncie, Ind.

G. W. CHURCH

42. NARROW-BACK.—I have frequently heard Irish people use the word *narrow-back*. I have searched diligently at public libraries in Brooklyn and New York for a dictionary containing the word, but in vain. Perhaps it is a colloquial or slang expression used in one of the Irish counties. Will some good Irishman enlighten me?

Brooklyn, N. Y.

OSCAR LARSEN

43. STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.—Is there a really good biography of Stephen A. Douglas? I don't know of any. The man surely deserves study. The more I read his debates with Lincoln and his speeches in the Senate the more am I impressed by him. His ideas on slavery were certainly more intelligent and less hypocritical than Lincoln's. If his plan for the solution of the question had been followed there would have been no Civil War, and the martyred President would have gone down in the history books for what he really was, a somewhat taller Buchanan.

Attleboro, Mass.

PUBLIUS

44. DRY HUMOR.—For years I have heard some of my dullest friends praised for their *dry humor*, and when Calvin Coolidge joined the immortals I came across the phrase in nearly every one of the eulogies upon him. What is *dry humor*? How does it differ from ordinary humor?

Los Angeles

SEAN McA.

REPLIES

4. FIDDLER'S BITCH.—Archbishop Laud (Works, edition of 1853-1855, Vol. III, p. 314) said:

'Tis superstition nowadays for any man to come with more reverence into a church than a tinker and his bitch to come into an ale house.

London.

E. C.

22. THE THUNDERER.—Brewer's "Reader's Handbook" (1911) says: "This name was first given to the [London] Times in allusion to a paragraph in an article by Captain Edward Sterling, while Thomas Barnes was editor: 'We thundered forth the other day an article on the subject of social and political reform.' Contemporaries caught up the ex-

pression, and called the *Times* 'the Thunderer.'"

*La Palmeraie,
Hyères, France*

A. J. MAAS

29. OXFORD.—The expression, "the home of lost causes," in reference to Oxford, appears in Matthew Arnold's "Essays on Criticism," p. xvii. Speaking of Oxford, he exclaims:

Adorable dreamer! whose heart has been so romantic! who hast given thyself prodigally, given thyself to sides and to heroes not mine, only not to the Philistines! Home of lost causes and forsaken beliefs, and unpopular names and impossible loyalties.

THOMAS H. MCGRAIL

*Department of English
University of New Hampshire
Durham, N. H.*

30. STAMMERING.—If "A Reader" has not heard of the many cured stammerers in the Kingsley Club of New York and Philadelphia, he could get in touch with J. Stanley Smith, 1307 Walnut street, Philadelphia. He is himself a cured stammerer and founder of this club and of the Smith plan, which is put into practice there. Many of the members would testify to their complete cure and that they *stay* cured. I am just *one* of the many grateful cured members.

Merion, Pa.

M. H. GLOVER

32. THE FIRST 100% AMERICAN.—For Mr. Lincoln Schuster's benefit I transcribe the following from Appleton's *Cyclopedia of American Biography*:

White, Peregrine, the first white child born in New England, b. on the *Mayflower*, in Cape Cod harbor, 20 Nov., 1620; d. in Marshfield, Mass., 22 July, 1704. His father, William, and his mother, Susanna, were passengers on the *Mayflower*. Peregrine became a citizen of Marshfield, Mass., where the court gave him 200 acres of land in "consideration of his birth." He was of "vigorous and comely aspect" and filled several minor civil and military offices in that town. During his early civil life he is described as "extravagant", but "much reformed in his later years, and died hopefully." Peregrine's father died shortly after his arrival in this country, and two

months afterward his mother, Susanna, married Edward Winslow. Theirs was the first English marriage in New England. She was therefore the first mother and the first bride in the country; her husband, Edward Winslow, was its first provincial Governor; and her son by her second marriage, Josiah Winslow, was the first native Governor of the colony.

New York City EARLE F. WALBRIDGE

33. CAMBRONNE.—The *mot de Cambronne* is the saying ascribed to him when, at Waterloo, the Imperial Guard was ordered to surrender: "La Garde meurt et ne se rend pas." It is now quite certain that he never said this, but, like the *mot de Pershing*, "Lafayette, we are here," it will probably survive the unromantic denial of historians. Pierre Jacques Etienne, Count de Cambronne, followed the career of Napoleon as an officer from 1806 to 1813; accompanied his master into the exile of Elba; fought with him during the Hundred Days; was captured at Waterloo; taken to England as a prisoner; and rose to prominence again under Louis XVIII.

CLAUDE J. PERNIN, S.J.

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Xavier University
Cincinnati, O.*

36. LINCOLN'S FAVORITE.—The following, from Volume 43 of Warner's Library of the World's Best Literature, will probably help L. S.:

KNOX, WILLIAM. A Scotch poet; born at Roxburgh in 1789; died in 1825. Except for the well-known poem beginning "Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" he is almost forgotten, although Sir Walter Scott and his contemporaries had considerable regard for his talents. "Marianne" and the "Lonely Hearth" also enjoyed a good deal of popularity.

Your correspondent doubtless has access to Moulton's Library of Literary Criticism, where he will find, Vol. 5, page 30, some interesting biographical and critical material on Knox. The poem, by the way, is entitled "Mortality", and is from a collection called "Songs of Israel".

Missouri State Library A. J. MENTEER
Jefferson City, Mo. Librarian

THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

Life Below the Isthmus

IMPRESSIONS OF SOUTH AMERICA,
by André Siegfried. \$2. 5¼ x 8; 192 pp.
New York: *Harcourt, Brace & Company.*
MEN OF MARACAIBO, by Jonathan Norton Leonard. \$2.50. 5½ x 8½; 287 pp.
New York: *G. P. Putnam's Sons.*

THE literature on South America is almost as vast as that on Russia, but if it can show any better books than these then I have never encountered them. The two authors approach the subject from quite different standpoints, and in consequence there is very little overlapping in their reports. What interests Dr. Siegfried mainly is the *haut politique* of the Continent, and when he turns from it it is to trace the movement of the larger economic forces. Mr. Leonard, on the other hand, concerns himself with the daily life of the people, and tries to discover in it, in a sample community, the essentially South American attitude of mind. Both, it seems to me, succeed admirably. Certainly no other writer has ever written about politics south of the Isthmus more clearly and plausibly than Dr. Siegfried, and certainly none has given a more vivid and amusing account of how the masses of South Americans live, think and have their being than Mr. Leonard.

Dr. Siegfried lays a great deal of stress on a fact that is only too often forgotten, to wit, that South America is not a homogeneous country, but a congeries of discordant countries, some rich and some poor, some highly civilized and some scarcely emerged from savagery. East of the Andes there is a lush region that in-

vites the husbandman and is fundamentally so rich that even its politicians cannot ruin it; west of the Andes there is a desolation that attracts only miners and gamblers. The former is filling up pretty rapidly with Europeans, and they may be trusted to dominate the Indians and Negroes who challenge them, but the latter is too inhospitable to support any considerable white population, and when its mines are exhausted it may revert to the aborigines who now work them as slaves. At the moment there is bankruptcy on both sides of the mountain barrier, save in Venezuela, but in the East it is bound to yield soon or late to the prodigal productivity of the soil. In the West, however, there is less hope. Chile and Peru are quite washed out, and Ecuador and Colombia are going the same way.

Throughout South America, says Dr. Siegfried, parliamentary government is an exotic flower, and has never flourished. He believes, indeed, that its roots are almost as shallow in North America, and hints that only the vigor of the Senate (which has declined immensely since he wrote in 1931) protects us from a frank consulship. The South Americans lack even Senates, and so their only remedy against executive tyranny is revolution. The history of every government among them follows a fixed pattern. First it comes into power by violence, and then it seeks to maintain itself by letting its supporters into the public treasury. In the course of time two things follow. First, the treasury becomes depleted, and its beneficiaries begin to murmur, and second, the patriots of the op-

position begin to murmur even more loudly, demanding a whack at the loot. Eventually the head of the state is deposed, and if he happens to be lucky he departs for Paris with a competence, and simultaneously a new head is installed and his friends begin to graze the somewhat mangy fields of asphodel.

This system, of course, runs into money; in fact, it commonly costs a good deal more than can be raised by taxation. So recourse is had to loans, some of them external. But a new government is naturally not eager to pay for the dead horses of its predecessors, and it never does so if it can avoid it. Not infrequently, such avoidance is possible, as the holders of South American bonds have learned over and over again. In ordinary times there is a favorable balance of trade, but not much capital is accumulated. What comes in easily is spent with an open hand.

Their money does not even remain in the country, for they must go to Europe and enjoy themselves, so they set off in groups, whole families, tribes almost. . . . In South America it is customary to spend more than your income, for you can borrow the balance from your easy-going banker.

But here Dr. Siegfried is speaking of a Golden Age that is no more, and of an upper class that is characteristic rather than typical. Mr. Leonard, in "Men of Maracaibo," devotes himself to folks on lower levels—specifically, to the Venezuelans who live along the shores of the Lake of Maracaibo, an arm of the Caribbean. These Venezuelans are basically of Indian stock, but white blood has been infiltrating into them since the days of the first Spanish invasion. Today they confront civilization at close quarters, for the whole region is peppered with oil-wells, and at every hour of the day a laden

tanker is in sight upon the lake. But the people refuse flatly to be seduced from their ancient ways. They will work up to a certain point, but beyond that they refuse to budge. Their sales resistance is really stupendous. They look at the drummers' samples, but having looked, they pass on into the shade of their sheltering palms, to pluck the sedative guitar, to fish in the opulent lake, and to pursue the expensive arts of love.

Dr. Siegfried notes that all over South America there is a powerful reluctance to yield to either Rotary or Little Bethel. In the Maracaibo country, as Mr. Leonard shows, this reluctance becomes adamant. The people simply can't imagine why anyone should get into a sweat about anything. They have plenty to eat, their houses are clean and airy, the indigenous females are extremely amiable, and the local clergy give little attention to moral theology, so why worry? The government at Caracas is far distant, and General Gomez may be trusted to see that it functions properly, and without too much pother. As for money, it is always obtainable from the Yankees—not, of course, in large rolls, but certainly in *quantum sufficit*. Even the clock has lost its civilized urgency.

Practically nothing in their lives contains a rigid time element. The offices and stores in the towns open at various times, according to what the boss had for breakfast or what he did the night before. Trains start when they feel like it. The movies start when the proprietor thinks the audience is assembled.

These Venezuelans, of course, are fortunate above the South American average, for they have their oil. But even before it began to pour into the fleet of tankers they lived pretty much as they are living now. The early Spaniards tried to Euro-

peanize them and failed, and they have resisted a long series of similar efforts in the four centuries since. All over the Continent, even in the big cities, there is the same subtle but powerful opposition to Northern notions, in trade, in politics, in religion, in daily life. As Dr. Siegfried says at the end of his book:

One can use a Ford and drive it better than the Americans themselves; one can go to the pictures every night and contemplate the depths of vulgarity of the California films; or seek success in the latest methods of mass production, but all this is on the surface. The Spanish tongue, the Catholic influence, and above all the family tradition of the Iberian Peninsula are ramparts which the American invasion cannot scale. The Anglo-Saxons, whether they are English or Americans, may make their presence felt, may even play the rôle of conquerors, but their civilization, curiously enough, sheds a light inferior to their power.

Both of these volumes are extremely intelligent, and both are very well written. Dr. Siegfried covers an immense ground in small space; his little book is a model of condensation. Mr. Leonard is more leisurely, but no less shrewd and informing. The two together have made South America more real, and at the same time more attractive, than all their predecessors.

The Job of the Judge

A JUDGE TAKES THE STAND, by Joseph N. Ulman. \$3. 5¼ x 8½; 295 pp. New York: *Alfred A. Knopf*.

PROBATION & CRIMINAL JUSTICE, edited by Sheldon Glueck. \$3. 5¼ x 8½; 344 pp. New York: *The Macmillan Company*.

JUDGE ULMAN, who is a member of the Supreme Bench of Baltimore, is one of the few judges in American history who have ever ventured to write (or even, perhaps, to think) about the nature of the judicial

art and mystery. I can recall but two others now living—Judge Marcus A. Kavanagh of the Superior Court of Cook County, Ill. (which is to say, of Chicago), and Mr. Justice Benjamin N. Cardozo of the Supreme Court of the United States, the one a waggish fellow with a taste for psychological jig-saw puzzles and the other a metaphysician frequenting very deep waters.

Judge Ulman, it appears, inclines toward his brother Kavanagh rather than toward his uncle Cardozo. That is to say, he avoids trying to determine what the law is, and contents himself with showing how it works. Both in his own book and in the chapter that he contributes to Dr. Glueck's he manages to be extraordinarily interesting, for he has not only given a lot of hard thought to the business which concerns him every day, but also operates a graceful and ingratiating pen. Most judges write as badly as a Congressman, or even a superintendent of schools, but not Judge Ulman.

His tale is one of woe. The thing that mainly harasses a thoughtful judge, it appears, is the gross disparity between what the criminal law can really accomplish and what the public expects of it. He has before him a narrow schedule of punishments, and it is counted on to achieve a long series of goods, ranging from the reformation of the concrete criminal to the dissuasion of all persons who may be tempted to imitate him, but in actual practice it always falls short of some of its aims, and in many cases it misses all of them. The criminal, sent to prison, does not really reform, but simply becomes a professional. The feeble-minded, observing his fate, do not turn to virtue, but adore and follow him as a hero. And the public, begging piteously to be rid of a menace to its life and limb, often fails in its desire

also, for he may break out anon and resume his deviltries, or his term may expire, or some tender-hearted Governor may pardon him.

Two plans to meet these difficulties are currently advocated. One of them, embodied in the Baumes laws, proposes to treat every criminal of any professional pretensions as incorrigible, and to send him up for life. The other, issuing from the studios of the Uplift, proposes to deal with him as if he were sick, seeking to find out what is the matter with him, and, if possible, to cure him. Both fall very far short of accomplishing their purposes. The Baumes scheme fails because it is excessively expensive, because most of the more intelligent and dangerous criminals are able to evade it, and because its execution upon the stupid sometimes shocks the public conscience. And the scheme of the uplifters fails because the public refuses to believe that the common run of criminals are really sick, and because the psychiatrists show no sign of being able to cure them if they are. Thus penology remains in a feverish and unsatisfactory state, and there continue to be demands that something be done about reforming it.

Judge Ulman, it is easy to see, inclines toward the scheme of the uplifters rather than toward the Baumes scheme. A naturally humane man, he dislikes sending men to prison, and even more sending them to the gallows. He believes that there must be some better way to deal with them, and in his practise as a judge he makes constant efforts to find it. The plan of probation gives him some help here, for it converts punishment from a kind of doom into a kind of experiment. But sometimes probation is clearly unsuitable, and in such cases Judge Ulman finds himself facing very uncomfortable dilemmas, with no ready means to resolve them. One

such case he describes at great length, showing the problems that it presented to him and how he tried to deal with them.

The culprit was one Duker, a completely worthless young scoundrel. This Duker began his criminal career as a small boy, and was a veteran of the courts by the time he reached his middle teens. He was sent to various reform schools, and subjected to all the processes that hopeful psychiatrists have devised for dealing with his kind. From some he escaped; from others he appears to have been graduated. All this cost the taxpayers a lot of money, but it did Duker no good. By the time he came to his majority he was a professional criminal and nothing else, and a year or so later he celebrated the end of his apprenticeship by robbing a poor and hard-working man and then killing him in cold blood. For this display of virtuosity he was haled before Judge Ulman sitting without a jury, and promptly pleaded guilty to murder in the first degree. Most American judges would have sent him to the gallows forthwith, but Judge Ulman resolved to have him examined by psychiatrists.

These brethren reported that Duker was quite sane, and even unusually intelligent, but said that he had what they called a psychopathic personality. The essence of such a personality, they explained, is that it makes its possessor an incorrigible criminal. He is not only dangerous to society when he is at large; he is also dangerous to his guards when he is locked up, for he will butcher them at the first chance. Hearing this, Judge Ulman sentenced Duker to death. But at the same time he issued a memorandum on the case, and this memorandum has since caused a great deal of tongue-wagging in Maryland. For in it he argued that Duker should really not go to the gallows at all, but should be incarcerated in a special institution for

psychopathic personalities. And at the same time, at least by inference, he denounced the State of Maryland for not maintaining such an institution. The net result was that the Governor commuted the sentence to life imprisonment, on the ground that it was absurd to hang a man simply because the State had not provided a better way to deal with him.

Judge Ulman discusses this case at considerable length in his book. I can only report that his reasoning leaves me full of doubts. For one thing, it seems to me that he takes far too gravely the psychiatrists' gabble about psychopathic personalities. If he had consulted the latest textbooks on criminology he would have discovered that they are inclined to apply the term to *all* deliberate offenders against the laws—that it is, in fact, nothing but a professional label used to designate what the rest of us call criminals. For another thing, he would have found that these psychiatrists, for all their confident talk, can no more restore a psychopathic personality to normalcy than they can restore a lost leg. Their method of dealing with him, as Duker's own adventures in reform schools only too plainly showed, is close to quackery, for they have no rational concept of the etiology of his "disease," they are vague and unconvincing about the symptoms, and when it comes to treatment they are quite impotent. There is not the slightest reason for believing that such an institution as Judge Ulman called for, if it existed, could cure Duker. Nor is there any reason for believing that he would have been any the less dangerous to its staff than he is now, admittedly, to the staff of the prison where he is confined. Only the hangman can cure such invalids. His medicine is crude, but it works.

It is rather to be lamented that Judge Ulman devotes so large a part of his book to the Duker case, for it reveals the New Penology at its weakest. The rest of his exposition of a judge's difficulties under our law is far more illuminating and persuasive. He lacks altogether that brutal pedantry which characterizes so many of his colleagues, including some of the most learned. He is never content to execute the law in a mechanical manner; always he tries to find out what is reasonable. He realizes keenly that the public which pays judges to protect it is skeptical of the New Penology, and that the best way to deal with a given case often strikes it as weak and irrational. He does not forget that the revenge motive, though it may be disposed of by the arts of the logician, is still active in the average human breast. He is a philosopher on the bench, but he is still a level-headed man, and it is plain that he seldom lets himself be upset by theorizing as he was in the Duker case.

His book ought to be read by judges, but it is not likely that many of them will look into it. They are, as a class, very backward men. Only too often they reach the bench without having given the slightest thought to its problems, and so it is no wonder that many of them perform their duties in the manner of checkers at a race-track or pump-men at a filling-station. Under our system of government there is no training for them. If they are intelligent they learn gradually at the public expense; if not, they help to keep their trade at its present low level. If they were required, like the schoolma'ns, to give over their long vacations to professional studies they might be appreciably improved. To that end such books as Judge Ulman's and Dr. Glueck's would be very useful.

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